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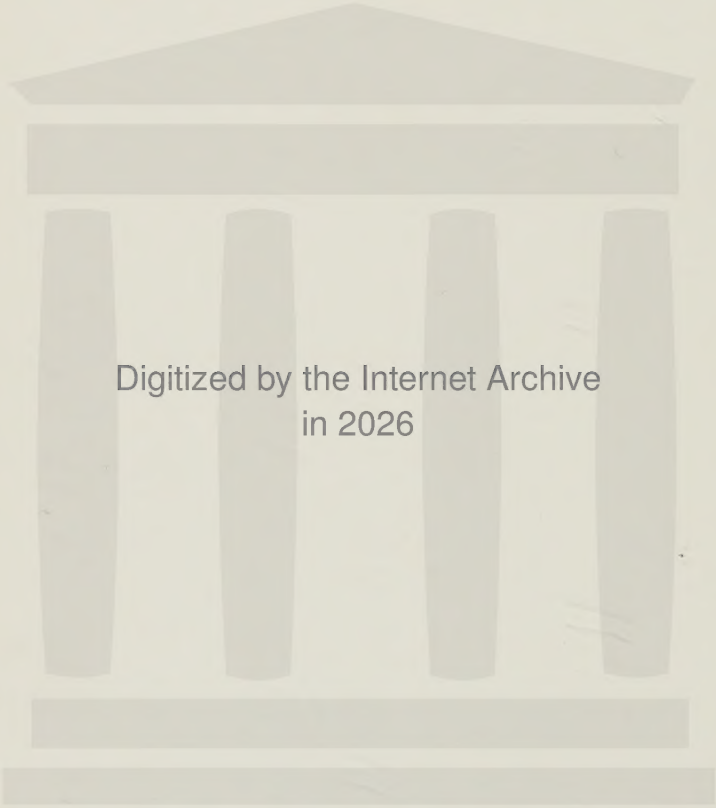
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TEN YEARS IN PARADISE.

Leaves from a Society Reporter's Note-Book.

...BY...

MARY BOWDEN CARROLL.

C 236

Copyright, 1903,
by
Mary Bowden Carroll.

Press of Popp & Hogan, San Jose, Cal.

TO

Mrs. Fannie P. McGehee,

A friend, tried and true, I affectionately dedicate this volume.

SAN JOSE HISTORICAL MUSEUM ASSOCIATION

Ten Years in Paradise is the third publication of the San Jose Historical Museum Association. The author of this work was a writer for the *San Jose Mercury* and the *Morning Times* and *Herald* during the 1890's. In addition Mary Bowden Carroll was a frequent and well-known contributor to literary magazines of the day. She was born in Ireland and moved at an early age to Cooperstown, New York, graduating from the famous Hartwick Seminary. Soon after the publication of this volume she retired to Berkeley to live near her daughters, and died there on January 17, 1915.

Mrs. Carroll chronicles the latter days of formal society in San Jose, when ladies reserved certain afternoons to be at home to callers, while others would make the rounds, leaving their personal cards. All of the "real" names of San Jose's social world are included in this interesting saga of a now gone era.

The publication program of the association endeavors to bring into print once again rare books pertinent to the early history of the San Jose area, in order to again make them more generally available to the public and particularly to its members who have shown a dedicated interest in preserving our heritage.

Those interested in furthering local history may wish to associate with the San Jose Historical Museum Association. Further details of the program may be secured at the Historical Museum.

Sincerely,

John Luckhardt

John Luckhardt, President
San Jose Historical Museum
Association

PREFACE.

It is with pleasure that I present this volume to the public. Not a single fact in it has been exaggerated, and the conditions described are true even to the smallest detail.

I am no stranger, for a residence of a quarter of a century here, and nearly twenty years of active work on the local newspapers have made me familiar with this valley and its people.

This work was not prepared in the interest of any organization, but in the hope that it might, to some extent, be the means of attracting desirable people to this fertile valley, where Dame Nature wears her brightest robe through all the year, and where are found sun-kissed bowers, cool glades, and hills bedecked with myriads of flowers, as if by the touch of some fairy wand the choicest blossoms had been showered over all this favored land.

MARY BOWDEN CARROLL.

Endorsement of Chamber of Commerce.

The Chamber of Commerce of the County of Santa Clara hereby endorse the work published by Mary Bowden Carroll, entitled "Ten Years in Paradise—Leaves from a Society Reporter's Note-Book."

The book truthfully portrays the past and present conditions of Santa Clara Valley, and meets with our approval.

V. A. SCHELLER, President.

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Street Scene, San Jose, California.

CHAPTER I.

Arrival in Santa Clara Valley.

IT was in the month of December, accompanied by my daughter and son, and with a party of fellow tourists that the companionship of travel had transformed into close friends, that I first set foot in Santa Clara—a valley that Bayard Taylor styled "one of the three most beautiful valleys in the world."

We were from the interior of the Empire State, where from November until April the thermometer marks twenty degrees below zero and the ice measures from eighteen to thirty inches in thickness; while Mr. and Mrs. William Worth came from that grand old Quaker town, Philadelphia. Mr. Worth was in very poor health, and his aim in coming west, like ours, was to enjoy a vacation and try the rest cure. Kansas claimed as her sturdy son, John Blackstone, a college-bred man, an enthusiastic athlete and a member of several college frats. Having just been admitted to the bar, he was in search of a propitious opening for the practice of his profession; while his boon companion, James Learning, was a thoughtful, manly fellow, whose health had been impaired by too close study and whose chief ambition was to grow strong and well. In the party were also Miss Margaret Titian and Miss Clara Wagner, both accomplished artists and musicians, who proudly and on all occasions spoke of their home in Boston, and also George Enterprise, a thoroughly wide awake business man, who firmly believed "that there is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune." He had an abiding faith that

here in this great "Golden State" the tide was now at its flood, and that here was the place for him to win the wealth he sought. He was ready to engage in any legitimate business that promised to pay a reasonable profit on the money invested. Mr. and Mrs. John Thrift and sons came from Maine, and their hobbies were the raising of poultry, vegetables, and berries, and while so engaged they wished to be in the shade of their own vine and fig tree. An ancient dame, whose name was Mrs. Curiosity, hailed from Nowhere and from Everywhere. She had read that Paradise was located in a fertile valley which nestled between spurs of the Coast Range Mountains in the central part of California, and was curious enough to make the journey just to see for herself if this were truth or fiction. Mr. and Mrs. Grace, and their invalid daughter, whose pale face, listless manner and hacking cough spoke plainer than words that a celestial rather than a terrestrial paradise would probably be her home ere long, had crossed the continent from their far away Connecticut home in search of the jewel, health, without which all other treasures sink into insignificance. With them was Mrs. Grace's father, Mr. Phelps, whose faith in the California climate nothing could shake.

We had carefully read the guide books and had learned that San Jose, which was our destination, was the chief city of Santa Clara County and was pronounced "San Hosay," and really after a little practice this name sounded very musical and pretty.

Our first night was spent at the Hotel Vendome, and as soon as we had crossed its portals we no longer felt as if we were strangers in a strange land—in fact, it had all the charms of home. Our first impressions in this case have been lasting, for after years of intimate acquaintance, that first agreeable mental picture has never been effaced.

The building, a large, airy, wooden structure, was surrounded by a scene of natural and created beauty. The grounds on that December afternoon were brilliant with flowers, shrubs, and climbing vines, which gave gayety and an air of friendly welcome to the place that gladdened our

hearts. Grand old oaks, graceful palms, feathery pepper trees laden with bright red berries, and tall stately eucalypti towering above a wealth of marigolds, violets, and myrtles, met our admiring gaze.

The air was soft and balmy, the sun clear and bright, and the thermometer marked sixty degrees.

We were soon ensconced in luxurious chairs and chatting merrily before the roaring fire that burned brightly in the big fireplace in the spacious office rotunda.

Our suite of rooms was on the third floor, with an outlook upon the lovely and well-kept garden, and it is needless to say that we were soon enjoying the numerous comforts, the varied and excellent fare, and praising the faultless service.

There were billiard rooms for ladies, a large parlor, reading, breakfast and ball rooms, and an attractive dining hall, around whose walls at intervals were arranged brackets, from which hung a luxurious growth of "wandering jew;" and we never tired of looking at its variegated foliage ranging from the palest green through the tones of rich browns and reds. The whole building was illuminated with electric lights and the temperature was regulated as desired—in fact, it had all the equipments of any up-to-date hotel in New York, Boston, or Chicago.

Flowers were seen on every side; begonias and roses on mantels, while every table in the dining room had for its central decoration a bouquet of exquisite blossoms. The air was redolent with the odor of violets, which grew in such luxuriance that picking seemed to increase rather than lessen their marvelous abundance.

The broad verandas were shut in by glass, which could be opened to admit the fresh and gently blowing zephyrs or closed against the chilly blasts. These were popular places for promenading and delightful lounging places for the weary and the feeble. Here, too, we delighted to loiter and listen to the tales that tourists would repeat on their return from a morning or an afternoon drive.

The marvelous stories told to them by some of the in-

habitants whom they had met, were so alluring that if the visitors were credulous and lacking in a sense of humor they might have thought this valley really the "Land of Promise." We heard the same narrations repeated again and again, and we made up our minds that if these fabulous stories were only half true then every inhabitant must surely possess an Alladin's lamp. Indeed, each goose, hen, and turkey must lay nothing but golden eggs. The reports far outrivaled the most imaginative fairy tale. According to one of the cicerones encountered by a party of sightseers, the people who dwelt between the two ranges of surrounding mountains had only to pluck in order to eat. He explained that to live here was a perpetual picnic, so easy did the people take life. Why, the climate is so salubrious and the soil so productive that although the people "toil not, neither do they spin," yet their coffers were always filled, and to them came the elegant homes and costly raiment which are only found among people of wealth. It was well that the travelers had two ears with which to hear and a sense of humor and sympathy to understand such fabrications.

Many of our party who had letters to prominent people here hastened to present them. After a few days all separated, each going his or her own way, but all promising that the tenth anniversary of the coming to this land should be royally celebrated by a grand reunion.

We decided to defer our sight seeing for the present, and to become familiar with the general conditions existing here, and by careful day by day observation and inquiry to learn the advantages and the disadvantages of taking up our residence permanently in this which seemed to us on first appearance to be a veritable paradise.

Hotel Vendome, San Jose, California.

CHAPTER II.

Society in the Forties and Fifties.

WHEN we were leaving our home in Otsego county, the knowing ones predicted that ere long we would return, ready and willing to endure the sleet and frost in preference to a life of loneliness and isolation.

Our friends thought we were forsaking the center of culture and refinement, and that while we might live in perpetual sunshine surrounded by semi-tropical plants and flowers, we would also be obliged to live in solitude. To some it seemed that we were relinquishing everything that to civilized people make life pleasant, for our new home on these western shores was pictured as a lonely place, where we would find no congenial companions. We were told that we would be denied the agreeable intercourse of friendly neighbors; that the wants of the soul, of the mind, and of the heart would be sacrificed to the wants of the body.

Imagine our delight when after a little investigation and inquiry we discovered that here not only were there all the elements of good society now, but that society in this valley had always been of the best from the very beginning of its history.

As our social surroundings are such necessary adjuncts to the welfare of all, we will endeavor to present a true picture of some of the social gatherings of the past and the part played by the men and women who laid the foundation and made society what it is to-day. In our efforts to do this we have received valuable aid from many who figured

in the social scenes of the past, and from some whose parents and grandparents occupied prominent places in society's charmed and charming circle. These reminiscences will certainly convince the most skeptical that society here is not in a chaotic condition and that the social circles have long since lost the elements of newness and compare favorably with those of the Eastern slope.

Society as found here before the days of '49 is graphically told by one of San Jose's cultured women, Mrs. Francis A. Sunol-Angus:

"A great deal, some of it true, most of it colored with the light of other days—has been said and written of the stirring days of '49, but no one has yet lifted the veil that dropped when the adventurer and the prospector, following the golden light, found on Pacific's shores the realization of the visions conjured up by the magic name El Dorado—the veil that separates old California from the new, as invisible yet as real, as any existing state line.

"For the gold excitement, bringing in new energy and activity, brought also new disturbing elements, and where there had existed a boundless hospitality, with the incoming of the 'estranjero' the social limits contracted and formality and ceremony began to be observed.

"I speak of the early '40's, my own father's boyhood days, and my grandfather, Don Antonio Sunol, and his home, are a fair picture of the chivalrous host and the warm-hearted hospitality of the times. The guest chamber was seldom untenanted, and seven or eight guests together were welcomed and entertained for two or three successive weeks.

"English, Russian, and American trading vessels made periodic visits to San Francisco, and the merchandise was brought overland to San Jose on pack horses. When time permitted, the supercargo, captain, and some of his officers would accompany the caravan, and for weeks were royally entertained.

"There being from fifty to one hundred Indian servants in the household, each guest was provided with his special

one, who waited upon his every want during the entire visit. Horses, the very best in the stables, saddles, silver mounted or plated, and a guide were always at his command and a servant always on hand to clasp and unclasp each gentleman's spurs, while another led his horse away. The host and his family devoted themselves to the entertainment of the guests and a series of festivities was gotten up in their honor.

"The homes of Don Salvis Pacheco, Don Dolores Pacheco, Don Jose Noriega, and Don Antonio Sunol were the scenes of many of these festivities.

"Can you guess how their invitations to a ball were sent out? Some gay cavalier, who possessed a melodious voice and could thrum the light guitar, attired in a gay holiday costume, with clinking silver spurs and mounted upon a spirited horse, pranced and curvetted through the plaza singing some ditty, and when he had arrested the attention of passersby addressed them in friendly, courteous language, extending the invitation to all present, rich and poor, not low and high, for each man was as good as his neighbor, and wealth did not place a man upon a pedestal of honor. When pleasantries had been exchanged between the messenger and the crowd, he passed on and stopping at the door of each house repeated his invitation, thus honoring all with a daylight serenade.

"Young ladies attended balls and parties accompanied by their mothers, or, in the absence of these, by some elderly female relative. The chaperon was known as the 'duena.' Young men and maidens carried on their courtship at these balls right under the unseeing eyes of the watchful (?) duena. When this secret love-making had reached a successful issue between the pair, the youth acquainted his father with his hopes and aspirations, and he in turn sought the maiden's father. His consent gained, the bride's trousseau was immediately prepared, the wedding was announced and in a few weeks the marriage bells were ringing. The festivities lasted a week or more, and, as at other times, everybody was welcomed and feasted.

The bride's dower consisted of household furnishings, cattle and horses,—quality in accordance with her father's means.

"There were no formal receptions, no ceremonious calls. Ladies went out from their homes in simple household attire and spent a few hours in friendly conversation with a neighbor. When visits were made in the evening a number of friends called together and the time was given up to music, dancing, fun, and laughter.

"The younger members never felt any restraint in presence of their elders, although they treated them with the most scrupulous deference and respect. Boys always stood with heads uncovered while speaking to old or middle-aged people, even on the street.

"There was one generous custom dear to the heart of the California boy, and that was the godfather's gift at the christening—gold and silver coin thrown out by the handful and scrambled for by the small boy.

"The modes of salutation during the 'Golden Age' were the hearty hand-shake, when the meeting between friends took place upon the street, un abrazo (an embrace) when within the sacred precincts of home.

"As I have tried to show you, simplicity was the rule; forms and ceremonies were unknown. There was no vieing with one another as to who should stand upon the highest round of the social ladder, but each one extended his hand to help another climb to where he stood, so that over all there reigned a spirit of peace and good will. Would that we might stop for a moment in our feverish rush for recognition and position and breathe in the spirit of the olden times."

How delighted must have been the early pioneer women on their arrival here after a long and dangerous journey to find the cultured and chivalric daughters and sons of California who, with courteous grace, were ever ready to extend a helping hand! For as the stream of settlement flowed westward, the flowers of a hearty welcome sprang up on either bank, and relieved the hardships of laborious and lonesome lives.

Joseph H. Scull, who came here at an early date and who has carefully watched the changes that have taken place during the past fifty years, writes:

"I regret to say that I will have to disappoint you in giving the desired information in regard to social gatherings here during the early '50's. I did not, for a moment, think that such reminiscences would be of any value or interest after the lapse of years, and therefore did not charge my memory with them.

"Nevertheless, assuming that I have your permission to do so, I will jot down some remarks as I go along on the subject at hand. There were very few American women here in those early days, and they were mostly married, so far as I remember; and American girls, grown to womanhood, were like 'angels' visits, few and far between,' and hence social gatherings were scarce, balls being the chief amusement in vogue, consisting of quadrilles, contradances, waltzes, and Virginia reels, and for variety's sake occasionally an Irish 'break-down,' when some Celtic fellow-citizens were present. Later on the schottische, the polka, and the mazurka were introduced. The California girls, as a matter of course, were largely in the majority, but unaccustomed to social gatherings, their only amusement being 'fandangos,' as California balls were then called. The dances were the contradance, the waltz, and one or two kinds of jigs; and the music a guitar, and sometimes two, until the arrival of a Mexican who could scratch on the fiddle enough provincial music to dance by. The 'fandangos' continued to flourish long after immigration began to pour in.

"As the time passed on, in the early 50's here, the California girls began to adopt American methods, especially in balls, and soon became adepts in the steps and movements of the new dances mentioned, and were exceedingly graceful. It is needless to say that 'los Gringos' were not slow in availing themselves of that Terpsichorean circumstance; and to induce the girls to go to a ball they notified them beforehand that carriages or hacks would be sent for

them. So during the earliest period, no light-brown-faced and black-eyed senorita ever went to or from an American ball on foot, but when women began to be plentiful the cavalier carriages became obsolete.

"It is worthy of remark that at an American ball at that time harmony, good will, and the utmost decorum prevailed. Everybody stood on a perfect equality while in the ball-room, and to my certain knowledge there were no invidious distinctions,either expressed or implied. An American ball always had the appetizing adjunct of a bountiful supper. The music that set 'the light fantastic toe' agoing consisted of a fiddle,—a fiddle, mark you, not a violin—and later on with a flute accompaniment. San Jose had not yet risen to the dignity of possessing a regular orchestra, but withal an American Terpsichorean function was a pleasurable affair to attend."

This decade was perhaps the most important in the social history of San Jose, for about this time families,—men and women of sterling worth and possessing all the accomplishments necessary to the formation of a solid foundation on which to build society—settled in this valley.

Before this time, however, Mr. and Mrs. James F. Reed, parents of Mrs. John Murphy and Mrs. Mattie Lewis, had arrived here. The Reed home was always the scene of social gatherings, and at one of their large dinner parties it is said that Mrs. Reed paid sixteen dollars apiece for turkeys, and bought all that were to be had.

During the meeting of the first Legislature "every house was an inn where all were welcomed and feasted," and all through the session not an evening passed without a large party at some home. Of course, the big ball at the close was the event in San Jose's history. No wonder many belles and beaux of that time still preserve with care and look with pleasure at the white satin invitation which reads:

"Washington Birth-Night Ball—Your company is respectfully solicited at a Ball, to be given at the Capitol, on the evening of the 22d instant, at 7½ o'clock p. m., being the 118th Anniversary of the Father of Our Country," and

which was signed by the following Committee: Hon. John McDougal, Mr. Basham, Mr. Bidwell, Mr. Broderick, Mr. Chamberlin, Mr. Crosby, Mr. De la Guerra, Mr. Douglass, Mr. Green, Mr. Hope, Mr. Lippincott, Mr. Heydenfeldt, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Vallejo, Mr. Vermule, Mr. Woodworth, Mr. Aram, Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Bigler, Mr. Brackett, Mr. Bradford, Mr. Brown, Mr. Cardwell, Mr. Corey, Mr. Covarubias, Mr. Craner, Mr. Crittenden, Mr. Clarke, Mr. Williams, Hon. Mr. Gray, Hon. Mr. Heath, Hon. Mr. Hughes, Mr. McKinstry, Mr. Morehead, Mr. Tingley, Mr. Tefft, Mr. Stowel, Mr. Stephens, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Scott, Mr. Perlee, Mr. Moore, Mr. Patterson, Mr. Randolph, Mr. Ogier, Mr. Walthall, Mr. Watson, Mr. Witherby, Mr. Roman, Mr. Henley, Mr. Houston, G. F. Wymans, Ben Van Scoten, Van Voorhies, Nat. Bennett, H. A. Lyons, F. B. Clement, Chas. White, Col. Jack Hays, Major Ben McCulloch, Major Mike Chevallie, Major James Graham, Gen. Don Andreas Pico, Antonio M. Pico, Antonio Sunol, John M. Murphy, John Reed, W. H. Eddy, J. D. Hoppe, J. F. Howe, Capt. W. G. Marcy, E. Covington, W. B. Olds, A. W. Luckett, Bela Dexter, Peter Davidson, J. M. Jones, A. Coindreau, H. H. Robinson, W. R. Turner, E. H. Sharp, E. Byrne, Ceris Ryland, E. Dickey, A. D. Ohr, Fred. H. Sandford, F. Lightstone.

Among the beauties and belles on that memorable night were Mrs. John Murphy, Miss Rea Burnett, now Mrs. Wallace; Miss Letitia Burnett, now Mrs. Ryland; Miss Maggie Jones, now Mrs. Josiah Belden; Miss Laura Jones, who is Mrs. Hunt of Visalia; Miss Juanita Soto, and Miss Marcelline Pico.

Among the beaux at this time was Norman Bestor, a civil engineer, who made his home, while here, with James F. Reed. He played on the guitar and flute, was a fine singer, and an all-around favorite.

Mr. Bestor, in a letter, regrets being unable to give a satisfactory account of the early social functions. He writes: "During the first Legislature I was in San Jose; and it was then that I surveyed the 500-acre tract adjacent to the town,

belonging to Mr. Reed, and laid it off as an addition. Mr. Reed named the streets himself. From 1850 to 1856 I was engaged at New Almaden quicksilver mines and lived there. During that time I frequently drove to San Jose to attend parties."

Mr. Bestor married Miss William Jane Childes, a sister of Mrs. MacLeod and an aunt of Mrs. B. C. Longdon of this city. His home is now in Washington, D. C.

Some of the other society men of the fifties were Ralph Lowe, S. O. Houghton, Drury Malone, J. H. Flickinger, Joseph H. Scull, Henry Alvord, Eleck Moore, D. McDonald, and Keat Bascom.

In these early days many houses were brought around the Horn, and set up on arrival. A few remain, and their quaint appearance is a marked addition to the landscape.

One of these is that of Judge A. L. Rhodes, and under this hospitable roof friends have delighted to gather since the days of fifty-five. In '54 Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes came across the plains with a train of fifteen men, with Mr. Rhodes as captain. Mrs. Rhodes told that one evening during the journey a man called and asked if his train of ten men could not join forces with them. The man was Jefferson Trimble, a brother of the late John Trimble. At Humboldt River they were met by John Trimble, who guided them to this valley, where he had already settled. Miss Ware, now Mrs. John Selby, came with them.

Judge Rhodes graduated at an early age from Hamilton College, New York, and in 1866 that institution conferred the degree of Bachelor of Laws on the learned jurist.

When Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes moved on the Alameda, over forty years ago, their nearest neighbors were Judge and Mrs. Craven P. Hester, who lived where the Clark home now stands. Charming social gatherings were held at the Hester home, and their accomplished daughters, Miss Sallie, now Mrs. Maddock, and Miss Lottie, who is Mrs. Phelps, and whose homes are in San Francisco, assisted in dispensing the most generous hospitality.

Among the notable families that came here in '53 was

that of Mr. and Mrs. Coleman Younger, who arrived after a six month's trip from Missouri. Their house was brought around the Horn, and it is needless to say that as soon as it arrived, with true Southern hospitality, it was thrown open and a large party given, when among the guests were: Drury Malone, Tad Robinson, all the State officers, Eleck Moore, Major and Mrs. S. J. Hensley, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Burnett, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Wallace.

In speaking of social functions Mrs. Younger said that in '54 she remembers spending a delightful evening at the home of Don Antonio Sunol, whose hospitality was unbounded, whose trained Indian servants were the envy of many less fortunate, and whose exquisite table linen, adorned with Spanish drawn work, was the admiration of all. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Ryland, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, and Mr. and Mrs. Younger.

A large dancing party, given for the benefit of the Presbyterian Church when Rev. Dr. Garwin was pastor, was among the many enjoyable functions here. In this the moving spirits were Mrs. Crosby, Mrs. S. J. Hensley, and Miss Lois Bradley.

Mrs. Maddock has graciously written the following reminiscences of those early times: "In looking over a journal, which I kept when a young girl, I find that almost everything of interest is jotted down. The young married ladies were Mrs. Hensley, Mrs. Belden, Mrs. Ryland, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. John Murphy, Mrs. Yoell, Mrs. Lottie Thompson, Mrs. Fred Appleton, and Mrs. Gertrude Horn, mother of Mrs. Atherton of literary fame. Among the young ladies were Miss Price and her sister Miss Bettie, now Mrs. John Moore,—both noted for their beauty; Colonel Younger's daughters, Miss Helen and Miss Fanny, Miss Mary Smith, Miss Yontz, Miss Echols,—a beautiful girl, Miss Ellen Skinner and sister, Miss Nellie, Miss Mattie Reed, Miss Henrie Bascom, pretty and witty, Miss Lizzie Branham, Miss C. Packwood, Miss Divine, later Mrs. Estee of San Francisco, and pretty Miss Lizzie Miller, now Mrs. Mitchell and living abroad.

"On July 17, 1858, Mrs. Hensley gave a garden party, when the grounds were lighted with lanterns, and supper was served in the summer house. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Belden, Mr. and Mrs. Ryland, Mr. and Mrs. John Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Younger, Mr. and Mrs. Appleton, Mr. and Mrs. Yoell, Mrs. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Archer, Misses Camilla and Bettie Price, Miss Divine, Miss Yontz, Miss Holmes, of Oregon, Fred Hale, William Mathews, Dr. Chamblin, Mr. McGowan, John B. Hewson, Dr. Shaw, William Lewis, Mr. Gregory, Mr. Yontz, Mr. Moultrie, Mr. Johnson, and Mr. Davis.

"On February 3d, 1858, Mrs. Fred Appleton gave a fancy dress party at her home on the Alameda. Mrs. Appleton was a dark beauty and charming in manner. She was dressed as a gypsy; Mrs. Smith as night; Miss Yontz as morning; Miss Packwood as morning star; Miss Lily Eschols as Mary, Queen of Scots. All were in costume. Others present were Misses Bascom, Divine, Thompson, Price, and Hester. The gentlemen were John B. Hewson, William R. Davis, Messrs. Lewis, Gregory, Yontz, William Mathews, Hall, Dr. Bell and others. Miss Lottie Thompson Phelps was a highland lassie, and Miss Sallie Hester a flower girl.

"Then we had balls galore at the old State House on the plaza and at the City Hall on Market street.

"I remember a large party given by the young men of San Jose in 1865 at the City Hall. For those days it was a brilliant affair. At that time others were added to the above named list of society people: Mrs. William Dickenson, Mrs. Flora Burnett, now Mrs. William Hester, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Rhodes, Mrs. Thornburg, a beautiful woman, and others."

In 1858 the Young Men's Social Club of San Jose was organized, and Ralph Lowe is the possessor of one of the cards with the names of the officers and members. They were S. O. Houghton, W. R. Yontz, and W. A. Lewis, as officers; and as members: J. B. Hewson, James H. Gardner, George Evans, John M. Sherwood, B. F. Dewey, C. E. Che-

ney, A. W. Bell, Ralph Lowe, L. P. Peck, W. E. Davis, Joseph Bassler, John R. Yontz, John H. Gregory, Alex Beaty, S. Bassler, John Q. Pearl, A. Redman, J. H. Flickinger, John M. Murphy, P. O. Minor, Edmund McGowan, and William Mathews. Below this list was W. H. Travos, teacher of dancing.

Mr. Lowe has also the dance programme of the second ball of the Santa Clara Valley Agricultural Society, given at the City Hall, Friday evening, October 21, 1859.

The Reception Committee included James F. Kennedy, John B. Hewson, W. A. Lewis, Patrick Murphy, Colonel Hollister, and Joseph R. Weller. The managers were Cary Peebles, Colonel Younger, R. G. Moody, H. C. Malone, S. J. Hensley, W. A. Bray, L. Prevost, E. S. Chipman, W. Reynolds, and W. T. Wallace. The floor managers were John M. Murphy and H. H. Winchell. The order of dances was promenade march, quadrille, schottische, mazurka, polka, waltz, quadrille coquette, Highland schottische, varsovienne, and quadrille march. Then supper and afterward the quadrille, waltz, polka, schottische, mazurka, Spanish dance, "Home, Sweet Home."

In the home of Adolph Pfister the guest was always sure of a cordial greeting, and dinners were the favorite form of entertaining, the family seldom enjoying this meal without two or more guests.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Wilburn, who came here in the early fifties from their Missouri home, settled on the Alameda, where, with characteristic hospitality, they delighted to gather friends around them. Their daughter, Mrs. Givens George, speaking of those times, said: "The first party I attended here was in the fifties and was a dancing party given by Major and Mrs. Hensley. Among the belles and beaux present on that occasion I remember Miss Sallie Hester, the Misses Price, Miss Mattie Reed, Givens George, Ned McGowan, Fred. Hall, Fred. Appleton, John Gregory, Jim Maxey, and Captain McKenney."

A large and delightful social circle, whose members did not include the votaries of the ball room, but whose teas,

church socials, mite societies and afternoon and evening gatherings, were equally as enjoyable, was formed by Mr. and Mrs. Donald Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. John Piercy, Misses Julia and Lou McCabe, the late Rev. H. C. Benson and Mrs. Benson, Mr. and Mrs. John Selby, Mr. and Mrs. T. Rea, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Flickinger, Mr. and Mrs. John Trimble, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Caldwell, Mr. and Mrs. William De Harte Boome, and Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Wilcox. Mrs. Piercy often told of the delightful social gatherings at the home of Mrs. Mackenzie, and that in those times it was the principal place where Presbyterians gathered to spend a social evening. About this time the Rev. L. Hamilton was pastor of the Presbyterian Church, and Mrs. Piercy said that one day the reverend gentleman called at her residence on Julian street, where a number of church people were spending the afternoon, and told them of his latest exploit—that of climbing to the top of the highest peak of the Coast Range mountains; and how in honor of this event that peak was afterward known as Mount Hamilton.

Others prominent in social circles were Mr. and Mrs. William K. Smith, who located at the corner of Jefferson and Fremont streets, in Santa Clara, in 1853. Their daughter, Mrs. R. L. Higgins, who was a belle and favorite as Miss Lucy Smith, now resides in the old home.

These were among the early pioneers who contributed largely toward making this valley a desirable place in which to build homes, and where many a miner left his family and felt that they were safe while he was prospecting for golden wealth among the mountains, or compelling them to give up their hidden treasures.

CHAPTER III.

Society in the Sixties and Seventies.

THE social changes in the sixties are aptly described by a lady who, for years, was one of San Jose's lovely and lovable girls, and afterwards ranked among the charming and affable matrons, Mrs. S. O. Houghton, now of Los Angeles:

"San Jose society between the years 1861-65 had its social code and its exclusive circles, but it was not governed by ironclad rules, nor was it hedged with formalities.

"Its social events were suited to the conditions of an intelligent, sprightly, pioneer community, whose best physical and mental efforts were devoted to practical schemes, and to matters of great public interest and whose hospitable natures still kept in touch with 'old home' customs and influences. Few of us lived in houses spacious enough to accommodate large numbers of guests, but many delightful 'teas' and sumptuous dinners brought genial friends together informally.

"There were also frequent exchanges of visits among families in the evenings. Home talent provided many musical treats, and spelling matches for benevolent purposes afforded much amusement to large audiences.

"All entertainments for church or charity were regarded as social events. Madame Anna Bishop and Mr. and Mrs. Marriner Campbell of San Francisco occasionally favored us with concerts, which always brought out the most appreciative people. Our younger members had also their horseback rides, picnics, driving, and dancing parties.

"It was not yet the custom to have these courtesies and merry-makings chronicled in the newspapers, nor were brides in those days enriched with wedding presents. Day weddings were usually followed with dinners to relatives and intimate friends of contracting parties, and night weddings frequently ended with dances at the 'hall,' which was decorated with evergreens for the occasion.

"An annual ball was given by each of the following organizations: Firemen, Odd Fellows, Masons, and Military Companies. Armory Hall was tastefully festooned for these events with evergreens, flowers, and flags. The refreshments served were elaborate and the music furnished was excellent.

"February twenty-second, July fourth, Thanksgiving night, and New Year's eve were the dates selected for these brilliant reunions, which received the recognition and moral support of the best people in the community. As the membership roll of the first named organization formed largely the lists of the others, most of the husbands, brothers, and beaux appeared in different uniforms on each occasion.

"The married ladies who, as spectators and chaperons, gave tone and dignity to these festal scenes, were costumed in silks, satins, and velvets, high at the neck and with long sleeves, trimmed with laces and narrow velvet ribbon. They wore white gloves, and carried lace handkerchiefs and handsome fans. Their ornaments were garnet and coral 'sets,' or necklaces of gold, with pendant crosses jeweled with pearls and diamonds.

"Brides wore their bridal robes and ornaments, and young ladies were gowned in delicate shades of tarletons, swiss, and grenadines. Many of their skirts were tucked nearly to the waist. The bodices were low at the neck and had short puffed sleeves daintily trimmed with lace and satin ribbon. They also wore white gloves, and flowers in their hair. Gold necklaces with lockets attached were their only ornaments.

"Dancing began as early as eight o'clock in the evening, and those who did not wish to see the peep of day, went home before the programme was finished.

"The tide of general prosperity which reached San Jose in 1864 exerted its influence in our social world. Railroad communication with San Francisco opened new avenues to pleasure, and our pioneer community reached out into broader fields for its novelties and amusements. Private dances, lectures, theater, concert, luncheon and formal dinner parties were introduced as social events by the time 1864 was ready to give place to the New Year."

No home was more hospitable, nor none opened its doors more frequently to guests than the one presided over by Major and Mrs. W. W. McCoy on the Alameda. Here dinners and dances were an almost every day occurrence. An elaborate dinner was given in honor of the late Hon. Thomas A. and Mrs. Hendricks, when they were touring the state in the early '60's. Mr. and Mrs. McCoy were assisted by their beautiful and accomplished daughters, Miss Nannie and Miss Fannie, the latter now being Mrs. Adolph Fitzgerald, of Eureka, Nevada. The guests, besides Mr. and Mrs. Hendricks, were: Dr. and Mrs. Bascom, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Wallace, Colonel and Mrs. Coleman Younger, and Dr. Marcus Chamblin.

The following charming letter is from Mrs. Fitzgerald:

"On receiving a letter asking for a brief account of some party I attended in San Jose in by-gone years, my mind at once reverted to the wedding of two of Governor Burnett's children, somewhere near 1860. Miss Sallie Burnett was married to Mr. Francis Poe of Maryland, I think, and Mr. Armstead Burnett to Miss Flora Johnson. Miss Burnett's bridesmaids were her cousin, Miss Mollie Smith, and Miss Maggie Branham, now Mrs. Ogier. I do not remember who were their groomsmen, but those of the other couple were Mr. James Johnson, uncle of the bride, and Mr. James Whitney, and the bridesmaids were Miss Lou Johnson, and Miss Fannie McCoy.

"There was a large party on the night of the wedding in Governor Burnett's old home, and the elaborate supper was served in an unfinished house which Mrs. C. T. Ryland was then building in her father's yard. Next day the

bridal party attended a dinner given by Dr. and Mrs. Johnson, and on the evening following Colonel and Mrs. Younger gave a large party in their honor. Other entertainments followed, and at the end of a week's festivities in San Jose the party, with parents and friends, went to San Francisco. There was no railroad then, and we were driven in carriages to Alviso, where we took the boat to the city. There we attended a reception given by Miss Page and had a good time generally for several days after.

"Mrs. Poe lived but six months after her marriage, and Mr. Armstead Burnett only a year and a half. Mr. Poe went East and was killed during the Civil War, and Mrs. Burnett, some time after the death of her husband, married Mr. Will Hester. Miss Lou Johnson is now Mrs. Dickinson, and Miss Mollie Smith married a gentleman of the same name.

"San Jose was a very pleasant place in those days. It was still early enough for the gentlemen to greatly outnumber the ladies, so beaux were abundant, and the girls made much of. There were some beautiful Spanish and Mexican girls, too, some of whose names I forget. I remember the Misses Pico and Sunol, however."

In writing of these times, Dr. Chamblin said that he had very pleasant recollections of his many old time friends in San Jose and of the many enjoyable social affairs he attended here in the early sixties at the homes of Major and Mrs. W. W. McCoy, Judge and Mrs. W. T. Wallace, Colonel and Mrs. Coleman Younger, and several others, all of whom were noted for their southern hospitality.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Belden, which stood where the Hotel Vendome now is, was the scene of many balls, musicales, and dinners. Among them a sumptuous dinner, followed by a dance, was given in the sixties in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Delos Cole, who had just been married. In speaking of this a guest, who was present, said: "A handsomer bride it would have been hard to find than was Mrs. Cole, and no wonder she was the central figure that night at the Belden party. Her beautiful neck, shoulders, and

arms, and her sweet face made, indeed, a perfect picture."

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Porter, and Dr. and Mrs. Knox were among the new people who selected this city for their home; and in '63 they settled here and soon occupied prominent places in society.

A few years later Dr. Ames, a Unitarian divine, made monthly trips from Santa Cruz to deliver lectures, and at the close of the season the Unity Society sprang into existence. Among the active members of this popular society that, for nearly fourteen years, gave the most enjoyable entertainments ever given here, were Mrs. Laura Watkins, Mr. and Mrs. Leavenworth, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Settle, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ashley, Mr. and Mrs. Gould, Levi Goodrich, J. J. Owen, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. G. Blaine, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Herrmann, and Mrs. Knox.

In the early sixties the homes of Mr. and Mrs. Thormburg, and Mr. and Mrs. Cary Peebles, near Santa Clara, were frequently invaded by parties of merry-makers, and all were sure of receiving a cordial welcome. In speaking of one of these surprise parties, Mrs. Delos Cole said that she has never forgotten the exquisite singing of Morris M. Estee, who always was one of the crowd, and who sang "The Mocking Bird" with inimitable grace at the last party she attended at Mrs. Thormburg's.

One of the enjoyable events of this decade was a fancy dress party given in Temperance Hall, which is now the Rea building, on the 11th of January, 1867, with E. T. Sawyer, E. M. Skinner, W. H. Collins, E. T. Hare, and F. M. Hall as a committee of arrangements.

Society in the seventies was as enjoyable and of the same high standard as that of previous periods.

Mrs. Evaline Prothero Yoell, who for years was considered the most beautiful woman in the county, wrote of San Jose society, saying: "I attended every party of importance from 1852 down to the last three that came very near together in 1870, when I left the Garden City. The first of these three was given by Miss Cammila Price, sister of Mrs.

John Moore, at Judge Moore's residence, in honor of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst.

"The second was the golden wedding of Judge and Mrs. Craven Hester, and the last was given by Judge and Mrs. A. L. Rhodes, celebrating the anniversary of the wedding of their daughter, Miss Mary, to Mr. Alfred Barstow.

"These parties, all elegant, reflected great credit upon the ladies who were to the manor born. There was no Ludwig or Maison Dore to beckon to their assistance, and who appear like magic and quietly steal away. The ladies depended upon their own tact and ingenuity. My memory is not very good and I could not begin to describe them, as I fear, amid the glamour of the Oriental splendor of to-day, it would sound meagre, which would be injustice to those society ladies.

"At the party at Judge Rhodes', as I entered the room, I said to him: 'Where will you find any to compare with this bevy of ladies—Mrs. W. T. Wallace, Mrs. Hensley, then a widow, Mrs. Josiah Belden, Mrs. Fitzgerald, Miss Sallie Hester, Mrs. A. M. Thompson, Miss Cammila Price, and Mrs. John Moore?'

"Our society from the early '60's down to '70 included: Mr. Boring, afterward Bishop of Georgia, and his daughters, Misses Julia and Ella, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Hensley, Mrs. C. T. Ryland, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Reed, Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Belden, Judge and Mrs. Hester, and their daughters, Misses Sallie and Laura, Dr. and Mrs. Bascom and daughters, Miss Dollie Coombs, afterwards Mrs. Horace Hawes, Colonel J. B. Price and daughters, Misses Cammila and Betty, Miss Julia Peck, afterwards Mrs. Levi Goodrich, Miss Florence Inskeep, Miss Mollie Crane, afterwards Mrs. McPike, Colonel and Mrs. McCoy, Miss Nannie McCoy, Miss Fannie McCoy, now Mrs. Adolph Fitzgerald, and Mrs. West Chappell."

A large party was given by E. C. Singletary in Music Hall, and it was one of the swell affairs of the period. Wreaths of ivy, mingled with red and white roses, festooned the hall, and from the chandeliers hung bird cages, and ever

and anon the shrill notes of the golden warblers blended in complete harmony with the soul-stirring and body-lifting strains from the band on the platform.

Mr. Singletary proved himself to be a prince at entertaining. The brilliant parlor and club rooms were open for all who did not wish to dance; colored servants, in livery, attended to every want; carriages were at the disposal of the guests, and the sumptuous supper would have done credit to royalty.

In the later seventies the young society leaders organized a social club to introduce the German. Professor Millington was chosen director, and under the leadership of Charles B. Hensley and Miss Kate Moody, the graceful figures with their accompanying favors, mirrors, flowers, and ribbons, were thoroughly enjoyed by the merry dancers. Among the members were Miss Annie Hanchett, afterwards Mrs. Jack Wright of Sacramento; Miss Kate Moody, now Mrs. W. C. Kennedy; Miss Sallie Trimble, now Mrs. Nicholas Bowden; Miss Ella Hensley, now Mrs. Thornton, of Montana; Miss Lou Schallenberger, now Mrs. Thomas Montgomery; Miss Frankie Cahill, now Mrs. Charles Wilcox; Miss Jennie Cahill, now Mrs. A. L. Veuve; Miss Jennie Wilson, now Mrs. W. P. Veuve; Miss Minnie Foley, now Mrs. Richmond; Miss Anita Fallon, Miss Ida George, now Mrs. Frank Bishoprick, Miss Ada Ryland, Misses Porter, and Miss Pugh; Messrs. Charles Hensley, Loring G. Nesmith, John T. Malone, E. S. Breyfogle, W. C. Kennedy, W. P. Veuve, Frank Haight, Sam R. Rhodes, E. C. Singletary, J. H. Campbell, H. B. Alford, George Ashley, Ike Loeb, Pomeroy, Cutler, McMahon, Owen, and Howes.

In '76 the French residents celebrated the Fall of the Bastile for the first time in this city. The large ball and sumptuous banquet at the Lake House was a social function not to be overlooked. The grounds were adorned with flags and lanterns and here the large supper table was arranged in the shape of a hollow oval. J. Poulain occupied a seat in the center, with Hon. B. D. Murphy, who was then Mayor of the city, on his left, and J. B. J. Portal on the right.

The committee of arrangements were Messrs. J. B. J. Portal, B. Bury, A. Delmouly, J. Jacquelin, and P. Etchebarne.

An Authors' Carnival and Ladies' Bazaar, the first upon the Pacific Coast, was held in Music Hall under the auspices of the Home of Benevolence. It was an event in the history of San Jose, and well may the officers of the Home at that time be gratefully remembered for the skill with which they conducted the affair.

Mrs. Nellie B. Eyster was President; Mrs. M. H. McKee and Mrs. L. W. Moultrie, Vice-Presidents; Mrs. Louise E. King, Secretary, and Mrs. Francis D. Williams, Treasurer. The Board of Managers were: Mesdames J. C. Cobb, C. R. Spaw, T. W. Spring, A. M. Gates, Ben Cory, P. D. Hale, Pauline Stone, E. Coombs, T. E. Beans, S. A. Clark, C. H. Allen, H. J. Haskell, Jackson Lewis, P. T. McCabe, A. T. Herrmann, and M. Dimond.

The following bit of reminiscence about General Smith, at whose home near this city many people have been entertained, is from Mrs. Mary R. Barstow, daughter of Judge and the late Mrs. A. L. Rhodes:

"General Giles Smith, who served with great distinction during the Civil War, and who was afterward appointed Second Assistant Postmaster General at Washington, came to California in the early seventies for a rest, with his wife and little daughter, May. They were accompanied by Alfred Barstow. Mr. Barstow was also connected with the Postoffice Department, and he and General Smith became great friends. The General bought a ranch in the foothills near Alum Rock, where he built a beautiful home and entertained charmingly.

"After the General's death, Mrs. Smith and her daughter went abroad, where Miss Mary married a gentleman of Geneva, Switzerland, and still lives there in the most ideal manner, her husband, Mr. Francis Delapaland, being an artist of high standing and ample means."

Among the prominent entertainers Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clayton deserve special mention. Their lovely home in Santa Clara was constantly crowded with friends, who were always welcomed with a hearty, whole-souled hospitality.

CHAPTER IV.

Society in the Eighties and Nineties.

SOCIAL events in the eighties and nineties followed each other like pictures in a kaleidoscope, each replete with enjoyable incidents and all forming a most important epoch in society annals.

The first social function of any magnitude was the golden wedding of two of this county's most respected pioneers, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Murphy. The scene of the festivities was at the Murphy home near Mountain View. No invitations had been issued, but the doors of the hospitable home were opened for all who chose to enter, and upward of four thousand were entertained.

Very brilliant and enjoyable was a large party given by Hon. and Mrs. C. T. Ryland in '85 at their home on North First street, when guests to the number of four hundred were entertained in a manner worthy of the host and hostess.

About this time the ladies came forward and took an active part in social matters, and the result was the organizing of the "Young Ladies' Social Temperance Club," which is here described by one of the members, Mrs. A. B. McNeil:

"Many years ago in the city of San Jose, just when the noted Lecticonian Club, a literary society, was in its dying throes, a great need was placed before the earnest young women of San Jose. It had become the fad to serve cake and wines at all social gatherings. The sisters and spinsters, backed by the mothers, decided to abolish this undesirable fad. To that end they met in the Farmers' Union Hall, which was then new and quite modern.

"The brothers learned that their sisters and, what was even of more importance, their friends' sisters, were holding secret meetings in a town hall without their sanction.

"This ruffled the serenity of their daily meditations, but, notwithstanding, the meetings still continued to draw bevies of the prettiest girls in the city.

"The schoolmarms, the gay society butterflies, and the grave spinsters seemed all in league together, with the dear smiling mothers beaming their approval upon them, and the Social Temperance Club was formed.

"On New Year's day, 1882, it gave its first reception, and many youths wondered why it was so hard to leave the bower of beauty since no one seemed to seek to detain them. Among the many beautiful floral decorations was a large bouquet of heliotrope breathing its influence of silent love upon the assembly, helping to hold the young men and thus robbing Bacchus of victims.

"In the evening a select ball was given, and innocent merriment ran high. As the bells proclaimed the New Year, silent vows of temperance were resolved, and winging their way heavenward sped the prayers which silent love inspired.

"This club continued an active influence in San Jose for about four years, and is still remembered as a noble effort to elevate society.

"The wisdom of having present at all its meetings or receptions the influence of wise mothers, who could check girlish enthusiasm and give words of warning and helpfulness, cannot be overestimated, and to this is the club indebted for its widespread influence for good.

"Among its members were the following names, many now having been given the cares of motherhood. Let us hope that their boys may receive similar protection from the wine cup and its lurking companions.

"Some of the members have been called to their higher home, leaving deeds of love as a monument in many hearts.

"They included: Miss Florence Watkins, now Mrs. Andrew P. Hill; Miss Florence Inskep, Miss Belle McMahon,

now Mrs. Bonnell; Miss Mollie McMahon, now Mrs. Wapple; Miss Lois Singletary, Miss Nellie Alexander, now Mrs. Herndon Keith; Miss Kittie Stevens, who became the wife of C. McIver, of Mission San Jose, and who only a few years ago fell into that 'precious sleep, from which none ever waked to weep;' Miss Ada Mitchell, who is now Mrs. A. P. Christman; Miss Kittie Flickinger, who now presides in a lovely home as Mrs. L. F. Graham; Misses Helen and Carrie Lewis, Miss Mollie McCarthy, Miss Gettie Moody, now Mrs. Bert Thayer; Miss Flora Beale, Miss Luella Gaines, who afterwards became Mrs. Dick Smith; Miss Fanny M. Estabrook, now Mrs. Sydney J. Yard; Miss Josie Settle, who is Mrs. La Strong of Los Angeles; Miss Lina Hillman, who is Mrs. T. O. Smith; Miss Mae Hobbs, now Mrs. Ernest Dawson, Miss Emma Buckley, Miss Sadie Holland, now Mrs. A. B. McNeil; Miss Kate Schuck, Miss Hattie Wylie, now Mrs. Henry Booksin; Miss Lillian Lyons, now Mrs. James Singletary: Miss Virginia Calhoun, Miss Mamie Clayton, afterwards Mrs. Carroll Gates, who is now 'beyond the touch of care;' Miss Annie Colombet, Miss Carrie Smith, now Mrs. Charles Moody; Miss Mattie Abbot, who is now Mrs. F. A. Taylor; Miss Lou Bethel, now Mrs. Frank Fisher of Detroit; Miss Lizzie Selby, now Mrs. Ed Coombs; Miss Laura Hellyer, now Mrs. Lee Dabney, of San Francisco; Miss Etta Herrmann, now Mrs. Hubbard; Miss Eva Hobbs, afterwards Mrs. Bruce Clow; Miss Georgie Dixon, who is now Mrs. Irving Bentley; Miss May Sinnott, afterwards Mrs. Charles Webber, who is now 'in a fairer, purer land;' Miss Lizzie Houghton, Miss Mollie King, now Mrs. Henry Hart; Miss Fanny Montgomery, Miss Diana Murphy, now Mrs. Morgan Hill of Paris; Miss Nora Willey, now Mrs. James Clark; Miss Mary New, Miss Clara Patterson, now Mrs. Frank Burkholder; Miss Jennie Ryder, now Mrs. George Polhemus; Miss Maggie Schallenberger, Miss Maggie Trimble, now Mrs. E. C. Reed; Miss Gussie Younger, Miss Alice Younger, now Mrs. James Gally; Miss Annie Wilcox, Miss Sallie Trimble, now Mrs. Nicholas Bowden; and Miss Effie Smith, who is now Mrs. J. C. Travis."

Somewhere near 1884 or 1885, Hon. S. O. and Mrs. Houghton celebrated their silver wedding in splendid style. Their large and elegant home on Third and Julian streets was beautifully decorated with ferns, smilax and rare flowers. Ample as the rooms of their home were, they proved insufficient for the entertainment of the many friends Mr. and Mrs. Houghton had won during their long residence in this valley, so a pavilion was erected in the grounds, where a delicious supper was served. Mrs. Houghton was assisted by her accomplished daughters, the Misses Mary, Elizabeth and Clara, while Judge Houghton found valuable aid in his manly sons.

During the evening a throng of loving friends offered congratulations.

Perhaps a more representative gathering could not be mentioned. The Bench and the Bar, which Judge Houghton had adorned, sent their members; the clergy, the medical profession—in fact, some from every walk in life passed through those hospitable doors to greet the dear friends who had been tried and never found wanting.

Mrs. Houghton was beautifully gowned in silver gray brocade, with crimson velvet. The Misses Houghton were dressed elegantly, and the occasion is still remembered with pleasure by the favored guests.

A brilliant party by the young men of San Jose was given Friday evening, January 26, 1883, when

"Shimmering satin and gossamer laces,
Blaze of trumpets and bugle call;
A shifting sea of bewildering faces,
Surging along through the perfumed hall,"

but faintly describes the gorgeous scene. The committee of arrangements were: John W. Ryland, E. McAfee, William K. Beans, J. C. Travis, Andrew P. Hill, J. B. Cory, and A. E. Haden.

Music Hall was garlanded with cypress and holly berries and a large green streamer was stretched across the stage bearing the words: "We greet you, one and all."

The music was by Kauffman and Parkman, and one

feature was a schottische composed for the occasion by Mr. Kauffman and dedicated to the Young Ladies' Social Temperance Club.

The ladies who composed the reception committee were: Mrs. S. O. Houghton, Mrs. E. O. Smith, and Mrs. Lawrence Archer.

Mrs. Houghton wore an elegant dress of black lace over black silk; garniture of red roses; ornaments, diamonds.

Mrs. E. O. Smith was dressed in rich black satin, trimmed with ostrich feathers; point lace fichu; ornaments, diamonds.

Mrs. Archer wore a dress of black silk brocade; corsage bouquet of red roses; ornaments, diamonds.

The gentlemen who got up the ball were: Messrs. H. J. Alexander, Henry B. Alvord, George Avery, G. Anderson, W. W. Blanchard, W. K. Beans, A. L. Barker, Nick Bowden, Frank P. Bull, Dave Bryant, J. Booksin, W. E. Coombs, Dr. Bruce Clow, C. Colombet, Louis Colombet, Ed. Clayton, A. W. Coombs, C. Chapman, F. Coykendall, R. Coykendall, H. F. Dusing, Ernest Dawson, Ed Enright, C. Flickinger, W. Finch, W. J. Fosgate, L. F. Graham, Will George, A. E. Haden; C. J. Heyler, J. B. Holly, W. B. Hobson, Thad Hobson, A. P. Hill, M. C. Hall, S. O. Houghton, D. Hanna, L. Hartman, H. Hart, A. C. Ingalsby, Ed Jobson, Stanley Kelly, L. F. Kullak, John Cahill, M. Loryea, Andrew Lendrum, W. W. Leghorn, Dr. F. K. Ledyard, John McMahon, Charles Moody, C. J. Martin, J. H. Maddox, John McCauley, A. McAfee, Louis Montgomery, Howell Moore, W. S. McMurtry, L. G. Nesmith, W. S. Osterman, J. B. O'Brien, S. Oberdeener, A. Price, F. Pfister, R. Pierce, J. H. Pierce, Sam Rucker, John Ryland, F. K. Ryland, J. R. Ryland, Ed Snedaker, Dr. W. Simpson, Fred Stern, Ed. Snell, Sam E. Smith, R. Smith, W. Selby, S. Stone, John Tully, A. B. McNeil, J. C. Travis, F. W. Thompson, H. P. Thayer, A. K. Whitton, Henry Willey, Charles Williams, H. Ward Wright, J. Wheeler, C. A. Youngberg, E. D. Young, Ed. Younger, and F. Zuver.

About this time the St. Andrew's Society was formed,

and the birthday anniversary of Robert Burns was celebrated by a bountiful supper, where nearly two hundred enjoyed the hospitality of the society, which numbered among its members: D. Wight, George Glendenning, R. McCubbin, C. L. Kennedy, Philip Cameron, Captain Angus, and Dr. A. H. Cochrane.

About fifteen years ago the beautiful Hotel Vendome was opened with a swell ball when the elite and "creme de la creme" of San Jose society here and in San Francisco gathered at the spacious caravansary. On that occasion the committee included: Dr. W. S. Thorne, Hon. F. E. Spencer, Hon. B. D. Murphy, Charles M. Shortridge, E. W. Clayton, A. K. Whitton, E. W. Newhall, Dr. A. H. Voorhies, and A. C. Bassett of San Francisco. The floor committee included E. C. Flagg, W. S. Clayton, R. B. Spence, James T. Rucker, James D. Phelan, and Captain Burdick of San Francisco.

A large and exceedingly brilliant party was given by Hon. and Mrs. B. D. Murphy to introduce their daughter, Miss Mary, now Mrs. H. Ward Wright, into society. The interior of the Murphy home on South Third street was decorated with the rarest of flowers, intermingled with ribbons and smilax. The guests included nearly all the young society people here and many from San Francisco.

The opening of the Victory Theater on the evening of February 2, 1899, was an important social event. This splendid and up-to-date structure was erected by the heirs of the late James Phelan, and at the initial performance the beauty, fashion, and chivalry of the valley were present. The theatre had been named "The Victory" in honor of Admiral Dewey's victory in Manila Bay. The finish, decorations, and furnishings were all that artistic taste combined with ample means could make them, and it was not strange that when, after repeated calls, the Hon. James D. Phelan, then Mayor of San Francisco, appeared upon the stage, that he was enthusiastically greeted by the large audience.

The Hotel Vendome has been the scene of many social

triumphs—private balls, concerts, and clubs for social pleasure have all enjoyed its hospitality. Notable among these was a large ball given under the auspices of the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society, when the patronesses included Mesdames B. D. Murphy, Coleman Younger, W. B. Hill, L. Callisch, D. Belden, W. B. Hobson, L. Archer, M. O'Brien, N. G. Arques, C. Dunne, and E. McLaughlin.

A very large and fashionable ball by the San Jose Lodge No. 22, Benevolent Protective Order of Elks, was given during the winter of 1901, and in no metropolis of the world could be seen a manlier, courtlier set than these American gentlemen who compose this organization, and who, by their courtesy and generous hospitality, proved that they were nature's noblemen.

The committees on this occasion were: Social Sessions—Dr. H. C. Brown, Gus Lion, James H. Campbell.

Reception—J. R. Patton, A. M. Barker, Ernest Lion, William Gussefeld, M. E. Dailey, W. J. Leet, G. Loeb, A. Greeninger, L. Bond, Charles M. Cassin, Dr. D. E. Nash, L. A. Spitzer, Dr. H. B. Gates, Jackson Hatch, Judge Wm. G. Lorigan, C. J. Martin, A. E. Shumate, Judge M. H. Hyland, A. H. Marten, Dr. J. W. Davy, W. A. Bowden, Chas. B. Bills, George T. Dunlap, H. A. Kron, Paul P. Austin, and E. H. Bourguignon.

Floor—E. T. Sterling, manager; J. W. Thomas, Alex Hart, Dr. D. F. McGraw, Glen Lumbard, B. Y. Spartz, J. C. Halford, Dr. E. O. Piper, J. A. Edwards, Fred M. Swanton, Al. C. Eaton, H. S. Bridges, G. F. Barker, E. C. Jobson, W. E. Blauer, Emil Lion, Clem Arques, G. E. Lindsay, and A. E. Caldwell.

The grand march began at 8:30 o'clock, and was led by W. E. Blauer and Miss Clara Lion. Among those who graced the scene by their presence were:

Mr. and Mrs. Paul P. Austin, Mrs. N. G. Arques, Mr. C. R. Arques, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Bourguignon, Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Barker, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Barker, Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Brown, Mrs. Henry Booksin, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Burke,

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bowden, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Bragg, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Ballou, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Butler, Mr. D. T. Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Beggs, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Bills, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bond, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Brandon, Mr. Lew Black, Mr. Rene Brassy, Miss Bertha Behrent, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Barker, Mr. H. S. Bridges, Mr. W. J. Boschken, Mr. E. W. Clayton, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Cottle, Mr. George F. Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. C.W. Cobb, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Campbell, Miss Francis Cole, Miss Neva Cahill, Miss Harriet Cory, Mr. and Mrs. Al Col, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Crossman, Mr. M. E. Dailey, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Doerr, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Dewey, Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Davy, Miss Echard, Mrs. Arthur Field, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Flannery, Dr. R. E. Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Foss, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Faull, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Gilkyson, Mr. and Mrs. William Gussefeld, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Gummer, Mr. O. A. Hale, Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Gerlach, Mr. J. T. Halford, Mr. T. V. Halsey, Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Hervey, Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hancock, Miss Natalia Hart, Miss Annie Hablutzel, Miss Lulu Hawley, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Howes, Mr. Charles H. Hogg, Judge and Mrs. M H. Hyland, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson Hatch, Mr. F. L. Hambly, Mr. J. W. Hinklebein, Mr. A. J. Hocking, Mr. W. E. Henry, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hobson, Mr. E. C. Jobson, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Jarman, Mr. J. A. Kidward, Mr. F. G. King, Miss Luena King, Miss E. Kuhn, Mr. and Mrs. E. Knickerbocker, Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Koch, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Kocher, Mr. N. B. Kooser, Mr. R. S. Kooser, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Knox, Mr. Duncan Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Ladd, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Leet, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Lenzen, Mr. Emile Lion, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Lion, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Lion, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Lion, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Lamkin, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Langford, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Lotz, Mr. G. Loeb, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Lumbard, Judge and Mrs. W. G. Lorigan, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Losse, Mrs. B. C. Longdon, Miss Isabel Longdon, Mr. and Mrs. Charles

Interior of Victory Theatre, San Jose, California.

J. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Marten, Dr. and Mrs. W. D. McDougall, Mr. and Mrs. John Mackey, Miss June Main, Miss Maud May, Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Mabury, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. May, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Moody, Dr. and Mrs. D. F. McGraw, Miss Jessie McGraw, Miss Louise McGraw, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Macauley, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Murgotten, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. H. MacBride, Mr. T. J. McGeoghegan, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Moore, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Mullen, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Murphy, Dr. and Mrs. D. E. Nash, Mr. C. C. Navlet, Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Noble, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Norris, Miss Daisy Nichols, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Owens, Mr. and Mrs. William Osterman, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. O'Keefe, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Oneal, Miss Madaline Ogier, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Pfister, Miss Emily Pfister, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Patton, Dr. and Mrs. T. A. Perrin, Miss Leonte Portal, Dr. E. O. Pieper, Miss Pettie Pfister, Miss Thekla Pieper, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Quilty, Miss Gertrude Quilty, Miss Harriet Quilty, Mr. E. M. Rea, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Rosenthal, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Ryland, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Ryland, Mr. and Mrs. George Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Will Ryder, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stern, Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Sheets, Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Snell, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Spitzer, Miss Mildreth Spencer, Dr. A. J. B. Smith, Miss Isabella Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Stephenson, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Sterling, Mr. H. L. Schemmel, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sadler, Mrs. Luella Smith, Mr. Fred L. Thomas, Mr. G. Turel, Miss Nellie Trowbridge, Miss Jennie Thompson, Miss Stella Thompson, Dr. and Mrs. W. Van Dalsem, Miss Geane Veuve, Mr. Harry Warren, Miss Hanna Wright, Mr. and Mrs. A. Williams, Miss Bessie Williams, Miss Virginia Williams, Mrs. Carrie Stevens Walter, Miss Delmas Walter, Mr. C. D. Wright, Miss Kate Wright, Miss Clara Wastie, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Wells, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Woodrow, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Williams, and Mr. and Mrs. George D. Worswick.

Among the notable social functions that have taken place here was the reception on the evening of May 13, 1901, in honor of President and Mrs. William McKinley and the

members of the Cabinet. The Vendome Hotel never looked grander than in its decoration of banners, bunting, flags, and electric lights on the exterior, and blossoms, shrubs, and palms, in the interior. The reception committee was composed of Hon. Charles J. Martin, Mayor of this city, Hon. William G. Lorigan, Jackson Hatch, Hon. A. L. Rhodes, Dr. H. C. Brown, Hon. M. H. Hyland, S. F. Leib, O. A. Hale, James D. Miner, J. H. Henry, Major William G. Hawley, Dr. J. W. Davy, Hon. Delos C. Druffle, W. C. Andrews, Ernest Lion, William A. Beasley, Alfred Holman, H. R. Chesbro, Charles W. Williams, J. O. Hayes, David Henderson, Mrs. Charles Martin, Mrs. Adolph Greeninger, Mrs. Jackson Hatch, Mrs. D. Goodsell, Mrs. Henry Lion, Mrs. A. H. Jarman, Mrs. S. F. Lieb, Mrs. J. R. Carroll, Mrs. Nicholas Bowden, Mrs. W. P. Dougherty, Mrs. George M. Bowman, Miss Belle Mackenzie, Mrs. H. S. Foote, Mrs. Nellie G. Arques, Miss Winifred McLaughlin, Mrs. Ralph Hersey, Mrs. Henry Booksin, Sr., Mrs. A. H. Marten, Miss Estelle Lion, and Mrs. R. Hersey.

The reception was held in the south parlors. Secretary Hay acted as the representative of the President, so unexpectedly absent on account of the illness of Mrs. McKinley, and he was assisted by Postmaster-General Smith and Secretaries Long, Hitchcock, and Wilson. Among the people present were: Hon. and Mrs. Charles J. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Bowden, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Henry, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred H. Jarman, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Dunlap, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Burke, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Pieper, Mrs. B. M. A. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson Hatch, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Bowden, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Cook, Miss Lizette Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Cornell, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Leib, Mrs. Arthur G. Field, Mrs. J. R. Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. William Gussefeld, Mr. and Mrs. George Ballou, Miss Alice Gussefeld, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Ryland, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Tompkins, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram D. Tuttle, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Brooke, Miss Jane Dockstader, Professor and Mrs. R. S. Holway, Miss Sue Galli-

more, Dr. and Mrs. F. H. Bangs, Mrs. M. E. Snook, Mrs. C. Burrell, Miss Veva Burrell, Miss Agnes Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Koch, Mrs. Clara Kuhl, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Milnes, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Milnes, Mrs. Knox Goodrich, Mr. and Mrs. William Wehner, Miss Ida Wehner, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Hunt, Miss Mary P. Carroll, George F. Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Woodrow, Mr. and Mrs. A. Kellner, Mrs. Laura Delaney, Dr. and Mrs. A. M. Barker, Mr. and Mrs. T. Kirk, Miss Kirk, Mr. L. Lion, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Welch, Mr. and Mrs. George P. Snell, Mr. and Mrs. T. Ellard Beans, Miss Mary Beans, Miss Kate Devine, Miss Ada Ryland, Victor A. Scheller, Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Gerlach, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Vatchel, Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Sweigert, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Carroll, Mrs. W. Conkling, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. R. Jenks, Mr. and Mrs. R. Lassere, Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Lion, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Losse, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Moon, Rev. and Mrs. Eli McClish, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Bacon, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Davy, Miss Emma Riehl, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Faull, Mr. and Mrs. Al Col, Mrs. M. Barr, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Bailey, Miss Greeninger, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Moore, Miss Elas Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. A. McDonald, Mrs. F. M. Cottle, Mrs. F. L. Cottle, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Auzerais, Robert Syer, Dr. George Seifert, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Lotz, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Eastey, Dr. A. C. MacChesney, Mr. and Mrs. Lester L. Morse, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Pierce, Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Brown, Mrs. L. D. Scott, Mrs. G. Kister, Mrs. Luella Smith, Mrs. Henry Booksin, Sr., Mrs. Edward Campbell, Miss Stella Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Mathews, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rucker, Mrs. N. D'Oyly, Miss Emily D'Oyly, Mr. and Mrs. A. Normandin, Mrs. S. Sennett, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Wells, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Wilcox, Mr. and Mrs. James H. Campbell, Dr. and Mrs. Charles C. Maynard, Mrs. A. C. Gage, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Langford, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Quilty, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Crossman, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Booksin, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hersey, Miss Lou Promis, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Ryder, Mr. and Mrs.

W. S. Richards, Miss Mabel Andrews, Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Dinsmore, Mr. and Mrs. Will Dinsmore, Miss Stella Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Edward McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Flannery, Dr. and Mrs. C. K. Fleming, Mrs. S. E. Sage, Miss Olga Pieper, Dr. and Mrs. W. D. McDougall, Mrs. L. C. Scheller, Mr. and Mrs. Louis H. Bond, O. A. Hale, Major and Mrs. Will Coulter, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Shumate, Miss Leib, Mrs. C. M. Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. L. Sage, Mrs. D. Goodsell, Dr. and Mrs. I. N. Frasse, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Wayland, Hon. John W. Ryland, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Marten, Dr. and Mrs. M. A. Southworth, Miss Mary E. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Sterling, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Beasley, Mr. and Mrs. David Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Gosbey, Mrs. E. Eldred, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Bowman, Hon. and Mrs. W. G. Lorigan, Miss Annie Wilcox, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Kocher, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. MacBride, Hon. and Mrs. M. H. Hyland, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Bourguignon, Hon. and Mrs. Julius Kahn.

Another social event was when Governor Nash of Ohio and the Congressional party of the same State were entertained on the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth of May, 1901. First was given an Italian breakfast by E. E. Goodrich at his famous Quito Olive Ranch, when among the Santa Clara gentlemen present were: F. C. Ensign, C. M. Wooster, W. S. Clayton, Hon. M. H. Hyland, J. R. Lewis, E. McGuiness, Rev. H. Melville Tenney, Chief of Police James Kidward, and F. W. Crandall; later at an informal reception at the Court House, when upwards of eight hundred people called to bid the distinguished guests welcome; and lastly at a dinner to the Governor and party by Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Leib at their home on the Alameda.

Water Falls at Alum Rock Park, San Jose, California.

CHAPTER V.

Scenery and Climate.

WE devoted much time to the study of our new location, noting all the advantages possessed by it, and soon decided that in the universal distribution of grand Nature's wonderful gifts of beauty, California may be congratulated on having received her full quota, and no portion of the State has a richer treasury of natural grandeur than has Santa Clara. This valley, which lies south of San Francisco Bay, is about sixty miles long and of varying width, averaging about twenty miles. It is oval in shape and comparatively level, with an area of about 800,000 acres, and at all seasons presents an aspect of verdant loveliness.

The surrounding mountains, included within the limits of the county, contribute as greatly to its beauty as they do to its wealth and productiveness. One need look nowhere else for a view more picturesque than this spot, framed by chains and chains of hills covered with trees and shrubs.

On the west the Santa Cruz mountains, with their large and profitable vineyards, rise and shut out the winds from the ocean. In the recesses of these mountains is the home of that distinctively California tree, the redwood. There also are large oaks, madrones, sycamores, shrubs, and underbrush, which serve as a cover for various kinds of game; while in the wooded hills and ravines, hunting and angling can be enjoyed.

On the east also are ranges of hills that rise higher and higher until an altitude of 4440 feet is reached at Mount

Hamilton, which wears a world famous observatory as a costly crown. These eastern highlands shelter this favored valley from the hot winds of the great San Joaquin region, which lies between the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Ranges.

For a splendid view one should select some eminence in the foothills. Many of these hilltops are already sites of charming homes and the remaining ones offer opportunities for like improvement. From such a vantage ground can be seen the valley stretching out, an almost continuous vista of orchard and vineyard, framed by mountains and traversed by two creeks, which follow winding courses until they reach the San Francisco Bay on the north.

For a more magnificent view ascend Mount Hamilton, and find new beauties all along the unsurpassed road. Upon arriving at the summit an indescribable panorama of splendor is unfolded. One can see spread out a vast circle covered with thousands of plants, trees, shrubs, and flowers, in the midst of which can be caught glimpses of dwellings glistening in the rays of the sun. At the right is a gap in the hills showing the silvery waters of the bay. The coloring here is always beautiful, whether the landscape be viewed in springtime when wild flowers and green grass enamel the earth with masses of color, when the sunny slopes of the foothills are bright with promise for the husbandman, and the budding trees are rich with the prospect of golden harvest, or in the summer or autumn when the rich velvety brown tones mingle with the green of the orchard and vineyard.

The beautiful pastoral scenery of this portion of the State always excites admiration. It so impressed Rear-Admiral W. S. Schley, who was the guest of the city on the nineteenth and twentieth of March, 1903, that he said: "I have been wondering whether the Garden of Eden was not somewhere in this neighborhood."

John D. Rockfeller, another noted visitor, arrived here in April, 1903, and in a burst of admiration asserted: "It is a picture such as I have never seen. Why! it is even worth the expense of a trip across the continent to look upon the

wonderful Santa Clara Valley;" and Mr. Doubleday of the firm of Doubleday, Page, & Co., the great New York publishers, is credited with advising his friends thus: "Go to San Jose. There you will find the Garden City of California and the fairest valley in all the world."

These are but a few of the many graceful comments that have been made, for every visitor has only words of praise for this section.

As the influence of climate has much to do with the picturesqueness of the landscape, it is necessary to understand the seasons to appreciate all the beauties. In this valley the scene changes with the months, but the months cannot properly be grouped in the same manner as in the East.

Here, winter is the season that brings the rain, and its approach is often heralded by a gentle shower or two in October, although the wet weather does not really set in until after Thanksgiving, and sometimes not until near Christmas, and it is over about April.

The expression "wet season" does not mean several months of continuous rain, but the showers alternate with sunshine, and all the while the grass grows, trees bud and put forth their leaves, and evidences of spring are seen on every hand. In fact, the days when it is not agreeable to be out of doors are few, and no day is so stormy but that one may walk or drive about in passable comfort. The rainfall of this period resembles that of the month of May in the East. Nor is the winter a season of cloudy weather, for most of the days are sunshining ones. Of course, there will be a day of rain or, perhaps, several days of inclement weather, but the long, cold and tedious storms that make winter dreary, are unknown here. The rains are intermittent, and a few days of showers are followed by clear skies and by many days of glorious sunshine.

According to the U. S. official report in 1901, this valley had 285 clear days out of 365, and for the same year the U. S. Weather Bureau report showed that here the maximum temperature in July was 94 degrees, but the maximum night

temperature was only 66 degrees. The minimum temperature in February was 25 degrees, on the night of a day when the thermometer rose to 53 degrees, the mean temperature being 60 degrees.

Nearly all the days not clear are warm enough to be comfortable. Continued heat or cold does not exist, for the contour of the mountains temper, but do not divert the sea breeze, and the influence of the ocean is of such a nature as to produce an equable climate throughout the year.

A southerly wind caused by low pressure farther north, brings the rain, but when the wind changes to a westerly one the rain ceases, the atmosphere becomes clear as on a summer day, the sky blue, and the sun radiant. The rainfall averages fifteen inches in the valley and thirty inches in the foothills, and is such as to insure good crops. There are no sudden or decided changes of season here—one follows the other so gradually that they blend together. Spring comes on, and day by day there is a perceptible waking of life and color; the trees bud, and soon the air is laden with the sweet perfume of fruit blossoms wafted hither and thither by the balmy zephyrs that blow from mountain and bay.

As far as the eye can reach there is an unbroken expanse of orchard and vineyard framed by the gently rising mountains. The blossom season is a long one, the almonds being the first to show their bloom, usually in the latter part of January. In a few weeks these are followed by the apricot, the cherry, the peach, the pear, the prune, and still later by the apple and quince.

Presumptuous, indeed, would be the pen that should attempt to convey an adequate impression of the beauty presented by six millions of fruit trees in blossom. Four millions of these are prune trees, and their billows and billows of white flowers spread over the valley like a mantle of snow. The blossoms of the other trees, especially the deep pink of the peach, mingle to give a touch of delicate color and relieve the pearly whiteness of the scene. These blooming orchards spread out in every direction for miles,

Bradley Almond Orchard, Santa Clara County, California.

until they blend with the blue of the horizon. Nowhere else in the universe can such a sight be witnessed as in this mountain-girt valley during blossom time.

After the bloom has gone, the trees are covered with bright green foliage, the birds sing and build their nests, and while the fruit grows and matures, the gardens become the scenes of floral beauty. Huge rose bushes cover houses and fences, and climb far up among the limbs of large trees, covering them with a wealth of magnificent roses, while millions of California poppies, with their rich color, tint the ground with golden hue.

Hedge rows of callas are in bloom and lilacs scatter their fragrance on the air. Thus spring time's blossom season glides into an ideal summer, when art and nature join to make the landscape lovely, charming color effects being produced by hydrangeas, azalias, peonies, and hundreds of other flowers growing in the utmost profusion. This season never brings sunstroke nor thunder storms, nor lightning. It is so warm that one is tempted to live out of doors, and so cold that woolen garments are not uncomfortable. No matter how warm the days may be, the nights are cool and exceedingly refreshing. One need have no fear that mosquitos will disturb his slumbers, as there are no troublesome insects here. Men may work in the open fields, and lovers of out-door sports may indulge in them without discomfort, for the dryness of the air makes the heat seem less, and there is always a pleasant breeze. The summer winds entering from the ocean at the Golden Gate, spread in gentle zephyrs through the valley, and having dropped the fog on the way, give to the atmosphere a dry, bracing quality.

CHAPTER VI.

The Wild Flowers.

ONE day a small group of ladies and gentlemen had gathered in a cosy corner on the veranda of the Hotel Vendome as we came up the stairs just in time to hear the following:

"You do not seem to bé an invalid as the most of us are. Have you relatives here or is it simply the attraction of the climate that brought you to the Garden City?" said a frail looking lady to the one seated next to her, a bright, vivacious little woman, who at once looked up with a sunny smile and replied in a pleasant voice: "Oh, no, thank heaven and my sturdy ancestors, I am anything but an invalid; the magnet that drew me hither is the wonderful profusion of flowers, of which I am the most enthusiastic admirer. Do you feel an interest in them?" "Oh," languidly replied Mrs. Prosy, "I love to have flowers in my rooms, of course, but I can't say I am an enthusiast on the subject. You mean the magnificent flowers one sees in the gardens here, I suppose." "Not a bit of it; I mean the exquisite darlings of the hill and canyons, which it is my pleasure to gather."

"But that means long tramps to which I am not equal," said the first speaker. "Yes, decidedly long tramps," said Miss Rose, the botanist, "but they are my daily recreation. I began tramping before I was out of short dresses. My brother was professor of botany in Harvard, and he early inoculated me with the spirit. Together we have climbed many an Alp, penetrated the dark valleys of Norway, and

even gathered the Lotus of the Nile; yet, I assure you, dear Mrs. Prosy, in no other country have I found such a wealth of floral treasures as one can find in this magnificent valley."

"Why, you surprise me! I had fancied there could be no fields like those of England in the season of hawthorne and cowslip. Do tell me of some of your plants." Little Miss Rose needed no urging, but saying, "Excuse me a moment and I will bring you some of my specimens, which will give you a key to my enthusiasm," she retired to return with a large book of pressed flowers. Drawing a little table close to them, she opened her book at the first page, saying pleasantly: "Now, as soon as you begin to be bored, just say so and I will cease from troubling. I know how dreadfully disagreeable a person with a hobby can be, and it is one long endeavor with me not to ride too hard over people." "Have no misgiving; my hobby is to be entertained and I am confident that you will succeed, so introduce me, please." "Well, the wonder of it all is, that flowers in this region are like death, 'having all seasons' for their own. I have spent portions of the last four years right here in order to become thoroughly informed, and I have never failed to be rewarded by finding some flower, no matter what month it might be. We came here first in January. You might easily imagine what that means to me just from New England. On the way out we were caught in a snow blockade but finally reached this paradise. Oh! the joy of it, to sit on this veranda and be bathed in sunshine, to look out on these noble trees, and to drive around this pretty town and see roses and violets in richest bloom. As soon as we were rested, we went to Alum Rock. I think it was on the fifteenth, and here are the fruits of that trip." And she proudly pointed to a page on which were grouped bird-foot fern, beautiful gold-backed ferns, tender fronds of the Adiantum, and a perfect red trillium, and a dandelion. "Do admire my dandelion," said Miss Rose; "it reminds me of my childhood. I just love dandelions." "But I should hardly think they were flowers to grow enthusiastic over," said Mrs. Prosy, "any more than one could be excited over a thistle."

Santa Clara County Hillside Covered with Wild Flowers.

"Ah! there, madame, you are mistaken. I never look at a dandelion without thinking all manner of beautiful things. Why the common little chick-weed, of which here is a specimen, is beautiful to me.!

"This is my February page. You see I have made a calendar and added my favorite quotations from the poets. Here are lovely malvas, with their delicate pink petals stippled with white, claytonias as delicate as the 'Spring Beauty' of Virginia woods; yellow oxalis and the delicate white spiraea. March brought me a festival of flowers. We went to Mt. Hamilton, tramping most of the way. You know there is a lovely halting place at Smith's Creek. The road sides were bordered with flowers in every tone of yellow, from the faint creamy tint of the platystigma, and the yellower blossoms of the Maryland star, to the orange tone of the mimulus. In little hollows I found the collinsia, and the wonderful dodecatheon. If you found it at the florist's you would think it a marvel; but oh! the baby-blue-eyes! Did you ever hear so sweet a name? Nemophila, the botanist calls it, but there is a tender sound to baby-blue-eyes that is most fetching.

"April gave me these beauties," and she exhibited a spray of the lovely wild currant, whose leaves still gave out a fragrant odor, and the golden currant hung its drooping racemes among the beautiful green foliage. "Solomon's seal grows everywhere; but this dainty vine is peculiar to California," and she pointed to a graceful spray of the yerba buena—"good herb, you know the early Spaniards called it, because it was a medicine for them, as were also the yerba manza and the yerba santa.

"What a dear, old mother Nature is, giving us so many plants to heal our infirmities. But oh! before I stop I must tell you of the yellow violet that fairly carpeted the fields near Alma. We went picnicing there in the early spring, and our host, a noble specimen of Alabama's sons, took us to a field he had saved from the plow until we should have visited it. You never saw a Turkish carpet so rich in color. In a radius of a few feet I actually gathered thirty varieties

of flowers—tellimas, lupines, forget-me-nots, violets, nemophilas, calandrinias, bur-clover, gilias, cardamine, capsellas, the exquisite lace-pod, filaria, godetia, heliotrope, amsinckias, and really I cannot remember the rest, but it was a revelation, I assure you."

"No wonder you come often to such a place, but I should think you would write a book about this," said Mrs. Prosy. "Oh, I am leaving that to my brother,—he has one almost ready for the press, and he says the flora of this valley would make a book in itself. I am helping him illustrate it, for I dabble a little in water colors."

"How charming! You must show me your sketches some day, for we have decided to remain here for months. We find no place more enjoyable and intend to take in all that it offers before going south," said Mrs. Prosy. Just then a bell boy approached and handed cards to the ladies, which summoned them to the parlor, and the impromptu botanical lecture came to an end, but not before our eyes had been opened to the feast which this valley could offer, and we took occasion to call on Miss Rose later and ask her to teach us the flora of each month. "Why," said she, "what have you been doing all this time? You have the learned Professor Rattan, an authority on botany, Professor Charles Allen, a man wise in the smallest, the most insignificant plants, and on my first visit here, I met Miss Mary Norton, who seemed to me to be like the wise man who knew every plant from the cedar of Lebanon to the the hyssop on the wall. I assure you, the inhabitants of this paradise are a people greatly to be envied."

Having had our attention so forcibly called to the subject of wild flowers, we soon discovered that in no other locality is Nature so lavish of her floral gifts as in this valley, where the procession of wild flowers is continuous. Despite the fact that there are days when the air is chilly, the searcher for flowers can always be sure of a reward for his labor, for, hiding in the chaparral or nestling under the shelter of great brakes, one can find the delicate blossoms of the wild radish and the wall-flower, while every hillside has

its patch of the yellow blossoms of the mustard. The vagrant winds that wander over the fields are laden with the sweet perfume of this flower, which also lends itself to purposes of decoration in the most charming manner. In the early spring the lily family asserts its claim to pre-eminence, for then the glossy leaves of the iris pierce the mold and the tall shafts of the subertia hold up their promise of purple beauty. A little later buttercups fairly carpet the hillsides, making a beautiful contrast to the verdure of the grass and a perfect harmony with the blue shadows that rest near them. To one unaccustomed to the wealth of California bloom, a Santa Clara hillside looks as if the product of a Persian loom had been laid upon the ground. Cream cups nod on their tender stems while mats of white forget-me-nots weave themselves in every canyon. Under the trees, the trillium rewards a walk. If one has taken the precaution to carry a strong trowel, the plant can be lifted from its bed and carried home to bloom from a jardinier, its rich velvet petals crowning the polished foliage. Liver colored, rose pink and snowy white trilliums can all be found within this county's boundaries.

In the forests, near the noble redwoods, which are the people's pride, stand the beautiful madrones, their smooth red trunks crowned with the glossiest dark green leaves, amid which are clusters of snowy bells as fine and airy as those of the famed lily of the valley. The manzanita has its treasures of perfect bells, inviting the wandering bees to a royal feast, while the tall bushes of California lilac are garmented in long racemes of exquisite blue flowers that seem so light that one would expect the softest breath of a zephyr to scatter them, but they are firmly seated and the plant is a "thing of beanty and a joy forever." A little farther down the procession of the months, the tritillaria displays its purple-brown bells, while the malvas are giving their haunts tones of pink and magenta, and the clarkia and the eucharidium, not content with simple beauty of form and color in their blossoms, hold up to our view the crimson of stem as polished as a marble column in a Greek temple. The el-

der, a despised shrub in the East, becomes a tree in this favored climate, its snowy cymes making a striking appearance in the landscape. In all the woods the wild pea runs riot over the low bushes, making graceful wreaths and festoons of pendulous pink racemes, while near by the cucumber vine flaunts its ivy-shaped foliage.

Then comes a day when the glory of the golden poppy eclipses that of every other bloom. Its orange-tinted cup turns boldly to the sun and catches the fervid rays in its meshes gleaming with a sheen like the richest Lyon's velvet. The dullest soul, the least impressionable, awakens to the splendor of this flower, and in the long windows of the richest home, as well as in the humblest cottage of the poor, stand vases filled with the glorious blossom, now the chosen emblem of the State. Acres upon acres spread before the eye yielding, of late years, in extent as cultivation encroaches upon the haunts of nature. No other valley can equal Santa Clara in the luxuriousness of this plant.

When the wild currant has shed its bloom, we are compensated for its loss by the masses of calandrinias and baerias, which defy the poorest soil to rob them of their charms. When the cloudless skies hold no promise of moisture, and the slopes of the hills are brown and sere, the painted cup waves its scarlet banners by the roadsides, and the mimulus covers its glutinous stem with flowers of various hues. Menthas blossom on the slopes of the hills, distilling healing odors, and on the sides of Mt. Hamilton great clumps of royal purple pentstemon reach their richest bloom, while often one finds the Mariposa lily flourishing in pink or yellow or lavender hues. At Alum Rock the collinsia grows to perfection, and the zauschneria rivals the garden fuchsia. In the sandy beds of the dry creeks the mentzelia equals the most splendid cactus which is treasured by the florist in his conservatory.

When the fruits in the orchards have perfected their flavors, one will find the feathery seeds of the Virgin's bower bedecking the wayside hedges, and the clusters of berries on the toyon growing red for the Thanksgiving festi-

Penitentia Creek, Alum Rock Park, San Jose, California.

val, and in quiet nooks there will stand great clumps of the golden-rod making a glory of its own. Beautiful crimson thistles invite one to gather them, for in no other state does this thistle wear this color and become a treasure instead of a pest. The subject of wild flowers is almost inexhaustible—full of charm for the layman and the botanist, the poet and the artist, the child and the adult, the citizen and stranger. Among all the causes for gratitude that our lives have been cast in such pleasant places, there is none more potent to awaken that emotion than the abundance and beauty of the wild flowers, and every day we thank the amiable and enthusiastic little botanist who showed us the wealth of bloom at our very doors.

CHAPTER VII.

The County Seat.

THE history of this city holds a perennial charm, and from every available source we have gathered bits that make the mosaic and learned that San Jose, the Garden City, as its inhabitants love to call it, was first known as Pueblo de San Jose de Guadalupe, and is one of the State's oldest settlements.

Mission Santa Clara was founded in 1777, and the secular settlement, the San Jose of to-day, later in the same year. Santa Clara was one of the largest and most prosperous of the Missions, and San Jose, reflecting its importance, soon became a place of note on the Coast, and has always maintained this prominence.

In the early days it was the favorite rendezvous for foreigners whose ships anchored at San Francisco; while most of the Americans who came to these shores prior to the discovery of gold, settled in or near this city, consequently, by the time of the gold excitement, it was one of the largest towns in the whole territory.

When the constitutional convention met at Monterey in 1849, San Jose was designated as the State Capital. This was afterwards changed in favor of Sacramento, without, however, impairing the prosperity of San Jose, which has grown steadily, until it is the fourth largest city in the State, one of the most attractive places on the Coast, and one of the extensive shipping points in California.

It is the county seat, and covers an area of about fifteen square miles, while its inhabitants number about thirty thou-

sand. It lies on a direct line of the Southern Pacific from San Francisco to Los Angeles; overland trains pass through daily; and it is the terminal point of local and trans-continental freight. The amount of travel can be estimated by the fact that forty-eight trains leave and arrive at the railway station daily. Tourists are always favorably impressed with its evidences of material progress, its solid buildings, good pavements, clean streets, perfect sewerage, abundant supply of fresh pure water from the hills, elegant homes, and ornamental grounds.

The city can boast of a State Normal School, located in a cultivated park of twenty-seven acres; a large City Hall, built of red brick and carved stone, surrounded by a plaza, where roses, shrubs and trees of different variety grow in profusion; of a Post-office building of sandstone, taken from the quarries in this vicinity, and costing seventy-five thousand dollars; a large and handsome Court House in Corinthian style of architecture; a Hall of Records constructed entirely of marble and granite; a Carnegie Library, just erected; fine police and fire departments; and, in fact, all the appointments of a modern city. It has an excellent system of gas and electric lighting, one unique feature of the street lighting being a tall iron electric tower at the intersection of Market and Santa Clara streets. This reaches into the air two hundred feet, and from its top powerful arc lights shed a soft radiance over the city, and can be seen from the surrounding foothills.

The merchants of this city are enterprising, up-to-date businest men, fully alive to all the requirements of modern modes of transacting business. Their stores are filled with desirable goods, and the latest eastern styles are offered to their customers.

San Jose is not only a desirable residence city, but it is also one of affairs, for here is transacted much of the business connected with the immense fruit crop of the valley, and here are located box factories, canneries, breweries, tanneries, woolen mills, foundries, and many other industries. With perfect shipping facilities by rail, or by water by the

way of Alviso, nine miles distant; with cheap factory sites, crude oil for fuel, and freedom from labor troubles, this city possesses all the elements necessary for economical and profitable manufacturing, and offers an excellent location for factories.

This city is also the distributing center of the large seed farm conducted by a corporation of which Charles Navlet is president and C. P. Braslan is vice-president. The board of directors include, beside the president and vice-president, M. M. Stafford, E. G. Levy, and W. J. Boschken.

The educational advantages act as a powerful magnet, and attract the rich and cultured, for here are located the State Normal School, a well appointed High School, unsurpassed grammar and primary schools, and finely equipped business colleges. Besides these there is the College of Notre Dame, occupying an enclosure of ten acres. So high a standing has this school attained during its career of nearly sixty years, that it is now accredited to the California and Leland Stanford Jr. Universities, and many of the bright, cultured, and accomplished women of this State, and even from distant states and across the sea, proudly claim it as their Alma Mater. The University of the Pacific, just outside the city limits, under the charge of the Methodist denomination, and having at its head the scholarly and broad-minded Dr. Eli McClish, holds a high rank among the educational institutions of this state, and indeed of this Coast. St. Joseph's and St. Mary's parochial schools are solid brick buildings, with devoted and capable instructors; and the Washburn school, conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Washburn, is a commodious structure, where pupils are prepared to enter college, and it is on the accredited lists of California's great universities, besides on those of Vassar and Smith's Colleges.

A charming religious atmosphere exists here, and so copiously are all the denominations represented by costly and prosperous churches, that each traveler can worship at the altars of his fathers, and hear the faith of his childhood taught by zealous and talented clergymen, all laboring to

serve the divine Master according to his belief, in peace and charity to all.

The streets, which are broad and laid out at right angles, are well kept and many of them bordered by palms and shaded by pepper, umbrella, poplar, magnolia, and maple trees. In the very center of the city is St. James' Park, a pretty inviting spot. It faces the Court House, the Hall of Records, and the spacious and up-to-date Hotel St. James. It is one thousand feet long by about six hundred feet wide, and is kept in perfect condition. Many comfortable benches along the winding walks and under the shelter of the swinging branches of pepper and eucalyptus trees invite the passerby to rest and feast his eyes on the satisfying landscape, or on the sparkling sprays of water continually shooting up from a handsome fountain and dripping in the stone basin at its feet. In this park is a fine monument costing thirteen thousand, five hundred dollars, erected by the people of this county to the memory of the nation's martyred president, William McKinley. A bronze figure of colossal proportions stands upon a pedestal of granite, and represents the President as standing, hat in hand, his overcoat open, his right arm and hand raised, as when in the attitude of quietly speaking to an audience. His head is slightly bent forward, the eyes downcast, a serious expression upon his countenance, such as was natural and habitual with him—such an expression as the people of San Jose saw when he addressed them during his visit here.

The monument stands on the spot where the President stood on the occasion of his visit to San Jose, May thirteenth, 1901. At that time a mammoth bouquet was presented to him by Mrs. E. O. Smith on behalf of the ladies of the county. This mound of flowers was thirty feet in height and contained two tons of Santa Clara County's most beautiful and most fragrant blossoms. The unveiling and dedication of the monument lon February 21, 1903, was one of the greatest celebrations, not only in point of numbers, but also in regard to its deep enthusiasm, that has taken place here in many years. On this occasion a temporary plat-

form, handsomely draped, had been erected, and on it were seated the chairman, E. A. Hayes, Rev. R. E. Kenna, President of Santa Clara College, Rev. Eli McClish, President of the University of the Pacific; Rev. Dr. W. C. Evans, Rev. H. Melville Tenney, Judge J. R. Lewis, Rev. R. A. Gleason, H. D. Mathews, James Lowe, Joseph A. Belloli, W. L. Woodrow, Mrs. W. C. Evans, Miss Hatch, Mrs. W. L. Woodrow, Miss Grace Woodrow, Mrs. J. R. Lewis, Mrs. R. S. Holway, and the University of the Pacific quartette, consisting of Henry Tregoning, P. R Wright, F. A. Tower, and R. W. Tower. The opening prayer by Rev. W. C. Evans being ended, the chairman called upon Miss Grace Woodrow, the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Woodrow, to untie the white satin ribbons that held in place the folds of an American flag that concealed the statue from view. This she did gracefully, and as the Stars and Stripes rose to float during the rest of the exercises over the bronze figure representing the thoughtful, forceful form and features of William McKinley, the band played "The Star Spangled Banner," and the vast assemblage of people joined in singing to the band's accompaniment, the verses of that grand patriotic song. Rev. R. E. Kenna, S. J., was then introduced and made an eloquent speech on "The Significance of the Monument." After another selection by the quartette, "Lead, Kindly Light," of which hymn the martyred President was especially fond, Rev. Eli McClish spoke of "McKinley, the Man." The singing of "America" by the quartette and audience, the benediction by Rev. H. Melville Tenney, and a selection by the Santa Clara College band terminated the impressive exercises.

It has been the proud privilege of San Joseans at different times to welcome within the gates of their city the Chief Executives of the nation, among them being Hayes, Grant, Harrison, McKinley, and Roosevelt. The last named President visited this valley on May 12, 1903. It was an ideal spring day; the weather warm and clear; the flowers, the fields, and the orchards looked their loveliest. Multitudes gathered to see and greet their Chief, who made sev-

eral stops within the boundaries of the county, and at each place received a generous California welcome. The first was at Gilroy, where he made a short address, and the next was at San Jose. After addressing the thousands of men, women, and children assembled around the platform which had been erected for the occasion, and fittingly decorated with bunting, palms and flowers, he went for a drive, accompanied by a mounted escort of citizens, who included Clem R. Arques, Ralph W. Hersey, Sheriff R. J. Langford, J. D. Radford, M. E. Dailey, Leo Archer, Colonel A. K. Whitton, Thomas McGeoghegan, R. R. Syer, Arthur Langford, J. W. Gilkyson, W. S. Clayton, Joseph H. Rucker, William A. Bowden, C. H. Geldert, Henry Lion, and C. T. Crothers. Besides these there was a large number of carriages containing the members of the President's party, the reception committee, and the newspaper representatives. The route was along the beautiful and well kept roads, and many were the pleasing incidents that occurred to heighten the pleasure of the distinguished guest. On Santa Clara street the ruler of the United States halted to greet the pupils of Notre Dame College, who were stationed on the sidewalk, and to accept a bunch of magnificent rosebuds presented on behalf of the school by one of San Jose's prettiest girls, Miss Bertrand Cauhape, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cauhape. After passing along the famed Alameda, he was warmly greeted in Santa Clara by Rev. Robert E. Kenna, President of Santa Clara College, who, with the faculty and students of this historic seat of learning, had gathered in front of the grand old mission cross, while hundreds of school children were congregated near by, with thousands of men and women eager and ready to give a cordial greeting to the first gentleman of the land. At the close of Father Kenna's words of welcome, D. O. Druffel, President of the Board of Trustees of Santa Clara, told briefly of the pleasure it afforded them all to be able to bid him ten thousand welcomes to this land of sunshine, fruit, and flowers. As the carriages passed along on their way, another halt was called to enable the President to re-

Scene on North First Street, San Jose, California.

ceive a bouquet of fragrant blossoms presented by Master Marshall Bond on behalf of the public school children of Santa Clara. The drive extended to the picturesque town of Campbell, where the Chief Executive took part in a tree planting ceremony. A most pathetic little scene occurred as the carriages were passing along North Third street. The President caught sight of a little girl who evidently wished to give him a huge basket of flowers which she held. He quickly called a halt, and as little Miss Bonny Armstrong gave into his hands her tribute of blossoms, his eyes grew moist as he saw suspended from a chain around the child's neck a medal, which, some months before, he had sent her as a token of esteem for her father's chivalrous service in Cuba, when he was one of Colonel Roosevelt's Rough Riders, and where he died shortly after the Spanish War.

During the drive the President expressed himself as delighted with his visit, and said to Mayor George D. Worswick: "I desire to say that I feel grateful to the people of San Jose for the kind consideration they have shown me in making up their programme. The arrangements, it seems to me, were as nearly perfect as human arrangements could be. Indeed, I can go farther and say that nowhere on the journey across the continent have I been more delighted with the reception tendered or more impressed with the thoughtfulness of those having the ceremonies in hand. Of your beautiful valley, of course, I have only words of praise. What an inspiration to one to pass along these fruit-laden orchards, with so many modern residences lining the road on either side, and here and there, at convenient distances from the snug homes, these splendid school houses that one so seldom sees in country places! I shall surely remember your people and your picturesque valley."

The committee that so successfully planned and carried out the programme which made the sojourn of the President so pleasant included: Judge A. L. Rhodes, A. Greeninger, Major C. P. Braslan, James Lowe, J. S. Gage, C. W. Coe, J. W. Davy, H. Morton, J. E. Richards, A. H. Marten, Dr. Wm. Simpson, I. Loeb, H. Center, George W. Ryder,

R. P. Keesling, S. Sampson, W. L. Woodrow, C. J. Cornell, T. A. Carroll, Gus Lion, John O'Keefe, L. E. Bontz, J. C. Hall, W. S. Richards, H. J. Edwards, G. Peirano, S. N. Rucker, Rev. H. C. Meredith, T. S. Montgomery, John Corrotto, Frank Stock, J. A. Chase, Father Gleason, A. P. Lepesh, W. E. Graham, Paul Masson, George B. McKee, D. J. Gairaud, J. R. Welch, T. J. Stone, J. A. Belloli, Sr., Dr. A. M. Barker, Colonel Philo Hersey, T. J. Riley, H. Doerr, Jackson Hatch, W. C. Andrews, Sam Boring, A. S. Bacon, W. H. Jenkines, W. G. Alexander, E. J. Bennett, S. B. Hunkins, J. E. Brooke, George Keffel, A. E. Shumate, Edgar Pomeroy, W. P. Lyon, A. C. Hubbard, J. H. Henry, Avery Porter, Dr. H. J. B. Wright, J. H. Campbell, H. Peckham, Patrick Murray, J. J. Cherrie, George N. Herbert, Charles Kenyon, T. C. Barnett, T. W. Hobson, F. W. Moore, and J. R. Patton.

The next day the presidential party was given a right royal greeting by President David Starr Jordan at the Leland Stanford Jr. University, and by the students and residents of Palo Alto and Mayfield.

CHAPTER VIII.

Popular Societies.

THE Society of California Pioneers in this county is a large and prosperous one and includes men and women who, by their cheerful spirit and firmness of character, command the general respect and esteem of their fellow citizens.

This society was organized in 1875 with Cary Peebles as President, pro tem., and A. P. Murgotten as Secretary. The object of the organization, as set forth by the president, was for social intercourse and to hold an annual reunion of the pioneer residents of the county who had arrived in the state during 1853 or earlier. At this meeting Colonel Coleman Younger, Judge A. L. Rhodes, John Trimble, Judge Davis Divine, and John M. Murphy were appointed a committee on permanent organization, and to draft the constitution and by-laws for the government of the new society. The first reunion and picnic was held on June 22, 1875, at O'Donnell's Garden. The first officers were Judge A. L. Rhodes, President; John M. Murphy and P. O. Minor, Vice-Presidents; A. P. Murgotten, Secretary; John H. Moore, Treasurer; Colonel Younger, Davis Divine, John Trimble, Adolph Pfister, Cary Peebles, and B. D. Murphy, Directors. The officers of the organization now are C. R. Woodhams, President; E. G. Hines and Mrs. E. W. Simons, Vice-Presidents; W. D. J. Hambly, Secretary; and L. A. Spitzer, Treasurer.

The generation of pioneers is fast passing away, but their sons and daughters have been drinking deeply of their

spirit and are not lacking in their father's energy and perseverance. These have organized under the name of Sons and Daughters of California Pioneers, and the membership roll includes Mrs. Caroline Benson, Miss Blanche Blanchard, Miss Lizzie Bergler, Miss Juliette A. Burns, Miss Nellie F. Bowen, Mrs. Frank J. Brandon, Miss Fannie Coddington, Mrs. E. J. Columbet, Mrs. Elizabeth Cooper, Miss Lida C. Clark, Miss Ida Devendorf, Mrs. Mamie Doud, Miss Joey Denton, Miss Edith Eddy, Miss Josephine E. Eddy, Miss Virginia Eddy, Miss Nellie Evans, Miss Elizabeth Evans, Miss Cornelia M. Farley, Mrs. James Gally, Mrs. Annie Gilman, Mrs. A. G. Gruwell, Mrs. Hattie Gregg, Mrs. L. E. Hines, Mrs. Jettora W. Hyde, Mrs. Andrew P. Hill, Miss Laura Hildreth, Miss Hall, Mrs. M. H. Hyland, Mrs. Helen F. Haynes, Mrs. Mary E. Hall, Miss Alice Humphrey, Miss Stella Herndon, Miss Mildred Hanson, Miss Florence Inskep, Mrs. W. A. January, Mrs. O. M. Keesling, Mrs. Edwin A. Kennedy, Miss Abbey Lewis, Miss Elizabeth Lewis, Mrs. L. Leibe, Mrs. Louis Loupe, Mrs. A. P. Murgotten, Mrs. Lucy J. Morgan, Mrs. Mary F. McVay, Miss Carrie L. Peckham, Miss Lois A. Peckham, Mrs. Homer Prindle, Miss Eva Prindle, Mrs. Mary A. Pillot, Mrs. C. A. Putney, Miss Ida Rogers, Miss Edith C. Richards, Mrs. Thomas Singleton, Mrs. Edwin E. Skinner, Mrs. W. E. Trimble, Mrs. W. H. Van Valer, Miss Bertha Warren, Mrs. George F. Williams, Miss Jessie Williamson, Miss Augusta Younger, John M. Fitzgerald, L. J. Chipman, A. L. Dornberger, Charles B. Gleason, W. D. J. Hambly, Andrew P. Hill, Wilber F. Henning, Irvine P. Henning, M. H. Hyland, Edwin A. Kennedy, James S. Lawrence, A. P. Murgotten, Gustave A. Malech, John G. McMillan, J. A. Peckham, Homer Prindle, J. R. Rodeck, Edwin W. Skinner, Edwin A. Skinner, and C. S. Sullivan.

The officers are Charles B. Gleason, President; Mrs. Frank J. Brandon, First Vice-President; Mrs. Mary Pillot, Second Vice-President; Mrs. G. F. Williams, Third Vice-President; Miss JessieWilliamson, Secretary; Homer Prindle, Treasurer.

Native sons have come to the front in all lines of work; while in the sphere of letters, on the stage, in music, and in art, fair California women have thrilled thousands in their own and foreign lands. A powerful body, whose number is legion, have banded together under the name of Native Sons, and equally as large a body under the name of Native Daughters. Both these orders are founded on magnificent principles, and the aims and objects of each are to promote social intercourse, and to aid the sick and needy in time of affliction by deeds and words of affection, as well as by the beneficiary fund, and to thus extend the hand in charity without the recipient's feeling the hurt that is so often felt when alms are bestowed merely from a sense of duty. They aim to perpetuate the memory of the soul-stirring deeds of the pioneers, and to keep alive interest in early California history. No sectarian or political doctrines have a place in the by-laws of these organizations, and the members stand ever loyally by the Stars and Stripes.

Vendome Parlor, No. 100, Native Daughters of the Golden West, had its first meeting at Hotel Vendome, and elected the charter members into their respective offices. On March 12, 1897, the parlor was instituted by the Grand Secretary, Mrs. Georgia Ryan, who was assisted by District Deputy Grand President, Miss Dora Zmudowski, and Grand Organizer, Miss Anna Worth. It had a charter list of twenty-seven members. The present officers are: Past President, Mrs. Ella Garcia; President, Miss Lottie Bragg; First Vice-President, Mrs. Robert De Zaldo; Second Vice-President, Miss Julia La Montagne; Third Vice-President, Miss Emma Koenig; Marshal, Miss Frankie Stockton; Financial Secretary, Miss Delia McAbee; Recording Secretary, Miss Eva Prindle; Outside Sentinel, Mrs. Elsie Doerr; Inside Sentinel, Miss Eva Riddle; Surgeon, Dr. Caroline Avery; Trustees, Miss Tillie Brohaska, Mrs. Mary Thwaits, and Mrs. Virginia Gruell. The Parlor has an orchestra consisting of: piano, Miss Tillie Brohaska; violin, Miss Lizzie Cunan; cornet, Miss Delia McAbee; clarionet, Miss Julia La Montagne; saxiphone, Miss Laura Cottle; cello,

Mrs. Flora Rease; piccola, Miss Laura La Montagne.

San Jose Parlor, No. 81, Native Daughters of the Golden West, met for the first time on June 29, 1894, with Grand President, Miss M. Coulter, presiding. She was assisted in initiating the Parlor by District Deputy Grand President Miss Alice Coulverwell; Past Grand President, Miss Wittenmeyer; Grand Vice-President, Miss Mary Bertola; Grand Secretary, Mrs. Georgia Ryan. The present officers are: Past President, Mrs. Ethel Pyle Ressiguie; President, Mrs. Eleanor P. Anderson; First Vice-President, Mrs. H. Munfrey; Second Vice-President, Miss Mamie Campbell; Third Vice-President, Miss Hazel Carkeet; Marshal, Mrs. Josie Barboni; Financial Secretary, Miss Nettie Yocco; Recording Secretary, Miss Belle Pyle; Outside Sentinel, Miss Lottie Wade; Inside Sentinel, Mrs. Lorena Lee; Organist, Miss Henrietta Poulain; Surgeon, Dr. Elizabeth Gallimore; Trustees, Mrs. Alice Trousdale, Mrs. Eleanor Belloli-Hammond, and Mrs. Iva Belloli.

Palo Alto Parlor, No. 82, Native Sons of the Golden West, has a membership of over one hundred. It was organized on April 5, 1886, by the District Deputy Grand President Edward Younger, assisted by members of San Jose Parlor No. 22, California Parlor No. 7, and Monterey Parlor, No. 75. The officers now are: Past President, H. I. Mabury; President, J. J. Tormey; First Vice-President, H. W. Hoenes; Second Vice-President, B. Dreischmeyer; Third Vice-President, G. P. Bull; Marshal, C. McGinley; Recording Secretary, H. McComas; Financial Secretary, I. L. Koppel; Treasurer, F. M. Stern; Physicians, Dr. G. V. Saph and Dr. George W. Seifert; Trustees, J. A. Peckham, R. F. Brown, A. J. Hocking, and T. B. Reardon.

Observatory Parlor, No. 177, Native Sons of the Golden West, is a prosperous organization having for its officers: Past President, H. C. Doerr; President, F. H. Benson; First Vice-President, J. A. Delmas; Second Vice-President, C. H. Bauer; Third Vice-President, W. H. Jung; Recording Secretary, J. M. Longdon; Financial Secretary, J. E. Hancock; Treasurer, W. J. Boschken; Surgeon, Dr. J. N. Johnston.

San Jose Parlor, No. 22, Native Sons of the Golden West, has for its officers: Past President, Martin I. Welch; President, T. E. Lahan; First Vice-President, M. M. Prola; Second Vice-President, M. E. Griffith; Third Vice-President, S. Semichy; Marshal, G. D. O'Connell; Recording Secretary, A. Pedemonte; Financial Secretary, E. T. Coffe; Treasurer, H. R. Tripp; Trustee, J. A. Anthes; Hall Trustee, Thomas Monahan; Surgeon, Dr. Lincoln Cothran.

CHAPTER IX.

Prominent Clubs.

When natives of other states settle under the clear California skies to enjoy the salubrious climate, or to gather wealth from the productiveness of the soil, they soon seek people from their birthplace and form societies for social improvement and pleasure. Thus it happened that we found a society of former Missourians, an association of Buckeyes, a union of Badgers, and a society composed of the people from Illinois. The motives of these clubs are to keep alive the love and to cherish the memories of the dear old homes.

The Wisconsin Society has for officers: President, W. P. Lyon; First Vice-President, W. H. Bias; Second Vice-President, Mrs. J. J. Sontheimer; Secretary, Mrs. W. S. Orvis; Treasurer, Mrs. J. S. Ball; Executive Committee, Mesdames J. W. Dinsmore, G. W. Brower, J. O. Hayes, G. B. McKee, Volney Rattan, E. H. Hazelton, W. G. Hawley, and Messrs. J. R. Bailey, Tyler Beach, and Dr. Whiffen. This organization has about two hundred and fifty members.

On the tenth of March, 1903, the people from Illinois formed a society with Rev. Eli McClish, President; L. E. Bontz, Vice-President and chairman of the Executive Committee; J. H. Russell, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Gertrude S. Hurff, Financial Secretary; George A. Sealy, Treasurer; J. Frank Leffler, William P. Squire, Mrs. Mary Weaver McCauley, Executive Committee.

An association of Missourians has for its officers: President, Rev. H. C. Meredith; First Vice-President, Professor

W. H. Baker; Second Vice-President, Mrs. W. R. McQuaid; Third Vice-President, Mrs. Augusta Younger; Financial Secretary, Mrs. Walter Murray; Recording Secretary, Miss Enna Ringo; Treasurer, H. M. Parker. The club has about one hundred and seventy-five members.

The Highway Improvement Club is a large and progressive organization. The object of the club, as the name indicates, is to beautify the roads of the county. W. P. Lyon is President, and the members of the Executive Board include: Mrs. W. C. Kennedy, representing the San Jose Woman's Club; Edward W. Clayton, Elks; Volney Rattan, Grange; Harry Edwards, Eagles; Frank H. Babb, Farmers' Club. J. P. Jarman, A. O. U. W., Mt. Hamilton Lodge; George B. Bull, Palo Alto Parlor, No. 82, N. S. G. W.; James D. Phelan, Sainte Claire Club; A. P. Bacigalupi, Butcher's Association; J. L. Stull, Merchants' Association; Mrs. Alice Winans, John A. Dix Corps; G. M. Bowman, Chamber of Commerce; Mrs. W. Lipsett, Daughters of Veterans; E. E. Chase, Musicians' Union; Mrs. H. Munfrey, Native Daughters, San Jose Parlor; G. L. Tarleton, Alum Rock Camp, Berryessa, Woodmen of the World; William Hammond, Alamo Camp, San Jose, Woodmen of the World; H. J. Ayres, Charter Oak Camp, Santa Clara, Woodmen of the World; W. L. H. Geldert; Woodmen of Santa Clara County; Mrs. B. Garrison, Women of Woodcraft, Enisvale Circle; Ed. Schlaudt, Enterprise Lodge, A. O. U. W.; Mrs. P. Staton Marshall, Phil Sheridan Corps; Judge M. H. Hyland, Bar Association; Martin Kane, Saratoga Improvement Club; Dr. A. E. Osborne, Santa Clara Commercial League; Mrs. C. W. Childs, Valley View Willing Workers; Mrs. J. K. Boyd, U and I Society of West Willows; William Whiting, I. O. O. F., Pacific Lodge; Joseph H. Rucker, Real Estate Agents' Association; Mayor George D. Worswick, National Union; J. C. Whitman, Board of Trade, Campbell; Colonel A. K. Whitton, Oak Hill Cemetery Association; Rev. H. M. Tenney, Pastors' Union; A. E. Shumate, Board of Education; Professor C. W. Childs, Observatory Lodge, I. O. O. F.; Dr. David Starr Jordan, Stanford Uni-

versity; Rev. Father Kenna, Santa Clara College; Rev. Eli McClish, University of the Pacific; Professor M. E. Dailey, State Normal School, D. T. Bateman, County Board of Education; J. D. Grant, E. A. Hayes, D. M. Delmas, E. S. Williams, Hugh Center, James A. Sargent, John Roll, Edward M. Ehrhorn, Paul Shoup, Walter A. Clark, W. G. Hawley, E. E. Goodrich, F. M. Farwell, John P. Burke, Ralph Hersey, Dr. J. W. Davy, J. D. Radford, and T. C. Barnett. The first work of the club in planting trees was done on Arbor Day, March 10, 1903, when ash, eucalyptus, palm, and evergreen trees were set out along Santa Clara County's famous drive from the Leland Stanford Jr. University to the Lick Observatory, a distance of fifty miles.

The Political Equality Club is a thoroughly up-to-date organization, which holds its meetings every Friday afternoon. The officers are: Mrs. J. H. Henry, President; Mrs. W. S. Orvis, Vice-President; Miss L. S. Morgan, Recording Secretary; Mrs. J. E. Gassett, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. A. T. Herrmann, Treasurer; and Mrs. W. E. Coombs, Auditor. The members are Dr. Alida C. Avery, Mrs. Robert Syer, Mrs. A. O. Hooker, Mrs. A. E. Backesto, Mrs. N. D'Oyly, Mrs. E. McKee, Mrs. E. H. Hazelton, Mrs. L. M. Dodd, Mrs. Kate M. Tileston, Mrs. Gross Chittenden, Mrs. E. O. Smith, Miss Mabel Applegarth, Dr. Caroline A. Goss, Mrs. M. J. Craig, Miss Sarah Severance, Mrs. J. M. Hughes, Miss Agnes Howe, Miss Hope Pilburn, Miss Bessie Henry, Mrs. Silbia Fielding, Mrs. Marilla Ricker, Mrs. Rena Kleinhaus, Mrs. H. O. Brun, and Dr. Mary J. Bearby.

In East San Jose there is also a Political Equality Club, with Mrs. J. W. Trousdell, President, Mrs. J. D. Thorne, Vice-President; Mrs. Sarah Thompson, Recording Secretary; Miss Lola Balis, Corresponding Secretary, and Mrs. J. S. Barnum, Treasurer.

Meetings are held on the fourth Thursday of each month at the home of Mrs. H. M. Thurber. The members include Mrs. J. H. Slater, Mrs. M. Durfee, Mrs. L. D. Woodruff, Mrs. L. M. Allen, Mrs. W. S. Gardner, Mrs. Wasson,

Mrs. M. A. Holland, Mrs. S. B. Olinder, Mrs. S. G. Benson, Mrs. Sarah Thompson, and Mrs. H. M. Goff.

The Merchants' Association of San Jose has on its membership roll about one hundred and eighty-seven names, and has for its officers: President, A. S. Bacon; Vice-President, W. Trinkler; Treasurer, F. W. Moore; Secretary, R. R. Syer; Directors: A. S. Bacon, W. Trinkler, J. P. Jarman, A. J. Hart, S. N. Rucker, C. J. Cornell, A. Greeninger, F. W. Moore, W. J. Boschken, E. W. Allen, C. M. Shelbourne, E. J. Bennett, J. R. Kocher, H. L. Miller, W. J. Wolff, H. C. Doerr, G. W. Borchers, H. Bercovich, and J. B. Lamkin.

San Jose Lodge, No. 522, Benevolent Protective Order of Elks, was instituted under the supervision of F. L. Gray, D. D. G. E. R., assisted by the San Francisco Lodge, on December 9, 1899. It had a charter membership of one hundred and sixteen, and Jackson Hatch was chosen as the presiding officer. It has steadily increased in membership, and its members include men from every profession and calling. The present officers are: Exalted Ruler, E. J. Crawford, Esteemed Leading Knight, Elmer E. Chase; Esteemed Loyal Knight, John W. Thomas; Esteemed Lecturing Knight, J. W. Dowdell; Secretary, E. L. Corbin; Treasurer, W. E. Blauer, Trustees, Gus Lion, E. H. Bourguignon, Paul P. Austin; Tiler, George Shelden.

The Aerie of Eagles, San Jose No. 8, is a prosperous and popular organization, with Fred S. Anderton as Past President; George A. Howes, President; Martin Murphy, Vice-President, William P. Corkery, Secretary; J. B. Lamkin, Treasurer; C. J. Lightston, Chaplain; Joseph Blair, Outside Guard; Edward Schlaudt, Inside Guard, Alfred S. Williams, Michael G. Vasey, Frank Cheek, Trustees; Dr. E. F. Holbrook and Dr. J. D. Grissim, Physicians.

There is no finer or more picturesque building in San Jose than the one which is occupied by the Sainte Claire Club. This is one of the oldest of the gentlemen's clubs here and has for its officers: I. Loeb, President; George H. Bragg, Vice-President; H. D. Melvin, Secretary; Bank of San Jose, Treasurer; I. Loeb, G. H. Bragg, James W.

Findlay, Dr. R. E. Pierce, Ralph Lowe, and J. A. Chase, Directors.

The Oratorio Society has about fifty members, with Mrs. W. L. Woodrow, President; Mrs. L. F. Carboni, Vice-President; Mrs. Mary Weaver-McCauley, Secretary; Mrs. A. T. Herrmann, Treasurer; Miss Jennie Noble, pianist, and Wilbur McColl, musical director. The object of this organization is to give entertainments and always to present the best music.

The Chamber of Commerce was organized by citizens of this county on July first, 1900. Its purposes, as set forth in its circulars, are to advertise the resources of Santa Clara County, to issue illustrative literature, to answer inquiries, to gather and preserve data, and generally to promote every interest of this valley, after the manner of Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce throughout the land. The management is vested in a president, secretary, treasurer, and managing board of twenty-five members, all of whom are elected annually on the first Tuesday in each July. This club is a member of the California Central Coast Counties Improvement Association, composed of the various like organizations of the six central coast counties. In connection with the general association it maintains at Los Angeles a splendid exhibit of the products of Santa Clara County and an information bureau for tourists and home seekers. The club also maintains a house exhibit of the products of the valley, and at its rooms literature and information can be obtained from those in charge. The officers are: Victor A. Scheller, President; I. B. McMahill, Secretary, and J. E. Auzerais, Treasurer. The Managing Board consists of J. E. Auzerais, T. C. Barnett, J. A. Belloli, Dr. J. L. Benepe, A. Bettens, W. S. Clayton, E. Coppock, C. J. Cornell, A. Greeninger, Dr. J. W. Davy, H. C. Doerr, W. P. Lyon, L. B. Johnson, V. Koch, H. D. Mathews, T. S. Montgomery, M. O'Brien, W. S. Orvis, J. D. Radford, Joseph H. Rucker, J. R. Ryland, V. A. Scheller, Paul Shoup, George P. Snell, and J. L. Stull.

The British-California Association has a large member-

ship, with Henry Tregoning, President; William D. Burns, Vice-President; C. W. McNish, Secretary; John Southgate, Treasurer, and Miss Edwards, Organist.

We were much surprised, to say the least, when for the first time we heard the California Ladies' Brass Band. This organization is composed of ladies who thoroughly understand the art of playing the brass instruments, and they often render concert selections to the great delight of their many friends. It was organized in 1901, with five members, but the roll now includes: cornets, Miss Delia McAbee, Miss Permelia Stockton; piccolo, Miss Laura La Montagne; clarionets, Miss Ray Rosenberg, Miss Julia La Montagne, Miss Frankie Saunders, Mrs. Agnes Currier; melophones, Miss Geneva Howe, Miss Libbie Weaver, Miss Minnie Ingram; trombones, Miss Tillie Brohaska, Mrs. Clarice Walker; saxophones, Miss Laura Cottle, Miss Mary McAbee; drums and trap, Miss Jessie Pheifenburger; bass drum, Miss Ethel Height; tuba, Mrs. Flora Russ; director, Mr. Fred Brohaska. In connection with the club is an orchestra, the members of which are: Director, Mr. Fred Brohaska; Miss Tillie Brohaska, Miss Lizzie Cunan, Miss Rena Brohaska, Miss Maud Durkin, Miss Elsie Desimone, Miss N. Means, Miss Merigot, Miss Delia McAbee, Miss Grace Carter, Miss Flora Reese, Miss Julia La Montagne, Miss Frankie Saunders, Miss P. Stockton, Mrs. Libbie Weaver, Mrs. G. Howe, Mrs. Clarice Walker, Miss Laura Cottle, Miss Laura La Montagne, Miss Jessie Pheifenburger, L. Pfau, Leo Sullivan, A. Sontheimer, Carl Martin, Mr. Roberts, and Arthur Castle.

A few years ago a number of the business men here, realizing that out-door sports should go hand in hand with in-door amusements, and knowing that golf links were no longer considered a luxury, but a necessity, promptly organized a golf club. They secured a tract of land and located the Linda Vista Links. A finer and more charming spot could not have been chosen. Situated near the foothills, and on the Alum Rock motor line, the grounds are just far enough to afford a pleasant walk or drive. The

place was selected for its healthfulness and beautiful scenery, several years ago, for the Linda Vista Sanitarium. Now the large and commodious building is used as a club house, and the grounds, comprising eighty acres, make an ideal course for the golf enthusiast. The club was formed with twenty charter members, who were: T. Ellard Beans, George M. Bowman, David M. Burnett, W. S. Clayton, the late E. C. Flagg, Thomas A. Graham, A. D. Grant, O. A. Hale, George W. Henderson, Ralph W. Hersey, Philo Hersey, A. C. Kuhn, S. F. Leib, J. C. Lewis, L. L. Morse, Loring G. Nesmith, Joseph R. Patton, Hotel Vendome, Guy Vatchell, A. K. Whitton, and William Wehner. The other members are Miss Mabel Andrews, Miss Grace Adel, Mrs. Nellie G. Arques, Mrs. T. Ellard Beans, Miss Rowena Beans, Miss Mary Beans, Miss Francis Beans, Mrs. W. K. Beans, Mrs. George M. Bowman, Miss E. A. Bowman, Melville Bowman, C. D. Blaney, Miss Edith M. Barnheisel, Mrs. C. D. Blaney, F. A. Babb, W. E. Blauer, Alfred C. Bean, Miss May Burrell, Mrs. William Beggs, Mrs. J. P. Burke, Miss Florence Clayton, Mrs. W. S. Clayton, C. C. Coolidge, Mrs. C. C. Coolidge, Miss Mary Crosson, Captain G. W. Conner, Mrs. G. W. Conner, Mrs. W. P. Dougherty, Miss Emilie D'Oyly, P. J. Dunne, Mrs. P. J. Dunne, Miss C. Belle Eaton, Mrs. Ellen E. Eldred, Mrs. I. N. Frasse, Miss Nell Fenton, Mrs. E. C. Flagg, Mrs. Charles W. Fay, Miss Minnie B. Houghton, Miss S. C. Haldan, Mrs. J. Underwood Hall, Dr. J. U. Hall, Mrs. R. W. Hersey, Miss Bessie Henry, Will E. Henry, Joe E. Henry, Dr. A. Don Hines, S. C. Houghton, Jerome A. Hart, Mrs. A. Hart, E. A. Hayes, J. O. Hayes, Mrs. W. B. Hobson, Mrs. Jackson Hatch, Miss Margaret Jacks, F. Knowles, Charles Kuhn, R. C. Kirkwood, Mrs. R. C. Kirkwood, Mrs. Ernest Lion, Miss Clara J. Lion, Mrs. J. R. Lewis, Mrs. J. C. Lewis, Dr. F. K. Ledyard, Mrs. M. C. Ledyard, Miss C. Mabury, Miss Cora May, Miss W. Morrison, Miss E. Morrison, Miss J. Morrison, Mrs. L. L. Morse, Miss Belle Mabury, Mrs. G. B. McAneny, Miss L. McGeoghegan, Mrs. L. G. Nesmith, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Miss Adelaide Ogier, Miss Fanny

Ogier, Mrs. J. R. Patton, Mrs. J. H. Rucker, Joseph H. Rucker, Jr., R. R. Syer, Miss C. E. Sweigert, F. A. Schneider, Miss Tennant Smith, C. C. Schneider, Paul Shoup, Mrs. Paul Shoup, William A. Todd, Mrs. William A. Todd, Miss E. Tomlinson, Miss L. Tomlinson, Mrs. Guy Vatchell, Miss Grace Woodrow, Mrs. W. L. Woodrow, W. L. Woodrow, George F. Wakefield, Mrs. William Wehner, Dr. C. H. Walter, Miss Ida Wehner, Mrs. E. G. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. L. Haven, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Hablutzel, Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Grissim. The officers are: President, Ralph W. Hersey; Secretary, W. S. Clayton; Board of Trustees, George M. Bowman, R. W. Hersey, A. C. Kuhn, W. S. Clayton, and F. Knowles.

Tea is served at the Golf House on Wednesday and Saturday, and at one of the recent gatherings our surprise can be pictured on hearing: "Good afternoon, my dear Mrs. Thrift. How do you do? It seems an age since I met you; where have you been keeping yourself?" All in one breath these interrogations came from a cheery little woman who had dropped into the tea room on a day when a match game was to be played, to a rather staid looking lady seated near a small table. The lady addressed looked up with a pleased smile on her face as she responded, "I am truly glad to meet you again, Miss Wagner, though I was not expecting it. The truth is, I seldom get so far from home, but Mr. Thrift insisted that we both needed a vacation and that no better place on earth could be found in which to take it than San Jose, so we have been here enjoying all the pleasant things while there is nothing especial to call us back to the ranch." "The ranch! You don't mean that you have bought a ranch and settled down to California life forever?" "That is exactly my meaning," replied Mrs. Thrift, "and if you care to hear the reasons for our doing so, I will gladly give them to you." So Miss Wagner dropped carelessly into the nearest chair and prepared to hear all that her neighbor would say. "You know we came from 'way down east.' I think anyone who looks at us carefully could tell that. We owned a little farm there, but with all

our work and economy, we never could get on. The severe cold often killed our best trees; we lost our prize fowls, and when eggs were dear, our hens refused to lay, and I grew more discouraged every year. I could not endure to see our children growing up to bear the same hardships, neither could their father, for he is not the kind of man who thinks what was good enough for him, good enough for his boys, and we used to wish we could just go clear away and start life all over. An accident threw in our way one of the little books issued by the Board of Trade in San Jose, and from that hour I made up my mind that we would get here, sooner or later. Fashion set our way. The rich New Yorkers in their desire to own the whole earth, bought a number of small farms near us and converted them into summer homes. Our place happened to have a little lake and a hill on it, and one fortunate day a millionaire came along, and nothing would do but he must own that lake, so after a a good deal of bargaining he took the farm, and within a week we were on our way to California." "My! but you were expeditious. Did you not hate to part with all the old associations?" queried Miss Wagner, as she looked approvingly at the sweep of her silken skirt on the floor, and the glossy tips of her patent leather boots.

"Associations may be very agreeable, but money in the bank is preferable," responded Mrs. Thrift, with an energy that marked all her movements and speech. "Well, you certainly have not regretted your move," said Miss Wagner. "Not for one moment. We found a ranch which just suited us near Alviso. Mr. Thrift set out berries, and the boys raised ducks, while I went into the chicken business. There was already fine fruit on the place, and every day has seemed like a picnic. The salt air braced us up, fruit ripened every month in the year, the hens never struck, and my beautiful Jersey gave me cream to spare. We all gained in health, which is more to be desired than riches, and we found a ready market for everything we wished to sell, and before five years were over Mr. Thrift added very considerably to our land, and improved the house until it is just

what I had longed for for years. You must come out to see us. Can't you make us a visit, Miss Wagner?" "Delighted, I am sure, Mrs. Thrift, but tell me what your recreations are."

"Mr. Thrift belongs to the Yacht Club, and we have charming excursions on the bay. Then a trip to San Francisco when something especially good is to be heard—Mascagni or Kocian are not out of my reach now."

"How gratifying," replied Miss Wagner, "No wonder you rejoice at the change, but then, no doubt, you often meet some of your old friends, for it seems to me, every one comes to California either to rest or remain."

"Yes, we have had some of our old neighbors with us occasionally, and they could hardly credit the evidence of their own eyes, to see peas ready for market in February, lettuce green and tender all the year, strawberries on New Year's day, and asparagus fit for a king, in January. But my callas and heliotrope surprised them most. You know one plant of the calla in a pot was considered a treasure in Maine, and here I have them by the hundreds. I sold to the churches last Easter, more than fifty dollars worth of them," and the good lady beamed over the recollection of gain.

"Well, dear Mrs. Thrift, I shall come and see this for myself before we go down to Monterey, but there is Mrs. Worth from Philadelphia—I must go over and speak to her. I thank you so much for the little history you have given me," and extending a beautifully gloved hand, Miss Wagner made her adieus, just as Mr. Thrift came up saying in an excited tone: "Wife, only think of it. I won the game over Dr. Walter. You never thought your farmer husband would turn out a sport, did you?"

The South Bay Yacht Club, of which this lady spoke, owns a new club house, which is located near the town of Alviso, and is one of the finest club houses in the State.

The main building is thirty by fifty feet. The ground floor is all in one room, which is used for various fetes given by the club. Entirely around the house, extends a

broad veranda, and on the roof is a cupola or lookout. The club rooms are furnished with a culinary outfit, to be used at banquets, and for members when they desire to make the club house their headquarters for any length of time. The officers are: Commodore, Dr. H. A. Spencer; Vice-Commodore, Sanford E. Smith; Secretary, C. M. Barker; Port Captain, William Ortley; Measurer, Commodore J.O. McKee; Directors, R. Frank Peckham, and George E. Owen. Among the progressive clubs, this organization stands pre-eminent. Its excursions may not rival those of the ancient Nile, when Egypt's famous queen, in her silken sailed barge, floated among the lotus beds, but the harbor of Alviso has not attained its full size yet, still, for pleasant pastime, for genuine hospitality, for courtesy and kindness, the Yacht Club is second to none. A glance at the personnel of the members is all the assurance one needs of its patriotism and its spirit of adventure.

This club was organized in April, 1896, with J. O.McKee as Commodore; Dr. H. A. Spencer as Vice Commodore; J. E. Auzerais as Secretary; and S. E. Smith as Treasurer. There are now three schooners in the club, the "Dawn," owned by the Ortley brothers of Alviso; the "Muriel," owned by Commodore H. A. Spencer of San Jose and the "Estrella," owned by Captain Frank Cottle of the Willows. Besides these there are three launches: the "A. & C.," owned by Frank and H. G. Coykendall; the "Frank D.," owned by Frank Davis; the "Annie," owned by G. C. Peckham of Watsonville; six sloops—the "Espey," Al Meads; the "Feu Follet," Vice-Commodore A. C. Eaton and Clemente Arques; "Wanderer," Captain J. O. McKee; the "Papoose," Captain S. E. Smith and J. E. Auzerais; the "Fern," J. J. Pipes of Alviso; two cat boats—the "Cloud," Taylor Hill and R. F. Peckham; the "Abbie Nell," Frank Holmes of Berryessa. A fine yawl, the "Comfort," is owned by the Coykendall brothers; and the "Goby," owned by the Ortley brothers, is an adjunct to the club. The other boats are launch "Ellis," Frank Moon; launch "Asparagus," Captain Pyle; launch "Bessie," Captain Henry; launch

"Aimee," Captain Peckham; boat "Beebe," Captain G. Owen; launch "Garden City," Captain P. K. Dow; "Huntress," Dr. A. A. Wright and R. F. Peckham; "Comrado," Captain George B. McKee, Dr. S. Maynard, Henry Hart, Charles Bothwell, and C. W. Maynard; "Nereus," Captain A. T. Bassett, Lou Smith, and J. M. Langdon.

The members include W. Newson, Herbert Putnam, Oscar Huntress, Dr. A. A. Wright, George B. McKee, Dr. S. Maynard, Henry Hart, Charles Bothwell, C. W. Maynard, Clarence Eaton, G. Hall, M. R. Thayer, A. T. Basset, Lou Smith, J. M. Langdon, George Owen, C. Harper, Frank Moon, Dr. P. K. Dow, Dr. J. H. Bland, Fred Boes, J. E. Auzerais, W. S. Clayton, Al Col, Clemente Arques, H. A. Alexander, C. C. Coolidge, Frank Cottle, H. D. Boschken, C. M. Barker, C. A. Barker, E. J. Corbin, D. M. Burnett, Edward Carey, F. E. Brockhage, Frank Davis, Alfred Barstow, Martin Doerr, J. W. Delaney, C. A. Birge, H. Basse, J. E. Fisher. A. C. Eaton, T. Burnight, B. C. Baker, F. E. Coykendall, H. G. Coykendall, J. A. Chase, J. R. Carroll, W. Gary, J. D. Green, William Gussefeld, William W. Gray, A. E. Howes, Frank Holmes, Herman Hughes, Charles E. Howes, L. Haven, E. Haven, J. E. Harris, Philo Hersey, Theodore Halsey, W. E. Henry, N. Kooser, T. R. Hill, Oliver Ortley, Oscar Promis, Roy Phelps, Dr. W. E. Perrin, Clement Portal, J. J. Pipes, R. E. Peckham, Ed D. Rucker, Robert Leaman, J. O. McKee, Al Meads, F. L. Machefert, Tom McGeoghegan, Jack McGeoghegan, J. W. Macaulay, Al Madsen, H. I. Mabury, E. H. Moody, H. A. Spencer, L. Sonniksen, Dr. H. F. Spencer, S. E. Smith, W. H. Selby, C. L. Southgate, S. G. Tompkins, George Wade, X. L. Vrooman, J. T. Martin, H. H. Main, Jr., and W. A. Northup.

CHAPTER X.

The Home of Woman's Clubs.

SAN JOSE can show as large a number of Woman's Clubs as any city of its size in the Union, for the women here are intelligent, cultivated, refined, and if they do not arrogate so much to themselves as do their sisters in Boston or Philadelphia, they are found as eagerly pressing on in the paths of art, literature, and music. The influence that radiated from Chautauqua Lake long since reached this far coast, and ladies of elegant leisure are carefully pursuing a severe course of study, and the Shakespearean students rank with his admirers in other cities.

The San Jose Woman's Club is the largest of these organizations, its object being to promote acquaintance, good-fellowship, and co-operation among the women of this city and vicinity, and to furnish a civic centre where questions of importance to the community may be freely discussed and acted upon, in the hope of promoting the interests and welfare of all concerned. This club was born in 1895, and after gaining strength to stand alone, she took her first step by joining the National Federation in 1897, and three years later the State Federation was entered. In 1900, feeling the importance of the club motto, "All for one and one for all," she invited the woman's clubs in her vicinity to join with her in a friendly alliance. This was heartily responded to by ten of the leading clubs, composed of hundreds of women, who felt that a higher type of womanhood would evolve out of this union of clubs than would be possible were each to

work only in its own line. The Woman's Club Alliance is composed of the San Jose Woman's Club, Willows Reading and Improvement Club, The Fortnightly Club, The Manzanita Club, The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, The Saturday Morning Musical Club, The Morepark Art Club, The Siddons Dramatic Club, The U and I Club of West Side, and the Shakespeare Club of Santa Clara. On the fourth Saturday of every month each club, in turn, entertains the Woman's Club Alliance, putting forth its best efforts to make the meeting one of profit as well as of pleasure.

In 1902 the club became infected with the departmental epidemic, which more than doubled her membership, and brought on a feverish longing for a permanent club home. A large and enthusiastic committee was formed, a subscription list was started, and a series of entertainments was outlined by which it was hoped to still further augment the building fund. The initial affair, under the direction of Mrs. Leonard Stocking, chairman of the Permanent Home Committee, took the form of a typical Indian Village, with its various tribes, both real and ideal, its wigwams, tepees, wickups, totem-poles, and sweat house. The Indian decorations, the costumes, customs, music, and dances completed this unique affair, which caught the wave of popular fancy, and netted the members a handsome sum.

New members are coming into the club in a steady stream. Each member choses the department best suited to her taste, and under the supervision of efficient chairmen, all are doing excellent work. The department of Civics and Education has started a traveling library, planted trees on "Arbor Day," aroused interest in a permanent club home, the Consumer's League, and in many other matters of importance to the community. Mrs. E. O. Smith is chairman of this section. The Home and Garden department, with Mrs. Kathrine Bingham in charge, has developed the practical as well as the ideal. Mrs. F. H. Bangs, chairman of the deparment of Art and Literature, has chosen California History and Landmarks for the year's work.

Current Events and Reviews, under the able directorship of Mrs. E. A. Kelley, have proven as interesting as they have been instructive. Mrs. S. A. Jones has provided programs of unusual interest in the department of Travels and Adventures, and last, but by no means least, the members and friends of the club have been entertained by the Social Section, in charge of Miss Esther Macomber. Many delightful club teas, receptions, and outings of various kinds have been given under the auspices of this section.

The directors of the club are: Mrs. W. C. Kennedy, President; Mrs. A. E. Osborne, Vice-President; Mrs. J. W. Davy, Recording Secretary; Mrs. W. B. Hill, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Paul Shoup, Auditor; Mrs. Horace Foote, Treasurer; Mrs. Charles Fleming, Mrs. Noble T. Biddle, and Mrs. E. H. Guppy. The members are: Mrs. R. H. Austin, Mrs. E. S. Allen, Mrs. F. H. Bangs, Mrs. D. D. Brooks, Mrs. Katherine Bingham, Mrs. T. C. Barnett, Mrs. Anna Brown, Mrs. H. C. Brun, Mrs. J. P. Burke, Mrs. Henri Bettman, Mrs. S. A. Buell, Mrs. Hiram G. Bond, Mrs. John L. Benepe, Mrs. M. D. Brainard, Mrs. William Beggs, Mrs. J. H. Campbell, Mrs. Mary B. Carroll, Mrs. Elizabeth Chambers, Mrs. J. W. Cook, Mrs. E. Coppock, Mrs. V. Cauhape, Mrs. W. A. Coulter, Mrs. E. J. Crawford, Mrs. E. L. Coe, Mrs. Hugh Center, Mrs. C. W. Coe, Mrs. Phelps Cory, Mrs. James C. Campbell, Mrs. Ella M. Cox, Mrs. Oscar Dewey, Mrs. J. W. Dowdell, Mrs. Marie Ferbos, Mrs. F. L. Foster, Mrs. William W. Fuller, Mrs. W. C. Evans, Dr. Amelia Gates, Mrs. W. A. Gaston, Dr. C. A. Goss, Mrs. F. S. Granger, Mrs. W. G. Hawley, Mrs. Jackson Hatch, Miss Kate B. Holliday, Mrs. Charles H. Hervey, Mrs. C. E. Hablutzel, Mrs. C. H. Herrington, Miss Agnes Howe, Mrs. W. F. Hunt, Mrs. T. James, Mrs. Albert Holbrook, Mrs. H. E. Jones, Mrs. W. E. Jenkines, Mrs. John R. Kocher, Mrs. E. A. Kelley, Mrs. T. Kirk, Miss Anna Kullak, Mrs. O. N. Kent, Mrs. G. Lumbard, Mrs. B. E. Laughlin, Mrs. C. N. MacLouth, Mrs. R. A. Lee, Mrs. J. F. Leffler, Mrs. A. P. Murgotten, Mrs. H. A. Marckres, Mrs. Eli McClish, Mrs. Archibald McDonald,

Mrs. Henry D. Mathews, Mrs. W. D. McDougall, Mrs. C. MacBride, Miss Esther Macomber, Mrs. Maud Nourse, Mrs. S. B. Olinder, Mrs. E. C. Prussia, Mrs. W. L. Pieper, Mrs. M. D. Pearl, Mrs. C. H. Putnam, Mrs. Milo Phelps, Mrs E. M. Rosenthal, Mrs. C. E. Randall, Mrs. A. K. Spero, Mrs. J. Sweigert, Mrs. A. Schoenheit, Miss Sarah M. Severance, Mrs. N. A. Sanders, Mrs. R. Syer, Mrs. J. F. Stephenson, Mrs. H. K. Stahl, Mrs. R. Stewart, Mrs. D. D. Tennyson, Mrs. F. M. Temple, Mrs. J. E. Trueman, Mrs. M. S. Richmond, Mrs. R. E. Freeman, Mrs. Stanley Willey, Mrs. Charles Stillman, Mrs. C. D. Chittenden, Mrs. Valentine Koch, Mrs. John Manzer, Mrs. W. L. Woodrow, Mrs. G. H. Worrall, Mrs. Carrie Stevens Walter, Mrs. George D. Worswick, Miss J. R. Williams, Mrs. John T. Wallace, Mrs. J. M. Hughes, Miss Mary E. Hughes, Mrs. Edward Hersey, Mrs. J. L. Asay, Mrs. Charles A. Wayland, Mrs. M. E. Rodgers, Mrs. Hermann Pfister, Dr. Mary J. Bearby, Mrs. C. E. Moore, Mrs. W. N. Noble, Mrs. Mitchell Phillips, Mrs. M. A. Williams.

One of the first clubs here was the Manzanita Club, which was organized by Mrs. Edward Williams nearly twenty-five years ago. Of the original members Mrs. Williams and Mrs. A. P. Anderson continue in the club, which meets every Monday afternoon, each member entertaining for one month. At the beginning of the year the work is carefully outlined, and at each meeting a paper on a selected topic is read and discussed. The officers are: President, Mrs. Don Palmer; Vice-President, Mrs. J. R. Lewis; Secretary, Mrs. S. A. Buell; Treasurer, Mrs. A. P. Anderson. The other members include: Mrs. Noble T. Biddle, Mrs. G. Blaine, Mrs. C. B. Bills, Mrs. A. Beermaker, Mrs. Phelps Cory, Mrs. C. W. Childs, Mrs. J. Clark, Mrs. J. C. Cobb, Mrs. H. French, Mrs. D. L. Haas, Mrs. G. B. Lumbard, Mrs. M. Luther, Mrs. M. Phelps, Mrs. W. P. Squire, Mrs. E. R. Stone, Mrs. Jonathan Sweigert, Mrs. G. S. Wells, Mrs. S. Willey, Mrs. Edward Williams, Mrs. O. Phelps, and Mrs. L. J. Rodgers.

The Monday Club began its work many years ago, but

was reorganized under its present name in 1893. The object of the club is to carry on systematic work in history and literature. The number is limited to twenty-five active members. They are: Miss Phi Allen, Mrs. Hannah Bean, Miss Bowen, Mrs. B. Cochrane, Mrs. F. Cain, Mrs. E. J. Dawson, Mrs. M. Fairchild, Mrs. Jackson Lewis, Mrs. J. B. Johnson, Mrs. Frank K. Ledyard, Mrs. E. D. Haven, Mrs. R. S. Holway, Mrs. J. F. Hathaway, Mrs. M. F. McCulloch, Mrs. Elliot Reed, Mrs. John E. Richards, Mrs. E. C. Singletary, Mrs. Leonard Stocking, Mrs. F. H. Shelly, Mrs. George H. Start, Mrs. Anna Taber, Mrs. S. H. Wagener, Mrs. M. H. Wagner, Miss Cornelia Taber, and Mrs. Charles A. Wayland. The honorary members are: Mrs. H. E. Cox, Mrs. Benjamin Cory, Miss Anna Dow, Mrs. Mary Field, Mrs. A. M. Gates, Mrs. S. A. Jones, Mrs. Jane Ledyard, Miss E. Houghton, Mrs. M. J. Hazleton, Miss Mary Norton, Mrs. Hiram Mabury, Mrs. A. H. Randall, Mrs. E. P. Reed, Mrs. Arthur Washburn, Miss Lucy Washburn, Mrs. P. O. Minor, and Mrs. Mary McCall. Mrs. Charles Wayland is President, Mrs. George H. Start, Vice-President, and Mrs. J. B. Johnson, Secretary and Treasurer.

Some ten years ago about a dozen ladies, who often met socially, suggested the formation of a club for the study of art, and in 1894 they organized the "Art History Club." At first the membership was limited to twenty, but it has since been increased.

Italian, French, German, and English schools of painting have been studied, and much time has been given to sculpture and architecture. The annual dues are used in the purchase of valuable photographs of famous paintings and books treating of art history, and a fair library and collection are already in the possession of the club. The meetings take place on alternate Saturday afternoons at the homes of the members, who include: Mrs. Lawrence Archer, Mrs. Leo. B. Archer, Mrs. William G. Alexander, Miss L. A. Bacon, Miss Mary Beans, Miss Laura Bethel, Mrs. Louis Bond, Mrs. Nicholas Bowden, Mrs. J. S. Cobb, Mrs. Anna Dougherty, Mrs. J. E. Fisher, Mrs. Arthur Field, Mrs. R.

S. Holway, Mrs. Ralph Hersey, Miss Alice Jordan, Miss Della Kiser, Mrs. George A. Muirson, Mrs. Lester L. Morse, Miss Stella Morse, Mrs. Birney Moore, Miss Elizabeth Ogier, Miss Mary Post, Mrs. James Henry Pierce, Miss Ada Ryland, Mrs. E. C. Reed, Mrs. Joseph H. Rucker, Miss Fannie Schallenberger, Mrs. F. A. Taylor, Mrs. B. Tisdale, Miss Martha Trimble, Mrs. J. F. Thompson, Mrs. George Thomas, Miss Cornelia Taber, Miss C. Vivian, and Mrs. B. F. Weston.

The business of the club is conducted by a staff of officers and an executive board. They are: President, Mrs. Nicholas Bowden; Vice-President, Miss Ada Ryland; Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. F. A. Taylor; Executive Board, Mrs. Lawrence Archer, Mrs. James Henry Pierce, Mrs. R. S. Holway, Mrs. Joseph Rucker, Miss Cornelia Taber, Miss Ada Ryland, Mrs. Nicholas Bowden, and Mrs. F. A. Taylor.

The Santa Ysabel Chapter of San Jose of the Daughters of the American Revolution was organized in November, 1896. The charter members were Mrs. Sutton Palmer, Mrs. William B. Gano, Miss M. Polhemus, Mrs. W. K. Beans, Mrs. M. G. Gates, Miss Edna Leib, Mrs. T. Ellard Beans, Miss Frances Beans, Mrs. Pedro Merlin Lusson, Mrs. Paul Furst, Miss Bessie Moore, Miss Rowena Beans, Miss Lida Leib, and Mrs. Chauncey Rea Burr. The regent, Mrs. Samuel Franklin Leib, was appointed by the then State Regent, Mrs. Virginia Knox Maddox. Since then nine members have been added. The invitation list has reached a limit that cannot be extended, as the Chapter meetings are held at the residences of the members; and while they know that there are many eligible to the Daughters, still they feel it is not possible to enlarge the Chapter. The Chapter is fortunate in having Mrs. Samuel Franklin Leib for Regent; Mrs. James Henry Pierce, Vice-Regent; Mrs. William Knox Beans, Treasurer; Mrs. J. Q. A. Ballou, Recording Secretary; Miss Cora May, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Leigh Richmond Smith, Historian. The Board of Managers consists of Mesdames A. S. Kittredge,

Melville Waite, Paul P. Austin, Paul Furst, M. G. Gates, Miss Cora May, and Miss Lida Leib. The members of this Chapter are:

Mrs. A. C. Waite—Entered through her great-great-grandfather, Colonel Jewett, Commander of the Connecticut regiment in the Continental Army. The gallant soldier is buried in Fort Green Park, Brooklyn.

Mrs. A. C. May—Entered through her great-grand father, Captain Hezekiah Hutchins. Her daughters, Mrs. Paul P. Austin and Miss May, entered through the same ancestor, and also through their great-grandfather, Stephen May, who served through the whole revolutionary struggle.

Miss M. Polhemus—Entered through her great-grandfather, Major John Polhemus of New Jersey.

Mrs. E. H. Guppy—Entered through her great-grandfather, Cornelius Russell, who was General Washington's private secretary, during the memorable winter spent at Valley Forge. He was a captain in the Continental Army and served all through the war.

Mrs. Leigh Richmond Smith—Entered through her ancestors, Captain Lucas from Virginia, and Colonel Houghton from New Jersey.

Mrs. A. S. Kittridge—Entered through her great-great-grandfather, Thomas Bedford of Virginia, who was a member of the Committee of Safety and also through her great-grandfather, Captain Thomas Bedford, Jr., who raised and equipped a company from Virginia.

Mrs. T. Ellard Beans—Entered through her great-grandfather, Dr. John Forman Grandin of New Jersey, who was only fifteen when he enlisted, but before the war was ended he served in the navy as surgeon.

Mrs. William Knox Beans, Mrs. H. W. Eustace, and Mrs. Sutton Palmer—Entered through their great-grandfather, Lieutenant William Moore of Virginia, who served through the war in a regiment of Virginia militia.

Mrs. James Henry Pierce—Entered through her great-great-grandfather, Richard Thurston, who was a member of

the Committee of Safety. He volunteered as a private and was later a captain in a Massachusetts company.

Mrs. J. Q. A. Ballou—Entered through her great-great-grandfather, Edward Ainsworth of Woodstock, who enlisted as a private and rose to the rank of lieutenant.

Mrs. S. F. Leib and daughters, Mrs. W. H. Wright and Miss Lida Leib—Entered through their ancestor, General Will Russell of Virginia.

Mrs. David Starr Jordan—Entered through her great-grandfather, Phineas Knight of New England, who was with Colonel Putman's Connecticut regiment during the struggle for independence.

Mrs. M. G. Gates —Entered through her great-grand father, Jonathan Palmer of New York, who was lieutenant of a regiment of Connecticut troops under Colonel Selby.

Mrs. Paul Furst—Entered through her great-grandfather, General Will Russell of Virginia. Her sister, Mrs. William B. Gano, entered through the same ancestor.

Mrs. E. C. Singletary—Entered through her great-grandfather, Massey Thomas of Virginia.

Mrs. Samuel Franklin Leib, Mrs. William Knox Beans, Mrs. James Henry Pierce, and Mrs. Leigh Richmond Smith also belong to the Colonial Dames of America, resident in California.

Mrs. Leib and Mrs. Leigh Richmond Smith are members of the Order of the Colonial Governors, and also of the Order of the Crown.

In August, 1900, the "Angel of Death" called to her eternal reward one of the most lovable and patriotic members of the Santa Ysabel Chapter, Mrs. Karl Plate, and the following was adopted by the society:

"It is the first time in the history of the Chapter that death has taken one of its members. A descendant of a long line of patriotic ancestors, Mrs. Plate loved her country and her flag. Her great-grandfather, Captain Anthony Rutgers of New York City, was captain of the second artillery in the Revolutionary War. In our recent struggle with Spain, Mrs. Plate quickly responded to the call of the Red

Cross Society for workers, and was untiring in her efforts to assist in the noble cause.

"And now, since an all-wise Providence has taken our sister from us, we wish to express our deep sorrow at our loss. Kind, modest, lovely in character, she will live in our memories as a type of noble Christian womanhood; therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved husband, young daughter and sons, and also to those parents so far away, our truest sympathy. The beloved wife and mother has been taken, but her love has blessed them. 'Though dead, she yet lives.' Like her life, her death was peaceful. She but said good-night to awake in a brighter clime. We commend her dear ones to our Heavenly Father and to the words of His love to comfort them."

The late Mrs. P. M. Lusson—Entered through her great-great-grandfather, Colonel Thomas Newton, of the Norfolk county militia. He was also a member of the Virginia Constitutional Convention in 1776, a member of the House of Delegates, of the Committee of Safety, and Commissioner of Admiralty. She also entered through her great-great-grand father, John Wright Stanley of North Carolina, who contributed one hundred thousand dollars to General Greene for ammunition for the Continental Army.

Mrs. Lusson was a woman of rare personality, affable, cultivated, and generous. This gracious lady was suddenly called from earth, and the Santa Ysabel Chapter, of which she was a highly valued member, at a meeting held shortly after her death, paid the following tribute to her memory:

"Since we last met as a Chapter early in June, the 'Angel of Death' has claimed one of our members. Our dearly beloved Registrar, Mrs. Elizabeth Stanley Lusson, was, on the second of August, 1903, suddenly taken from us, and a deep grief fills our hearts at our irreparable loss.

"Mrs. Lusson was an interesting and beautiful woman, of generous nature and noble instincts. She was a charter member of our Chapter, and by her efforts it was organized.

"She was also a member of the Colonial Dames, a mem-

ber of the Society of Colonial Governors, and of the Order of the Crown, and counted among her ancestors some of the best of the old English and Virginia families. She was born at Fort Washington, Indian Territory, her father, Major Newton, of the regular army, having been stationed there. She was also a direct descendant of Lord Baltimore through his son, Leonard Calvert, who was first governor of Maryland; therefore be it

"*Resolved*, That in the death of our Registrar, the Santa Ysabel Chapter of San Jose, California, has lost one of its most honored and valuable members, whose devotion was ever an inspiration, and whose noble character will ever be held in loving remembrance; be it further

"*Resolved*, That this Chapter offer loving sympathy to the grief-stricken members of her family."

Among the other Daughters here are Mrs. Edward Williams—Entered through her great-grandfathers, Simeon Morse and Tarrant Sibley. Both enlisted when only fifteen and fought from the commencement until the close of the war. They were on the field when Burgoyne surrendered. Mrs. Williams is the proud possessor of several coins, pension money received by them. She is a life member of the Sequoia Chapter.

Mrs. Noble T. Biddle—Entered through her great grandfather, William Hiester of Philadelphia, who, with his three brothers enlisted in the Continental Army. They were at the battles of Trenton and Valley Forge. Also by her great-grandfather, Benjamin Miller, a captain of one of the companies in a Pennsylvania regiment. Mrs. Biddle is also a member of the Sequoia Chapter.

Mrs. Sarah L. Knox Goodrich—Entered the order through her grandfather, Lieutenant John Browning of Virginia. He volunteered at the first call to arms and served throughout the war; also through her great-grandfather, Captain John Strother, who was with the Virginia troops in many a hard fought battle. Her daughter, Mrs. Virginia Knox Maddox, entered through the same ancestors. Mrs. Maddox was State Regent of the Daughters in

this State for six years. Her grandfather, William Winston Browning, answered the call to arms in 1812.

Miss Blanche Blanchard—Entered through her great-grandfathers, Lieutenant Colonel David Lawrence and Justus Blanchard. The latter was private in the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, and was with General Washington at Valley Forge.

Mrs. Carrie Stevens Walter—Entered through three ancestors, Major Thomas Ashley of Vermont, her mother's paternal great-grandfather, Josiah Everett of Massachusetts, her father's maternal grandfather, and Bartholomew Stevens of Massachusetts, her father's paternal grandfather. Major Ashley was second in command under Colonel Ethan Allen at the capture of Fort Ticonderoga. He was also one of the founders of the State of Vermont, being one of the grantees from King George III. of a township of land there in 1761. He was descended, through his mother, from Elder William Brewster, who came in the Mayflower's first voyage, and whose daughter, Patience, married Governor Thomas Prence of Massachusetts. This makes Mrs. Walter eligible to membership in the Colonial Dames and of the Mayflower.

The purpose of the Fortnightly Club, as set down in the business-like catalogue in each member's possession, is the systematic study of literature and history. The motto of the club is "There is an art of reading as well as an art of thinking and an art of writing," and the work of the members shows that they are mastering all three arts.

The officers are Mrs. B. F. Brown, President; Mrs. F. H. Eastey, Vice-President; Mrs. Frank Leffler, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. William A. Beasly, Recording Secretary; and Miss L. S. Morgan, Treasurer. The Program Committee is made up of Mrs. W. S. Orvis, Mrs. M. D. Barker, Mrs. R. J. Langford, and Miss Nellie O'Brien.

The members are Mrs. D. M. Barker, Mrs. W. A. Beasly, Mrs. F. B. Brown, Mrs. E. Conant, Mrs. F. H. Eastey, Mrs. M. J. Farrington, Mrs. J. F. Gassett, Mrs. C. R. Harker, Mrs. E. C. Hurff, Mrs. C. H. Johnson, Mrs. C. E.

Kelsey, Mrs. R. J. Langford, Mrs. W. S. Johnston, Mrs. J. F. Leffler, Mrs. G. B. McKee, Mrs. L. S. Morgan, Mrs. W. S. Orvis, Mrs. M. H. Osgood, Miss Nellie O'Brien, Miss Emma Riehl, Mrs. S. E. Smith, Mrs. William Van Dalsem, Mrs. Georgia Willey, Mrs. Hume A. Spencer, Miss L. C. Peckham, Mrs. Edgar Pomeroy, Mrs. E. E. Chase, and Mrs. Grace Aram. This club belongs to both the State and the National Federations.

The Saturday Morning Musical Club was organized in 1893, its object being to develop the musical talent of its members, and to stimulate a feeling for good music in San Jose. The club members meet fortnightly, when one or two composers are studied, and papers upon their lives and works are read, and a programme of vocal and instrumental music from their compositions is rendered.

The President, Mrs. Carrie Foster-McLellan, is one of San Jose's fair daughters who has reflected high honor upon this city. She has won golden opinions abroad, where criticism is of special worth. Gifted by nature with a voice of great strength, purity and compass, it was not until she attracted the notice of the late Herr Karl Formes that her splendid natural talents received the cultivation necessary for their perfection. Formes was, like all artists, an enthusiast, and he undertook the training of Miss McLellan's voice with that zeal which inspired confidence in his modest pupil. She studied patiently and severely. San Joseans will remember the night of her debut before her own town's people. She challenged criticism by the selection of her programme, and she received the heartiest applause. Success was assured, and the grand old master enjoyed the triumphs of his pupil as though they were his own. He presented her to the music loving people of San Francisco, where she was most kindly received. After a short tour through the East, he took her to Europe, and there proved his opinion of her powers, when she sang before the most critical of London audiences, the solemn and splendid music of oratorios, and added a new charm to their composition. She sang with great success, and carried away by her en-

thusiastic love of music, she overtaxed her slight frame so that rest became obligatory. Returning to her home, she soon regained her strength, and since then she has sung in concerts and in churches in this city, and ranks among the most efficient instructors here. Miss Nellie Rogers is Vice-President; Miss Nettie Moody, Secretary; and Mrs. Jessie Pascoe, Treasurer.

The Morepark Art Club is a charming neighborhood club, whose members meet one afternoon of each week, and spend a couple of hours reading and discussing the works of some of the great painters and sculptors. The membership is limited to fifteen, and includes Mrs. A. S. Alden, Mrs. A. C. Atchley, Mrs. T. B. Caldwell, Mrs. W. T. Parker, Mrs. J. S. Wallace, Miss M. Rozette Hendrix, Mrs. Angie Hendrix Webster, Mrs. Addie Kentner, Mrs. E. L. Coe, Mrs. S. W. Walton, Mrs. W. C. Elliott, Mrs. J. A. Coe, Mrs. D. D. Brooks, Mrs. B. Millard; and Mrs. H. J. Smith. The officers are: Mrs. D. D. Brooks, President; Mrs. W. F. Parker, Vice-President; and Miss M. Rozette Hendrix, Secretary.

The Willows Reading and Improvement Club, which meets on Thursday afternoon at the homes of the members, has been organized for several years. Its officers are: President, Mrs. Julia Waldo; Vice-President, Miss Liela Marshall; Secretary, Miss Marion Thompson; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Agnes Ousley; Executive Committee, Mrs. Alice E. Winans, Miss Anna Wight, and Miss Agnes Ousley. The other members include Mrs. Luella D. Oliver, Mrs. Ada Butts, Mrs. Anna L. Sprung, Mrs. Hulda Collins, Mrs. S. J. Currier, Mrs. Martha Foster, Mrs. Charles H. Hervey, Mrs. E. E. Evans, Mrs. S. M. Keith, Mrs. W. L. Thurston, Miss Flora R. Smith, Mrs. A. E. Newby, Miss Cora Wolfe, Mrs. Belle Gilman, Mrs. Esther Purinton, Mrs. Martha A. Hanson, Mrs. A. A. Geer, Miss Lena Briggs, Mrs. Helen Smith, Miss Emma Keesling, Mrs. Jennie Warner, Mrs. H. P. Flemming, Miss Alice Lester, Miss Anna Crever, Mrs. Anna Hulet, Mrs. Lucette Sloat, Mrs. Jennie Bennett, Miss Myra Fairfield, Mrs. E. S. Parkhurst, Mrs.

H. A. Lee, Mrs. E. D. Webster, and Miss Louise Weisendanger.

The U and I Reading Club of West Side is not behind the other clubs of the county in the earnest work which it is doing. The officers are: Mrs. J. K. Boyd, President; and Mrs. I. N. Leonard, Secretary and Treasurer. The members include: Mrs. E. W. Conant, Mrs. I. J. Comer, Mrs. M. F. Billings, Miss Anna Billings, Mrs. E. A. Parsons, Mrs. G. L. Graff, Miss Bertha Graff, Mrs. J. F. Tudor, Mrs. J. H. Kelley, Mrs. L. D. Meyers, Mrs. Matthew Hemphill, Mrs. H. R. T. Macy, Mrs. E. P. Phillippe, Mrs. A. M. Smith, Mrs. J. D. Setzer, Miss Bessie Cunningham, Miss Bertha M. Childs, Mrs. J. H. Bullard, Mrs. R. Pulaski, and Mrs. James Hemphill.

CHAPTER XI.

Charitable Organizations.

SAN JOSE is justly renowned for its wise and liberal charities. Naturally in a place as cosmopolitan as this, there must exist cases of destitution, for "the poor ye have always with ye," but the judicious and generous legislation of the city and county officials, supplemented by private charity, always provide for the needy in such cases.

The County Alms House is beautifully located near Milpitas. The large building, with its extensive grounds, stands proudly in the landscape, a monument of public benevolence. In this cheerful home all those to whom life has been too heavy a burden can spend the remainder of their days amid surroundings which would soften the hardest fate.

The County Hospital is located on the Meridian road on the west side of the county, and the grounds surrounding it attract the attention of all who pass, by their wealth of shrubbery and blossoms. There the destitute poor are cared for in their hours of sickness, and skilled medical attendants and kind nurses do all that is possible in order to alleviate their sufferings.

The Associated Charities of San Jose was formed in 1894, and has met with the greatest success and most generous co-operation from the public.

The directors represent the churches of every faith in San Jose as well as the existing charitable organizations. The aims of this association are to investigate and keep a

record of all cases of distress reported; to give temporary relief in emergency cases and then report them to the charitable organizations under the jurisdiction of which they belong; to expose fraud, and prevent duplicate giving; and to secure work for needy men and women. The organization maintains a comfortable, well-lighted reading room, where the dependants may spend their leisure hours, and also a lodging home where beds are furnished for one hour's work in the wood yard. The superintendent is in daily charge of the office, and is always ready to give information or furnish help of all kinds on short notice.

The Associated Charities comes before the public with an annual entertainment, which always nets the society a sum sufficient to tide it over till the next year. This season the production of the "Chimes of Normandy" by the local Oratorio Society was one of the successful entertainments, and one of the society events of the year. The officers for 1903 are: Alfred C. Bean, President; Mrs. T. Ellard Beans, Vice-President; Mrs. W. B. Hill, Secretary; Mr. James Bean, Treasurer; Miss Cora M. Bethel, Superintendent; Mrs. S. B. Hunkins, Mrs. T. Ellard Beans, Mrs. A. T. Herrmann, Rev. H. M. Tenney, Mrs. H. Branham, Mr. James Bean, Mrs. W. L. Woodrow, Mrs. W. B. Hill, Mrs. E. G. Williams, Mrs. Anna Taber, Mrs. Alfred C. Bean, Directors; Mayor G. D. Worswick, Mrs. S. C. Winchester, Rev. Father Gleason, Mrs. Geo. M. Bowman, J. H. Campbell, Mrs. E. O. Smith, Mrs. H. Levy, Mrs. C. D. Blaney, Mrs. E. McLaughlin, Mrs. B. Cochrane, Mrs. Jackson Hatch, J. E. Knoche, James Rhodes, Mrs. W. P. Dougherty, Mrs. S. A. Jones, and E. A. Hayes, Honorary Directors.

The Pratt Home is a semi-charitable institution for the relief of homeless children and aged people. It is non-sectarian, and at present there are twenty inmates. The building is a spacious structure, surrounded by well-kept grounds adorned with trees and shrubs. The directors are: Mrs. W. L. Woodrow, Mrs. J. H. Henry, Mrs. Robert Syer, Mrs. A. T. Herrmann, Mrs. A. McDonald, Mrs. George Snell, Mrs. F. Shafter, Miss J. Dockstader, Mrs. S. A. Bar-

ker, Mrs. M. May, Mrs. J. R. Lewis, Mrs. E. Chambers, Mrs. W. P. Dougherty, Mrs. M. Ogier, and Mrs. J. E. Richards. The officers are: President, Mrs. W. L. Woodrow; Vice-President, Mrs. J. H. Henry; Secretary, Mrs. A. T. Herrmann; Financial Secretary, Mrs. S. A. Barker; Treasurer, Mrs. J. E. Richards; Auditor, Mrs. M. May.

Certain it is that the popularity of the San Jose branch of the Needle Work Guild of America has not waned since its organization in 1896 by Miss Hanna Wakefield. One afternoon in that year Miss Wakefield invited to her home the late Mrs. P. M. Lusson, Mrs. Edward McLaughlin, Mrs. Charles J. Martin, Mrs. E. O. Smith, Mrs. Hannah Bean, Miss Mary Beans, Miss Mary Porter, Mrs. Eugene Rosenthal, and Mrs. Lawrence Archer. Miss Greer, who has since been called to her heavenly home, was one of the pioneer workers in the Guild in San Francisco, and she gave a talk on the objects and aims of the organization, and explained its workings. The ladies heard, understood, and appreciated the vast amount of good work that might be accomplished through this medium, and they quickly enrolled their names, and pledged their earnest support to this charity, and have since been indefatigable workers in the cause. The seed fell on good ground, for in 1902, nearly two thousand new garments were divided among the charities of this county, to be distributed to the poor. This annual distribution takes place in November.

The present officers of the Guild are: Mrs. C. J. Martin, President; Mrs. S. A. Jones, First Vice-President; Miss M. V. Beans, Second Vice-President; Mrs. W. J. Leet, Third Vice-President; Mrs. E. M. Rosenthal, Fourth Vice-President; Mrs. Lawrence Archer, Treasurer; Mrs. W. B. Hobson, Secretary; Mrs. E. H. Guppy, Mrs. Margaret Ogier, Mrs. W. B. Hill, and Mrs. Paul P. Austin, Executive Board. The directors include Mrs. Paul P. Austin, Mrs. Lawrence Archer, Miss Mary V. Beans, Mrs. Hannah Bean, Mrs. K. Bingham, Mrs. H. Branham, Mrs. Noble T. Biddle, Mrs. R. R. Bulmore, Mrs. J. K. Boyd, Mrs. W. Crites, Miss Agnes Carroll, Mrs. L. Haven, Mrs. J. W. Davy, College of

Notre Dame, Mrs. E. H. Guppy, Mrs. W. B. Hill, Mrs. W. B. Hobson, Mrs. A. T. Herrmann, Mrs. W. A. Henderson, Mrs. F. Hinklebein, Mrs. Ralph Hersey, Mrs. S. A. Jones, Mrs. T. E. Johnson, Mrs. William January, Mrs. F. K. Ledyard, Mrs. W. Lenzen, Mrs. W. J. Leet, Mrs. H. L. Morehead, Mrs. C. J. Martin, Mrs. Edward McLaughlin, Mrs. Margaret Ogier, Mrs. E. M. Rosenthal, Mrs. Frank R. Shafter, Mrs. Leigh Richmond Smith, Mrs. H. M. Stammer, Mrs. Edward Williams, Miss Gertrude Trace, Mrs. Daniel Wright, Mrs. W. L. Woodrow, Mrs. A. E. Whelpley, Miss Annie Wilcox, Mrs. Charles A. Wayland, Mrs. J. H. Campbell, Mrs. J. L. Vanderwerker, Mrs. W. M. Beggs, Mrs. R. J. Langford, and Mrs. W. Postlewaite.

While San Joseans are devoting much time to the pursuit of knowledge and pleasure, they are not unmindful of the wards of the nation. The Indian Association has for its officers: Mrs. T. C. Edwards, President; Mrs. Robert J. Langford, Recording Secretary; Miss Cornelia Taber, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. A. S. Bacon, Treasurer; Mrs. E. C. Kelsey, Auditor; with Mrs. A. C. Stevens of Pittsburg, Mrs. John W. Dinsmore, Mrs. J. C. Faris, Mrs. Paul P. Austin, Mrs. David Starr Jordan, Vice-Presidents; Mrs. T. C. Edwards, Mrs. T. E. Beans, Mrs. Augustus Taber, Rev. H. C. Meredith, Mrs. A. S. Bacon, Rev. E. S. Williams, Judge J. R. Lewis, Mrs. R. J. Langford, Mrs. Joel Bean, Mr. E. C. Kelsey, and Miss C. Taber, Directors.

This organization has been doing excellent work in endeavoring to elevate the Indians in the northern part of the State. The members are Mesdames William G. Alexander, F. L. Armstrong, E. K. Avery, Paul P. Austin, Andrew Bean, D. M. Barker, Joel Bean, Hannah Bean, T. Ellard Beans, A. Barnheisel, C. D. Blaney, J. R. Whitney, E. L. Williams, George M. Bowman, S. L. Boardman, W. Ross, Sivert Shelley, A. Schultz, Mary B. Squires, A. C. Stevens, Augustus Taber, H. M. Tenney, Edward Williams, E. G. Williams, M. F. Williams, Sarah Haldan, S. Hickman, George Jones, Stephen A. Jones, J. H. Kelly, Jane Ledyard, F. K. Ledyard, L. C. Ledyard, Robert J. Langford,

E. A. Sander, J. R. Lewis, W. Miller, M. H. Myrick, Mary McCall, M. A. Malwell, R. Patterson, Thomas Pillow, James Bean, J. C. Black, N. Bowden, P. Corey, Benjamin Cory, F. A. Close, William M. Crites, S. J. Cobb, J. W. Dinsmore, J. S. Dennis, S. B. Hunkins, T. C. Edwards, A. Eaton, A. L. Evans, J. M. Gray, Emma Gunckel, Misses Sara Severance, Edna Bowman, Cornelia Taber, Lucy Washburn, Mary Beans, Frances Beans, Rowena Beans, Edith Barnheisel, Mary Buehren, Estelle Kiser, Mary Ledyard, Edith Parsons, Agnes Cushing, Jennie Farwell, and Ellen Frazer.

Since the members of the Red Cross Society have been relieved from active work, they have been engaged in collecting books for the Soldiers' Library at Manila, for the Convalescent Home for soldiers at San Francisco, and for the Military Post at Monterey. The officers of this organization are: Mrs. Charles J. Martin, President; Mrs. A. T. Herrmann, Vice-President; Mrs. B. C. Longdon, Secretary; Mrs. A. P. Murgotten, Financial Secretary; William Knox Beans, Bank of San Jose, Treasurer; Mrs. Charles J. Martin, Mrs. B. C. Longdon, Mrs. S. H. Wagener, Mrs. A. T. Herrmann, Mrs. E. O. Smith, and Mr. A. P. Murgotten, Executive Committee.

The Home of Benevolence is the oldest of the charitable institutions here. The object is to give a home to orphan children and to fit them to do their part in the battle of life. The directors are: Mrs. G. B. McKee, Mrs. S. A. Barker, Mrs. G. W. Towle, Mrs. P. P. Austin, Mrs. Edward Williams, Mrs. H. D. Tuttle, Mrs. C. H. Walter, Mrs. H. Edwards, Mrs. E. H. Guppy, Mrs. B. Cochrane, Mrs. D. Henderson, Mrs. J. R. Curnow, Mrs. A. Wiley, Mrs. A. Stahmer, Mrs. A. T. Herrmann, Mrs. H. French, Mrs. S. H. Wagener, Mrs. H. Branham, Mrs. J. R. Kocher, Mrs. C. T. Park, Mrs. W. Simpson, Mrs. H. D. Matthews, Miss M. V. Beans, and Miss A. Wilcox. The officers include: President, Mrs. G. B. McKee; Vice-President, Mrs. S. A. Barker; Second Vice-President, Mrs. G. W. Towle; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Paul P. Austin; Financial Secretary, Mrs. M. McCulloch; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. H. W. Ed-

wards; Treasurer, Mrs. Edward Williams; Auditing Committee, Mrs. M. McCulloch, Mrs. A. Wiley, Mrs. H. D. Matthews; Trustees, Mrs. G. B. McKee, Mrs. S. A. Barker, Mrs. G. W. Towle, Mrs. P. P. Austin, Mrs. M. McCulloch, Mrs. Edward Williams, Mrs. H. W. Edwards, Mrs. H. D. Tuttle, Mrs. S. H. Wagener, Mrs. E. H. Guppy; Farm and Improvement Committee, Mrs. E. H. Guppy, Mrs. G. B. McKee, Mrs. S. H. Wagener; Admission and Dismissal, Mrs. H. Branham, and Mrs. B. Cochrane; Domestic Science, Mrs. G. W. Towle, Mrs. J. R. Kocher, Mrs. J. R. Curnow.

About three years ago the Woman's Exchange was organized for the purpose of assisting women who desire to earn a livelihood, and at the same time be able to remain at home and take care of their children, or attend to their household duties. At the Exchange, these women can find a market for nearly every article, either useful or ornamental, which their deft fingers can fashion, and also for the tempting cakes, pies, and jellies which skillful cooks can prepare.

The officers of this society are: President, Mrs. J. R. Lewis; First Vice-President, Mrs. Ed. Williams; Second Vice-President, Mrs. John Dinsmore; Recording Secretary, Mrs. D. Denslow Brooks; Financial Secretary, Mrs. Ed. Campbell; Treasurer, Mrs. A. T. Herrmann. The standing committees are: Finance—Mesdames Lewis, Brooks, and Williams; Help—Mesdames Stephenson, Kocher, Branham; Printing—Mesdames Pash, Walter, Worswick; Art—Mesdames Stern, Orvis, Booksin; Purchasing—Mesdames Dinsmore, Newnham, Chambers; Entertainment—Mesdames Quilty, Dougherty, Shumate. The Board of Directors includes Mesdames J. R. Lewis, Ed. Williams, John Dinsmore, Edward Campbell, D. Denslow Brooks, A. T. Herrmann, A. E. Shumate, E. E. Brownell, Henry Booksin, Sr., E. Chambers, W. P. Dougherty, H. A. Marckres, J. R. Kocher, G. B. Lumbard, H. Newnham, J. Pash, C. W. Quilty, Fred Stern, Charles Walter, G. D. Worswick, J. F. Stephenson, Ina A. Orvis, W. C. Evans, Hattie Branham, C. J. Cornell.

Santa Clara College, Santa Clara, California.

CHAPTER XII.

A Trip Through the County.

ONE of the handsome drives of the valley is along the Alameda, a broad thoroughfare graced on either side with elegant homes. In former days this was designated "The Shady Way," as a triple row of large willow trees adorned the avenue. These were planted and cared for by the Mission Fathers, but they fell before the woodman's ax when the electric road was built.

This road is three miles in length, and leads to the prosperous town of Santa Clara, which lies in a section famous for its fertility of soil and variety of productions. It is also connected with San Jose by two lines of railroads. The many comfortable and pretty homes embowered in roses, clematis, and other vines, and surrounded by lovely gardens, have gained for it the enviable name of "Home City."

It is an important shipping point, and hundreds of carloads of fruit are annually sent from here, as well as other products, including the output of the Eberhard tannery, and that of two woodworking factories. It is the seat of Santa Clara Mission, and many visitors come here to see the historic building. Adjoining the Mission is Santa Clara College, conducted by the Jesuit Fathers. The college grounds cover ten acres of flat surface, and the large buildings front on a well kept lawn adorned with palms, rare shrubs, and plants. About four years after the arrival of the Fathers, the State bestowed on this institution of learning the title and the privileges of a university. It was founded

in 1851 by Rev. Father Nobili, and has grown to be a large college, giving a classical education equal to the best in America, or in Europe. It has the finest and most complete chemical and physical laboratories in the State, and a magnificent library of some seventeen thousand volumes. Students also receive a commercial training, fitting them to do their part successfully in the industrial life of the day. An academy, conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame, a high school, which enjoys a fine reputation for scholarship, and grammar and primary schools, taught by able teachers, are sufficient proofs of the superior educational advantages of this town.

Santa Clara society is also enjoyable, and has always been of a high standard, as the following sketch from the pen of an accomplished lady, who signs herself L. E. S., and who is the daughter of one of the pioneer residents, will show:

"The Santa Clara College opened its doors to the student in 1851, and two years later the University of the Pacific began its career. About these two institutions the community interest centered, and all grew to depend upon them largely for entertainment. The three-story brick building of the University of the Pacific, where the young men attended, and in whose upper story the Archanian and Rhizonian societies were organized, has since been removed.

"The open meetings of these societies were occasions of great moment, and no orators ever received more generous applause than did these young men.

"The first class was graduated in 1858. It was a red letter day for Santa Clara, when the late Hon. Thomas H. Laine, Joseph C. Hamer, John W. Owen, De Witt Vestal, Miss Hughes, and Miss Smith, took from the University of the Pacific the first diplomas of that institution.

"A stage had been erected and decorated at Cook's Grove, and upon this platform, beside the President of the University, sat the sweet-faced Father Accolti, S. J., of Santa Clara College.

"A procession was a feature on all occasions. We

marched to the grove every Fourth of July for years—boys and girls and men and Fire Department—to listen to orations and music. The twenty-second of February was as important as the Fourth, and was celebrated with as much zeal. Literary exercises, in honor of Washington, were held by the University boys and girls in the old adobe M. E. Church, which has since been replaced by the present one. On this occasion the young ladies attending the 'Female Institute,' which still stands near the church, formed in order and awaited the coming of the young men, who, with light hearts marched gaily, keeping time to the martial music of the band. They would halt and form in two lines, and the girls with modest step would walk between these lines of self-conscious striplings, while their cheeks glowed with girlish shyness. The Santa Clara College cadets in their trim uniforms would also parade with fife and drum before the admiring gaze of all, and later take part in the literary exercises held at the college.

"Commencement week of the Santa Clara College was a time when all planned to put every thing else aside and enjoy the program prepared for their entertainment.

"On the college grounds there used to be a large gymnasium in which a stage was improvised and seats, rude but comfortable, were arranged. Here ambitious tragedians in glittering armor, held spellbound the large crowds that peered over one another's heads to catch a sight of the brilliant scenes enacted by some who have since distinguished themselves on the stage. If my memory serves me right, John T. Malone first faced an audience from the platform of this gymnasium.

"Santa Clara young people of the present day have nothing to compare with the sport and pastime enjoyed by the youth in the fifties and sixties at Cook's Grove. Here a pond, with row boats and romantic shaded banks, attracted young, spoony couples to sail on its placid waters. John Cook, the hospitable proprietor, would, during the season, often fill cabbage leaves with luscious strawberries, which were very rare then, and present them to the young

folks to enjoy while they glided about upon the waters.

"Another favorite resort was known as Morse's, where, I believe, the first garden of roses was planted. Mr. Morse was generous with his roses, and many 'May Queens' have been crowned at his place.

"The old Cameron House, which was one of the early hotels of the valley, was often crowded with people from San Francisco, and travelers from elsewhere. It stood where the building of the Citizens' Bank now stands. John Cameron, the typical landlord, often opened his house for a grand ball, when, for miles around, the dancing element came. These were brilliant affairs. The fashionable gown for the ball-room was of tarleton, with short sleeves and low neck, summer or winter. Among the belles at those parties I have heard so many times the names of the beautiful Miss Olivier Echols, Miss Malvina Davis, the Misses Hazleton, the Misses Bascom, the Misses Chandler, and the Misses Caldwell,—a fairer set of girls never graced a ball-room. I must mention the Misses Hester, daughters of Judge Hester, whose home on the Alameda has long ago been removed. Few names of the beaux are suggested, among them being O. Thompson, Charley Healy, Dan Travis, Abe Withrow, and the late Judge Dennis Herrington.

"The singing school had its day with us, also. Mr. and Mrs. Hamm came every week, and the 'do, re, mi;' was taught with great vigor. The first teacher of the pianoforte in the Institute, which has since developed into the Conservatory of Music at the University of the Pacific, was Professor James A. Lawrie, who soon left the Institute, and was, for many years, the efficient teacher at Santa Clara College.

"The old fashioned spelling school, where Mrs. Louisa Smith, on one accasion, spelled down the long line of spellers, also afforded much amusement.

"The most elaborate entertainment ever undertaken and successfully carried through, was the one given just before the close of the Civil War, for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission. A grand street parade, including Colonel

Orange Trees at Sunnyvale, Santa Clara County, California.

Jackson's military company, General McVall's cavalry, the Santa Clara College Cadets, the fire companies, and music, brought every farmer from far and near 'to town.' At the close there was a grand ball, and the treasurer had the pleasure of handing a good sum over to the Commission."

The Santa Clara of to-day is fortunate in its delightful social atmosphere, for here are improvement clubs, literary societies, reading circles, book, dancing, card, baseball, football, and bicycle clubs, and numerous other asssociations, which offer to ladies and gentlemen, young and old, numberless opportunities for instruction and pleasure.

The Shakespeare Club was organized about ten years ago, many of the original members being graduates of the Chautauqua Circle. The club meets every two weeks on Tuesday, at the home of one of the members, and while it devotes much of its energy to the study of Shakespeare, some time is also given to the discussion of other topics. Mrs. David Henderson, who had been the efficient president for several years, was compelled, on account of illness in her family, to resign a few months ago, and Mrs. F. A. Rankin was elected President. The other officers are: Mrs. M. F. Houlton, Vice-President; Mrs. Clara Kuhl, Secretary, and Mrs. E. Alden, Treasurer. The other members are: Mrs. John Fatjo, Mrs. T. Gallup, Mrs. H. W. George, Mrs. L. B. Garrigus, Mrs. A. F. Harlow, Mrs. E. A. Jordan, Mrs. S. Hitchborn, Miss Julia Lauck, Mrs. S. Oberdeener, Mrs. L. A. Offield, Mrs. J. W. Paul, Miss Stearns, Mrs. M. Southworth, Miss Starr, Mrs. J. Steinhardt, Mrs. W. Wadams, Mrs. Louis Fatjo, Mrs. D. A. Beattie, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Ada Kington, Mrs. I. Herrington, Mrs. J. M. Greenleaf, Mrs. C. Gage, Mrs. Chester Barlow, Mrs. H. C. Meyers, Mrs. Emmet McQuoid, Mrs. W. W. Blanchard, Mrs. Hugh Center, and Mrs. H. E. Milnes. The honorary members are: Mrs. F. A. Rankin, Mrs. A. P. Anderson, Mrs. C. C. Morse, Mrs. M. A. Sanders, Miss Julia Sanders, Mrs. Albert Harris, Mrs. H. Pettit, Mrs. A. Butler, Mrs. Kimble, Mrs. R. L. Higgins, Mrs. J. McKinley, and Mrs. David Henderson.

The Santa Clara Commercial League is a prosperous

and progressive association, whose membership includes nearly all the men in the town. Its officers are: R. B. Roll, President; Dr. A. E. Osborne, Vice-President; Emil G. Hirsch, Secretary; Louis F. Duncan, Treasurer; and its Board of Directors include: R. B. Roll, J. C. McPherson, J. C. Morrison, H. J. Alderman, C. A. Nace, M. M. Dugdell, Dr. A. E. Osborne, A. F. Killam, M. Vargas, J. W. Black, E. F. Jordan, and Francis A. Quinn.

The Columbia Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle meets once every week. Mrs. H. W. George is President; Mrs. I. Herrington, Vice-President; Miss Julia Lauck, Treasurer and Secretary. The honorary members are: Dr. Eli McClish, Mrs. E. J. Dawson, Mrs. Esther G. Henderson, Mrs. L. V. Garrigus, Mrs. R. L. Higgins; while the active members include: Mrs. J. M. Billings, Mrs. Emma Butler, Mrs. L. V. Garrigus, Mrs. Phoebe Hamilton, Mrs. W. J. Haywards, Mrs. F. C. Franck, Mrs. C. Leaf, Mrs. H. C. Meyers, Mrs. Emma Oberdeener, Mrs. S. Raney, Mrs. L. W. Starr, Mrs. Fred Stelling, Mrs. J. Steinhardt, Mrs. Fred Tantau, Mrs. O. Tucker, Mrs. R. V. Withrow, Mrs. Jennie Wilcox, Mrs. Mattie Anderson, Miss M. Lena Lauck, Miss Sarah Morrison, Miss Bessie Woodhams, Miss Nora Fassett, and Miss Gertrude Field.

After passing Santa Clara, the road runs into the country, and about seven or eight miles toward the northwest along this road leading to San Francisco, is Lawrence Station, and near it Murphy's Station. Here is the home of Hon. B. D. Murphy, whose father, Martin Murphy, was one of the best known of the pioneer settlers. In 1850 he built the first house in this section, and here, for years, on his magnificent ranch of several hundred acres, this great-hearted pioneer and his amiable wife dispensed the most generous hospitality.

The day of thousand acre farms, however, has passed away, and the large tracts of land formerly owned by the Murphys, have been divided into small farms, and homes have sprung up as if by magic; orchards are seen on every side, and Sunnyvale is the name which this prosperous section bears.

A dozen miles further on this road is Mountain View. This was one of the earliest settlements in the valley, and is situated in the warm belt, which is favorable to the production of figs, olives, apricots, and prunes.

This part of the country slopes gradually from the bay to the foothills, and here are planted large tracts in vineyards, for so fertile is the soil that grapes flourish in unrivaled luxuriance. On every side are seen beautiful homes, surrounded by choice blossoms and shaded by grand old oaks, which have stood for centuries.

After leaving this delightful spot, we come to the city of Mayfield, a pleasant place a few miles from Stanford University. Many fine ranches and pretty country homes are to be seen, and after passing them, the road leads on to San Francisco through the last town in Santa Clara County, Palo Alto, which lies about seventeen miles from San Jose. This village is situated in a growth of grand live oak trees, which add greatly to the beauty of the place. These trees dot the entire valley, forming one of its distinctive features, and are much admired by visitors. The southern arm of San Francisco Bay is only three miles east of the town, while about five miles to the west stand the Santa Cruz Mountains, two thousand feet in elevation. Gently rising foothills skirt these mountains and add to the picturesque effect.

The weather here is always delightful. The mean annual temperature, based upon records covering a period of twenty-three years, and taken from the data of the S. P. R. R. Co., is 57.7°. The coldest month is January, with a mean temperature of 47.3°, and the warmest month is July, with a mean temperature of 67.7°.

Everywhere are found wild flowers in profusion, especially the gorgeous California poppy, called by the Spaniards "coup d'ore," or cup of gold.

Just east of the town are the extensive seed farms of Sloan & Son, where great quantities of vegetable seeds are raised and shipped to all parts of the country.

The visitors to Palo Alto are always impressed by the

beauty of the homes, embowered in roses and climbing vines, and surrounded by grounds adorned with palms and other semi-tropical trees and shrubs. The houses furnish an endless variety of styles, and serve to educate observers in architectural effects. They are substantial structures, the average cost of each being about three thousand dollars.

This town came into existence as the result of the founding of the Leland Stanford Jr. University. Many hundred thousands of dollars have been expended in business and residence buildings. It has a municipal water system and an electric lighting plant. Its nearness to San Francisco makes it a desirable suburban residence place. It has fine schools, and all liquor traffic is prohibited by town laws.

The society here is considered perfect, the town having its full quota of literary, civic, and social clubs.

The Woman's Club is, perhaps, the largest, and this was established in 1894, and joined the Federation in 1898. The past presidents are: Mrs. E. L. Campbell, Mrs. K. K. Hutchinson, Mrs. M. B. Culver, Mrs. S. A. Dyer, Mrs. H. M. Parkinson, and the present Board of Managers consists of Mrs. C. H. Gilbert, President; Mrs. H. M. Parkinson, Vice-President-at-large; Mrs. Annie Zschokke, First Vice-President; Mrs. D. L. Sloan, Second Vice-President; Mrs. J. Lynn, Third Vice-President; Mrs. E. La Peire, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Olive Dodge, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. M. E. Weishaar, Treasurer. The club is divided into departments, with Mrs. J. S. Wathy at the head of the Home and Household Economics; Mrs. Van A. Wallace, chairman of Education and Science; Mrs. J. E. Matzke in charge of Philanthropy; Mrs. C. K. Raber and her committee are doing splendid work along the lines of Art and Literature; Mrs. G. B. Ford guides the Library Section; and Mrs. Mary Roberts Smith is the efficient head of Village Improvement. The members are: Mrs. Annette M. Allen, Mrs. Lillian B. Allen, Mrs. J. F. Byxbee, Mrs. Eva F. Bell, Mrs. Carrie G. Brown, Mrs. Abbie F. Bowles, Mrs. S. K. Bradford, Mrs. Isabel Bartruff, Mrs. Abbie Beal, Mrs. L. Braunschweiger, Mrs. E. M. Bayse, Mrs. Grace M. Bray,

Memorial Arch, Leland Stanford Jr. University, Santa Clara County, California.

Mrs. E. E. Balcomb, Mrs. S. A. Dyer, Mrs. Olive Dodge, Mrs. B. M. Dean, Mrs. L. A. Dudfield, Mrs. C. W. Decker, Mrs. L. D. Emerson, Mrs. D. V. Fuller, Mrs. Geraldine Frisbee, Mrs. M. Featherstone, Mrs. C. H. Gilbert, Mrs. E. Greenleaf, Mrs. K. Gillman, Mrs. Alice Gibson, Mrs. C. G. Gordon, Mrs. A. A. Gossett, Dr. C. Guild, Mrs. B. F. Hall, Mrs. L. B. Holly, Mrs. J. A. Hosmer, Mrs. E. C. Hughes, Mrs. I. Harris, Mrs. Harrell, Miss F. Heywood, Mrs. L. T. Joss, Mrs. C. E. Kemp, Miss E. Kellogg, Mrs. E. Loder, Mrs. R. F. Leake, Mrs. C. Layes, Mrs. J. Lyun, Mrs. M. A. Lakin, Mrs. A. La Peire, Mrs. J. J. Morris, Mrs. N. E. Malcolm, Mrs. E. M. Mellen, Mrs. D. McCartney, Mrs. J. McIntosh, Mrs. M. Newlands, Mrs. C. Pitman, Mrs. B. Parkinson, Mrs. George Parkinson, Mrs. J. F. Parkinson, Mrs. M. G. Gosebrook, Mrs. S. Ritchie, Mrs. C. K. Raber, Mrs. J. W. Roller, Mrs. M. H. Smith, Mrs. S. L. Strong, Mrs. D. L. Sloan, Mrs. J. E. Sloan, Mrs. M. B. Stevens, Mrs. M. Soule, Mrs. F. W. Sherman, Dr. N. Selling, Mrs. E. Soper, Mrs. J. Scroggs, Mrs. W. E. Sheldon, Mrs. H. W. Thoborn, Mrs. H. Tourny, Mrs. F. Taylor, Mrs. M. A. Tetro, Mrs. C. W. Thompson, Mrs. A. F. Thompson, Mrs. E. B. Towne, Mrs. Mabel Varney, Mrs. Abbie Vallette, Mrs. Harriet Woods, Mrs. M. E. Weisshaar, Mrs. A. Worrell, Mrs. J. S. Wathy, Mrs. Van A. Wallace, and Mrs. Annie Zschokke.

The University is the magnet which draws thousands of tourists to Palo Alto. It was founded November 14, 1885, by Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford in memory of their son, who died in March, 1884, and is world famous on account of its large endowment fund of thirty millions, greater than that of any other college in the world. The general architectural effect is that of the old Spanish Moorish style. The buildings are constructed of buff sandstone, the principal feature being the inner quadrangle, an open court five hundred and eighty-six feet long by two hundred and forty-six feet wide, surrounded by a continuous arcade of twelve buildings. There is an outer row of buildings which includes a memorial arch, the largest architectural work in the

world, except the Arc de Triomphe in Paris. This perfectly proportioned structure is one hundred feet in height, eighty-five feet in width, and thirty-six feet in depth. The most striking feature of the arch is the frieze, which is an allegorical representation of the progress of the world from the earliest historical times to the present. It is said to be the most perfect example of sculptural art executed in modern times.

Other points of interest are the museum, the gymnasium, and libraries, but the grandest building is the Memorial Church, which cost over a half million dollars. Its art glass windows, its carved work, its sculpture, its mosaics and paintings, and its superb pipe organ are all worthy of the building itself.

The southern end of the valley has for its chief business center the thriving city of Gilroy, which lies on the line of the Southern Pacific between San Jose and Los Angeles. It is a solid and substantially built city, with well made yet unpretentious business houses, spacious dwellings, neat cottages, green lawns, and broad and graveled streets.

Its people are progressive, and the efficient Board of Trade, of which J. W. Thayer is President; George T. Dunlap, Vice-President; L. A. Whitehurst, Treasurer; and J. A. Milnes, Secretary, works incessantly to build up the city and tributary country.

The soil is exceedingly fertile, and yields annually a wealth of produce. It is adapted to almost everything which grows. The land north of the city is a light colored loam, while east and south is a black alluvial deposit, the very best vegetable and fruit land. The climate is unsurpassed, as the mean temperature, based upon records covering twenty-seven years, is 58.4°. July and August are the warmest months, with mean temperature of 68.8° and 67.9° respectively; and the coldest month is January, with a mean temperature of 46.5°. The rainy season extends from October to April, and the average annual precipitation, from 1874 to 1900, inclusive, was 19.55 inches.

In this vicinity is the immense seed farm of the Morse

Company, which was organized by the pioneer seed grower, C. C. Morse, and which is now conducted by his son, Lester L. Morse.

The sight presented by hundreds of acres of choice plants in full bloom, is one never to be forgotten. Flowers of one shade are grown in separate rows, and the strips run thousands of feet into the distance. One color follows the other, until every hue known to flowerdom is presented. Along the road near this seed farm are found large stock ranches, as well as orchards and grain fields. Oil and asphaltum are also found in several places about Gilroy.

At San Felipe, near by, is situated the Culp Tobacco ranch, where tobacco is raised in all the luxuriance of a Virginia plantation, and the corn fields here are equal, if not superior, to those of Egypt in its "seven years of plenty." Here are also the famous cattle ranches of the Coe Brothers and James Dunne. The hamlets lying between San Jose and Gilroy are San Martin, Rucker, and Morgan Hill. They are all picturesque places laid out on the gently rising foot-hills, and are surrounded by some of the finest ranches in the county. On the same road, but only about five miles from San Jose, is the station of Eden Vale, which is the home of many prosperous farmers. In a fine tract of highly cultivated orchard, stands the residence of Mrs. Mary Hayes-Chynoweth, whose deeds of kindly charity and whose noble work in the cause of suffering humanity have made her name a household word.

Another fine drive is the road leading to the north to Berryessa. This part of the valley is set out principally in apricots, peaches, and prunes, and has attained much prominence as a fruit section.

Here is situated the Flickinger cannery, which is one of the largest establishments for preserving fruit in the State, and which has gained international fame for the fine quality of its canned goods.

Leaving this fertile spot, one may take the broad road which leads by many prosperous country places and grassy meadows to Milpitas. This little settlement, about eight

miles from the county seat, although consisting of only a few stores and a post-office, is a shipping point for much of the produce raised on the nearby farms. For gardening there is no more favored section in California than this, and from the Milpitas depot are shipped large quantities of peas, potatoes, beans, and asparagus.

A winding road leads from Milpitas to Alviso. The last named place is situated on the San Francisco Bay, and is the port from which a steamer makes daily trips to San Francisco, carrying passengers and freight. In summer, the bay near Alviso is dotted with white sails of the yachts which are owned by the enthusiastic sailors of the South Bay Yacht Club.

In this county the number of attractive towns is so large and the roads leading to each are so well kept, that the owner of a horse or bicycle is tempted to try them all, but, perhaps, one of the most popular highways is that which runs to Los Gatos. Every day there is a continuous procession of vehicles to this pretty place nestled in the foot-hills of the Santa Cruz Mountains on the southwestern edge of the valley.

The town is built on both sides of the Los Gatos creek, and a picturesque arched bridge on Main street connects the two sections. It is a magnificent fruit raising district, and the slopes are terraced with vineyards and orchards. The curing, packing, and canning of fruits, and the manufacture of wines are the principal industries, although all trades and professions are well represented. Los Gatos is connected with San Francisco, San Jose, and Santa Cruz by both the narrow and broad gauge lines of the Southern Pacific Company, and much shipping is done. This town can boast of three large up-to-date hotels, six prosperous churches, three grammar school buildings, and an excellent High School.

The atmosphere here is clear and balmy, and the temperature rarely registers above eighty degrees, or below freezing point. The average annual precipitation is about thirty-two inches.

San Jose's Water Front.

A few miles distant is Saratoga, one of the most rural and delightful places in the valley. It is located in the thermal or warm belt, and within its charmed circle all sorts of semi-tropical plants and trees thrive—orange, lemon, lime, magnolia, and palm, besides all varieties of deciduous fruit trees.

About two miles from this little town are situated the extensive buildings and plant of the Sorosis Fruit Company, with Mr. F. W. Crandall as manager. The floor space of the buildings covers about one and one-eighth acres, and last season the company shipped four hundred and fifty car loads of dried fruits.

In the spring time, when Nature clothes the orchards of the valley and the hillsides in their holiday attire, a more beautiful sight can not be imagined, and it is the custom of the enterprising citizens of Saratoga to hold annually a Blossom Festival and present a program of appropriate exercises. Great crowds of tourists on these occasions come to enjoy a perfect day in the country; to breathe the perfumed air, and to gaze on the bewildering scene of floral beauty.

CHAPTER XIII.

Places Where Everyone Delights to Linger.

SINCE we came to this valley we have found many interesting and instructive points to visit. When we desired to learn of the life in the Mexican times, we had only to go to Mission Santa Clara and contemplate the relics and pictures. The old church is still standing, as is also the venerable cross before which thousands of Indians knelt to receive the benediction of the Mission Fathers. This Mission was established January 12, 1777, and is the best preserved of all the California Missions. It has been restored as much as possible to its original appearance, and is now used as a parish church, but around it the spirit of the past yet enwraps a soft halo of poetry and religion which the people of this valley can not afford to lose. The impress of Spanish-American life still lingers, and one can hear yet the echo of adabodos and litanies chanted by the padres.

When our attention was directed to the natural resources of the county, we instinctively turned toward the New Almaden quicksilver mines. These mines, which are the largest in the United States, and the second largest in the world, are famous for yielding more mercury than any mines outside of the old Almaden of Spain. They can be reached after a delightful drive of seventeen miles in a southerly direction along a winding road, shaded here and there by giant sycamores. Near these mines the mountains are very beautiful, and the range on the western side is crowned by two peaks, which stand like sentinels guarding the treasure

buried in their sides. The works can be visited and are very interesting, as the process of quicksilver reduction is different from that of any other kind of smelting.

Whether interested in science or merely a sightseer, Lick Observatory is the Mecca of all tourists who visit California, and we, of course, could not miss it. This astronomical institution was founded by a California philanthropist, James Lick, and the corner stone was laid on June 30, 1883. It is situated on the summit of Mount Hamilton, a peak in the Coast Range, and its white buildings and domes, shining against the blue sky, can be seen from almost any point in the valley. The road to the summit is about twenty-six miles in length, and surpasses any other mountain road in the State. It was built at a cost to the county of eighty-five thousand dollars, and the grade was so carefully planned, that until Smith Creek is reached, the rise is only seven feet in a hundred. In order to secure this grade it was necessary to wind along the hillsides and make many sharp turns, but the avenue is so wide and the road bed so smooth, that the most timid person need not be afraid, whether the trip is made in a coach, carriage, or automobile.

Turning from Alum Rock Avenue, the road begins to ascend the foothills, and as we travel up the western slope of the first range, the beautiful Santa Clara Valley below appears in all its grandeur. Along the crests of the hills the view widens; the Coast Ranges of mountains form the background, and San Jose is spread out like a map, surrounded by cultivated ranches, lovely stretches of woodland, orchards, vineyards, gardens, and villages. The way ascends and descends another range, and passes through the charming spot known as Hall's Valley.

About noon we reached Smith Creek, a lovely resting and lunching place. Here is a stream filled with trout, and many visitors spend not only days but weeks as guests at the San Ysabel Hotel. It is now only seven miles to the mountain top, but these miles are steeper, and require at least two hours. We, however, were unmindful of the time, as the views, so magnificent, were constantly changing.

Reduction Works at New Almaden Quicksilver Mines, Santa Clara County, California.

It has been said that from this summit more of the earth's surface can be seen, and a grander view of the heavens obtained, than from any other place. Whether this statement be true or false, it is an undisputed fact that, on account of the clear air and lack of atmospheric disturbances, more nights are favorable for observation than are known elsewhere.

The records of temperature, covering a period of twelve years, show the mean annual temperature to be 52°. The coldest month is January, with a mean temperature of 39.7°, and the warmest manth is July, with a mean temperature of 69.4°.

Rain falls every month in the year, but in July and August the showers are light and infrequent. The mean annual precipitation is thirty-two inches.

On Saturday nights the professors constitute a reception committee, and visitors are privileged to look through the large telescope, although at all times strangers are admitted and shown through the buildings by some of the attendants.

On the road to the observatory are many shady hollows, where game abounds, and sparkling streams where the angler delights to tarry. Indeed, these mountains are favorite resorts for the sportsman, because he who enjoys fishing and hunting can find numerous sequestered places where the fish always bite, and deer, quail, and other game are plentiful.

But blessed as this county is with delightful retreats for the sportsman, none are more popular than the Uvas and Llagas Creeks in the foot-hills. To both these lead broad and well kept roads, shaded by noble trees, spared as yet by the woodman's hand. On either side, streams from the mountains furnish delight to the angler, and whether the drive is by way of famous New Almaden, or through the broad valley of San Martin into the plateau of Paradise Valley, all nature, in its wild voluptuousness, stirs the senses of the traveler.

In the Llagas the hostelry of Vic Poncelet, a typical

"Mountain Home," is the resting place for the weary, and the favorite resort for the sportsman.

At the head of the Uvas is found the resort of Host Martin, whose hospitality has long been the theme of praise. In this territory, bounded by everflowing streams, numbers of cosy cottages have been erected, and here it is that "far from the madding crowd," many San Joseans spend the summer. Among those thus favored are: Judge William G. Lorigan, John D. Mackenzie, Victor A. Scheller, William A. Bowden, Edward Clayton, and Victor Cauhape. The chief delight of these and of others is found in the splendid fishing and, if from possible weariness, the catch is not as large as it should be, the ubiquitous "Spanish boy" is ever ready to fill the basket of fish "we caught."

In the Santa Cruz foot-hills is a resort which equals any other in the county for beauty. It is Congress Springs, and in this place, surrounded by hills, where laughing mountain streams bubble along, is located a commodious and up-to-date hotel, which is always filled, for those who come are so enraptured with the sylvan dells and powerful and beneficial waters, which bring back health and vigor to the weary and nerve wrecked denizen of the bustling city, that the stay which was first only for days lengthens into weeks.

The water is celebrated as a remedy in cases of dyspepsia and rheumatism, and it is also popular as a refreshing beverage. Its analysis is: chloride of sodium, 119.159; sulphate of soda, 12.140; carbonate of soda, 123.351; carbonate of iron, 14.030; carbonate of lime, 17.295; silicia, alumina, with traces of magnesia, 49.882.

Gilroy Hot Springs is another health resort. These springs are situated in the mountains about twelve miles from Gilroy. The waters are strongly impregnated with sulphur, and issue from the mountains at a temperature of one hundred and five degrees. A large hotel is located here, and it is a favorite place for those suffering with rheumatism.

In the same vicinity, only about five miles from Gilroy, and environed by gently sloping hills, are the Madrone Soda Springs, whose waters also possess medicinal value.

About ten miles west of San Jose is the Azule Spring, so widely known on account of the great demand for its water, which is shipped to all parts of the country. It contains carbonic acid, chloride of sodium, magnesium, potassium, and carbonate of magnesia, of soda, and of lime.

Another spot dear to the hearts of both residents and visitors, is the ever beautiful canyon of Alum Rock. Here we spent days, delightfully rusticating under the wide spreading trees, breathing the pure mountain air, and tasting the mineral waters, which spring so bountifully from the hillsides. No spot is more accessible, as one can choose between going on foot, on horseback, in an automobile, in a carriage, on a bicycle, or on the electric cars.

The road, for part of the way, is the same which leads to Mount Hamilton, and is a broad, well kept thoroughfare, lined on either side with trees, and leading up and down over several hills. From the highest of these a splendid view can be had; on one side the valley is seen lying in all its beauty. Turning round, a deep gorge is revealed, enclosed by rugged mountain sides, some parts bare, some parts covered with shrubs and oak trees. The road from here winds along by the side of a bubbling brook, the Penitencia Creek, until the park is reached. This grand reservation is owned by the City of San Jose, and consists of a tract of four hundred acres in the foot-hills, eight miles east of the city limits.

It is the delight of many who visit this retreat, to sit under the trees, and while listlessly watching the crowd pass to and fro, rest their weary brains and shattered nerves; while others like to climb for wild flowers and ferns; others delight to follow the stream to its source, and see the two waterfalls several hundred feet in height, which, after the winter rains, have quite a volume of water; while still others go only to enjoy the baths.

It is not alone the beauty of this enchanting rural retreat which makes it worthy of mention, but also the numerous mineral waters, which are its chief attraction. These remarkable waters seem to possess the rejuvenating qualities

usually ascribed to the fabulous "Fountain of Youth," and are recommended for kidney and stomach troubles, rheumatism, and malarial affections. The following well known San Jose physicians, George W. Seifert, A. McMahon, J. McMahon, J. R. Curnow, H. J. B. Wright, W. D. McDougall, J. E. Trueman, J. Underwood Hall, W. E. Keith, P. M. Lusson, and H. B. Gates, have tested them and found them to be very beneficial.

It is curious to note the variety of mineral springs found so near together. There are hot and cold sulphur and magnesia springs, as well as mixtures of sulphur, soda, magnesia, arsenic, and iron, all of which are unequalled for their strength and beneficial effects. Baths may be supplied from nearly all of them, as there is an abundance of water, and these baths, which are both hot and cold, are recommended for the alleviation of almost every phase of physical ailment. Here, too, is found a public sulphur bath, one of the largest in the United States. This plunge is roofed with glass, and filled with natural sulphur water, pumped directly into the tank from numerous tunnels in the mountains.

This city annually devotes sums of money to improving and ornamenting this resort, through a Board of Commissioners including Mr. Harry J. Edwards, Mr. F. D. Hatman, Mr. A. H. Marten, Mr. E. T. Sterling, and Dr. T. A. Perrin.

At all seasons it is the favorite rendezvous for the old and young, the grave and gay, and on Sunday it is crowded with all kinds of vehicles, from the stylish turnout with liveried coachman to the rattling cart or comfortable family carriage, the occupants all seeking rest and recreation in this ideal spot. A half hour's ride on the electric car along a beautiful road and by fine olive orchards is a pleasant way of reaching this "Garden of Delights." Rustic arbors, seats, and swings, invite one to rest in the cool shade, while electric lights illuminate the park, making an agreeable place on summer evenings.

The hand of man has added to its natural attractions a

Scene in Alum Rock Canyon, San Jose, California.

paddock with several deer, and a large aviary filled with birds.

It was a source of great interest to us to watch a pretty romance, which was enacted here during one entire season. Joy, sorrow, love, fear, crushed ambition, and unfulfilled hopes each played a part, and a no less serious one because the scene was laid in the aviary, and the participants were a canary bird and a linnet. The affair dates back to early spring, through the forbidden apertures of a cold, gray, wire netting, when a little brown linnet saw and admired a certain canary. In a language of his own he made known to her his feelings, and she, after coquetting awhile, and listening to the songs of other wooers, began to respond to his overtures, now grown more fervid. Wherever she would fly, alighting on the wire, there he would meet her on the other side, and thrusting their little bills through the opening would kiss in a shockingly human way. Their favorite cooing station was a perch, the end of which extended outside the canary enclosure. On this, close up to the wire, would Mr. Linnet sit, while Miss Canary occupied a similar position on the other side. Here they would chirp and twitter, and who shall say they were not talking? By and by home-making occupied her attention, and she chose for a nest one near their favorite perch. While he could not materially aid in home building, he fluttered around, and did a great deal of directing, another human characteristic. After a time she settled down to the serious responsibility of family raising; he, meanwhile, lightening the hours as best he could by singing his modest little song to her. All went well until the last rain came. Through the preceding cold days, she had faithfully covered her featherless birdlings, but when the rain came down she told him that that was really too much to expect of her, and forthwith she sought cover in the little glass house. There might have been a tragic ending to this narrative but for the timely appearance of the gardener's wife, who, true to the maternal instinct, rescued the waifs, wrapped them in cotton, placed them under the kitchen stove, and when the

sun shone again, returned them to the nest, whereupon the mother bird again assumed the care and training of her family.

One day, while sitting in front of the aviary at Alum Rock, thinking this pretty story over, our attention was attracted by familiar voices, and we caught the conversation of two ladies, which so much interested us, that involuntarily we drew our seats a trifle closer, and while apparently watching the birds we listened eagerly to every word, for San Jose and the adjacent valley were the theme. As we looked at the ladies we began to feel that we had met them before, and during the course of their chat we knew when and where.

"My dear Mrs. Worth, I cannot yet settle it about our meeting here and now. We keep running against some of our party at odd times and in odd places, but I fancied from not seeing you, that you and your good husband had gone back to your old home and renounced the *dolce far niente* of California life," was the first sentence that we caught.

"The old home?" said Mrs. Worth. "Not a bit of it. William Worth knows when he is is well off, and wherever he is well, the rest of us are happy. Why, did you not know we had actually settled here to spend the balance of our days? And from present indications, the number will be long, but when you see my husband you will cease to wonder at our decision."

"You don't mean it; give up Philadelphia, your old friends, and just live here like a native son and daughter? That is odd, but I believe there is something in California air that enslaves men. We met some of our friends one morning in Santa Barbara, and they told us they had decided to locate there; and I believe if we climbed Mount Shasta, we'd run across others who would be equally enamored of life in that region, but I cannot yet reconcile the idea of your shunning the attraction of a great metropolitan city and settling down."

"Just wait till Mr. Worth calls for me, and your wonder

will cease. You know when we came out here he was a walking shadow, bent, nervous, irritable, almost broken down; now he is fat, brown, strong, and hearty, and it is Santa Clara County air which has been his best medicine."

"Thrown physics to the dogs, eh?" queried Mrs. Curiosity, "and got well on air."

"Well, you know that in Philadelphia he was a slave to his business. In the mad rush there, a man must keep up or be stampeded, while here he enjoys his ease, lives out of doors, rides, drives, walks, and finds he can sleep like a baby and eat like a Maine lumberman."

"When did you invest here?" queried the animated interrogation point.

"The very first year we came out," was the reply. "Mr. Worth has become a first-class rancher; he is a member of the Grange; belongs to a fruit union, and has become an agricultural authority, a man who, five years ago, hardly knew one tree from another."

"How delightful! but you said when you were coming out it was only for a vacation."

"Yes, yes, that was his thought, but in his vacation he has found his vocation, grower of prize fruit, breeder of prize poultry, and it will not surprise me if he sets up a kennel, he has grown so fond of his dogs."

"Where is your ranch?" was the next query.

"Oh, in the choicest part of this beautiful valley, over towards Evergreen, close to the wonderful vineyard, 'Llomas Azules,' planted by a Chicago man, William Wehner, who has such a fine reputation as a wine maker. I'll drive you out the first convenient day, and if you do not pronounce it a pleasant drive, I shall say you have lost your taste. The road is free from dust, the view is splendid, and once there, we'll regale you on prunes and peaches, unsurpassed for size and flavor."

Mrs. Curiosity clapped her hands with almost childish glee as she cried out, "Capital! sounds just as if it were taken from a gilt edged ad.; but then you always were enthusiastic."

"You would be enthusiastic if you had watched the transformation as I have, seen your husband's care and interest in his trees, his pride and pleasure in his fruit, and could feel that he was being given back to you sound and whole," quietly said Mrs. Worth.

"But what do you do for society out in a rural district? You, that would not miss a chamber concert, a good play, or an afternoon at cards?"

"Of society, we have the best; for gayety we come into San Jose. We attend the concerts for which San Jose is famous, hear the University lectures, go to the golf links, or to the Yacht Club at Alviso—we do not know one moment of loneliness. It is not like life on a New England farm, where, to eke out a bare existence, one must be up at four, eat breakfast by lamplight, and work like a slave all day. We have our own cream and butter, eat our own eggs, have a chicken in the pot oftener than the good Henry wished his people might, have fresh fruit all the year, instead of paying exorbitant prices for inferior products."

"Almost thou persuadest me to become a rancher," laughingly said Mrs. Curiosity. "I never imagined it could be so delightful; but how do you like your neighbors? Are the wives of the ranchers all cultivated women?

"Are the wives of all the New York and Chicago merchants all cultivated ladies?" was the quick retort. "It strikes me that I have met coarseness and ignorance in some very high places; that I have heard women gowned in velvet and glistening with diamonds murder the President's English most barbarously. The wife of our nearest neighbor is one of the sweetest, truest little gentlewomen I ever met; she is an expert musician, who was educated at the Boston Conservatory. She practices her piano daily, and their home is ideal. Books, pictures, works of art, rare china, all with a history, Indian relics, and South Sea Island curios remind me of the description of the hall at Vivian Place, so splendidly painted by Tennyson. On the other side of us is a Wellesley graduate, and the woods are alive with Stanford girls. Of course, there are individualities,

At Alum Rock Park, San Jose, California.

just the same here as in Ohio or Maryland, for we are all human beings," and Mrs. Worth stopped to take a breath, while her friend broke in with—"We? You say that as if you were an integral part—all the same as a native daughter."

"So I am, and I hope I shall always be an integral part of any community in which my lot is cast; but here comes Mr. Worth," and she rose and went forward to greet her husband, who came along with the alert air which bespeaks a man physically well and mentally at rest. Drawing him toward Mrs. Curiosity, he, at once, greeted her warmly and to her looks of surprise, answered the unspoken question, "Yes, Madame, California air, change of occupation, diversified interests, and frequent holidays have made a new man of me. I live out of doors and have become fond of tree planting; and to gratify my barbaric instincts, I sometimes have gophers and squirrels to fight, but otherwise all is peace."

"And do you not intend to go back East some day to live?"

"Never, please heaven! This is truly the 'Happy Valley,' and if you will remain long enough to see it, as I have for some years now, dotted with white tents of happy workers in our orchards, and breathe the air laden with the odor of fruit, you will see that the great Father made no mistake when he put our first parents in a garden," laughingly replied Mr. Worth.

"Then you think a city life is not conducive either to physical or moral health, do you?" queried the lady.

"Certainly not to the first, and it depends on the man as to the latter. You know that among the early Christians there were good men who forsook the world that they might conquer the flesh, and disappoint the devil, yet they became anything but shining examples of the truth, but in a city life man is tempted to greed, dishonesty, and indifference to the rights of others. Here, my neighbor rejoices in the size of my fruit, and I applaud his method of cultivation; but wife, can we not take Mrs. Curiosity out home

with us, where we can continue this conversation?"

It was not possible for Mrs. Curiosity to accept then, but she pledged herself to go soon, and as they parted we heard Mr. Worth add, "I tell you, my dear Madame, this is God's own country, and San Jose is so near a paradise, that, by George, when some of us old fellows wake up over there, I guess we shall fancy we are still in the Garden City."

CHAPTER XIV.

Santa Clara County for the Home Seeker.

THOUGH Nature responds generously to every encouragement, we have noticed that it is true in Santa Clara Valley, as elsewhere, that horticulture and agriculture to be successfully carried on require sagacity and work. The main advantage in this land is, however, that more can be raised on a few acres than on the same area in almost any other section of the United States, and, as a consequence, there are many small farms on which families gain a comfortable living without a life of exposure and drudgery. Indeed, Nature here needs but little rest, and with even slight encouragement, in the shape of care and cultivation of the soil, seems to work with man and not against him; and by exercising the same thrift and economy that are necessarily practiced in the East, an independence may be gained. Ranching, which is the California word for farming, is a good business both for the man with a large income and the one with small means.

One avenue open to the man with limited capital is vegetable growing. This is a profitable industry because the soil is very rich, the season lasts throughout the year, and there is a demand for garden produce at all times.

Berry culture is another money making investment. No berries are superior in size and flavor to those grown in this valley, and there is always a market for them. A large percentage of the berries consumed in San Francisco are produced in the Santa Clara Valley. With proper knowledge and care, a profit of between three hundred and five

hundred dollars an acre is assured to the berry grower.

Blackberries, raspberries, and strawberries can be raised in the lowlands, the latter yielding a crop from April until December. It has been demonstrated again and again that, with a few acres, a man can have a substantial income if he gives his attention to berry culture. In fact, there is hardly a limit to the return that intelligent cultivation can secure.

The return in fruit, vegetables, or grain has been shown to be beyond the experience of farming in any other locality, and there is plenty of land for sale at a reasonable price, the cost ranging from twenty-five dollars per acre for unimproved to five hundred dollars per acre for full bearing orchards and vineyards.

The total cost of planting, including the cost of the trees, averages $22.75 per acre of 108 trees. An orchard of prunes, peaches, and apricots, in equal proportions, would be self-supporting in the fourth year after planting. A full-bearing tree, in good soil, will produce $2.00 worth of fruit. The green product for drying or canning averages $20 a ton.

There are many improved ranches of ten acres which are paying a big interest on the money invested, because the labor is so light that it can be done at all times, except during the harvest season, by one man with a team. Of course, it would be foolish to think that the majority of the people here are fast becoming rich by the culture of fruit and the vine. Still it is a self-evident fact that nearly all who do cultivate the soil are far removed from poverty. Many of the farmers here will testify that one hundred and sixty acres of farming land in many sections of the East could, with profit, be exchanged for ten acres of this fertile soil.

The advantages enjoyed by the rancher are numerous, not counting the climate, the conditions of labor, the ease with which a family can be supported, and the profits over and above fair living. His children can attend excellent graded schools, for in this county there are eighty-four grammar and primary schools, taught by two hundred and

Curing Prunes in Santa Clara County Sunshine.

eighty-four capable teachers, besides seven high schools in which forty teachers are employed. Many of these country school buildings are as pretentious and substantial as those in the cities and towns.

With upwards of two thousand miles of the finest roads ever constructed,—wide, hard, and smooth, and with about five hundred miles of these rural highways sprinkled or oiled, it is, indeed, a pleasure for the rancher and his family to drive from any direction into town to attend church, lectures, concerts, or theatres. His lot is not an isolated one spent far from the haunts of civilization. On the contrary, he enjoys social advantages rarely dreamed of by the farmer in the East, where in the winter the weather is so cold that he only finds comfort before a roaring fire, and the summer is so hot that, after the exhausting labor of the day, he wearily seeks the shelter of some friendly tree. Here, there are many clubs such as the Grange and the Farmers' Club, which serve to make the social life of the tiller of the soil pleasant. At the weekly or semi-monthly meetings of these societies, all topics of interest are discussed and most of the papers read show much thought and practical knowledge. The weather never keeps any one at home, there being no sleet nor bitter cold north wind to chill the very bones, and no heat prostration to make life a burden. All these favorable conditions have brought many settlers and much capital to this valley.

The bulk of the money is invested in orchards, for fruit raising is the leading industry, the immensity of which can be better comprehended by referring to the statistics which say that there are about four million prune, five hundred thousand apricot, five hundred thousand peach, one hundred and fifty thousand cherry, ten thousand olive, one hundred and twenty-five thousand pear, twenty thousand almond, ten thousand walnut, two thousand fig, and twenty-five thousand apple trees in full bearing.

The soil is particularly adapted to prune culture, and about three-fifths of all the prunes grown in the United States are raised in Santa Clara County.

The dried fruits of this section are superior in quality, because they are not cured by artificial heat, but they lie out in the open field with no dust flying and dry, day by day, in the warm sunshine. More than twelve million cans of fruit are annually packed by eight large canneries, as well as great quantities of tomatoes and other vegetables; and over twenty million pounds of all varieties of fresh fruits are shipped for table use.

Next in importance to fruit culture and preserving, come grape raising and wine making. In the Santa Cruz Mountains are produced the largest and finest varieties of table grapes, which are ready for market in October, November, and December, while in the valley they are for sale three months earlier. Good grape land can be secured at from twenty-five to one hundred dollars an acre, and after the expense of the cuttings, plowing, planting, and tending, will not prove a bad investment. The vines begin to bear in the fourth year.

This is the leading county of the State in the production of wine, especially dry and sweet wines, for in a year when the yield is up to the standard, the amount of vintage is double that of any other county and about one-third of that of the entire State.

The net proceeds of one vineyard of twenty acres, last year, were four thousand six hundred dollars; and in another vineyard of one hundred acres, the yield was three hundred tons of grapes, out of which about fifty thousand gallons of wine were made and sold for upwards of twelve thousand dollars. The total expense of the product was one thousand dollars, leaving a clean gain to the producer of about eleven thousand dollars.

The average output of the vineyards is estimated at three million gallons, and of this about a quarter of a million gallons is sweet wine, and the same quantity of brandy, which has an excellent reputation.

There is one manufacturer of champagne in the county, Mr. Paul Masson, whose annual output is about three hundred thousand bottles, and the reputation of his product

competes very strongly with that of the imported. This is true for the reason that the wine is manufactured by exactly the same process, and from the same grape, the Pinot, as constitute the basis of the most renowned French brands. The Pinot grape, from which all good champagnes are made, cannot be successfully grown in any other section of this country except California, and thrives best in Santa Clara County, where the soil and climate are similar to those of the most favored parts of France.

The wine is carefully made, bottled, and blended. Then it is stacked in tiers, each containing many thousand bottles, in a cold underground cellar where, in due time, through fermentation of several years' duration, it is slowly changed into champagne. Every day each bottle is examined, and before it is ready for market, it has been handled many hundred times.

No artificial means whatever are used in its manufacture, and this method of unaided fermentation in the bottle makes it a finished product which has justly been called the "Pride of California." Neither pains nor expense have been spared to get the best results, and the ever increasing popularity of the Paul Masson Champagne tells its own tale.

Seed farms also thrive in this land of sunshine, and produce quite a proportion of the seeds used in this country, and they are considered by dealers the best that can be grown. The garden seed farms north of Santa Clara and those near Gilroy produce an average of two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty dollars an acre annually.

The success of seed growing in this valley is attributed to the matchless climate and to the absence of rain, for if rain should fall in any quantity when the seeds are about matured and ready for thrashing, the chances are that they will be worthless.

Judging from the success in this kind of farming during the past few years, it would seem as if Santa Clara County is destined to furnish America with the bulk of the vegetable and flower seeds used.

Besides horticulture and agriculture, this county offers fine opportunities for stock-raising. Horses, sheep, and cattle find abundant food in the foot-hills. The Palo Alto stock farm has made this section noted as the home of some of the most famous race horses, while the finest flock of Angora goats in America also has its home in this county. Great quantities of butter and cheese are made, especially near Gilroy.

Another industry which could be expanded with profit, is poultry raising. Poultry is always in demand at fair prices. Broilers average from three to six dollars a dozen, and eggs sell from twenty to forty cents per dozen. The demand for eggs is so great that car loads of them are shipped into San Francisco from the other States.

During the summer months, the demand for laborers in the orchards, vineyards, dryers, and canneries oftentimes exceed the supply. The wages for this labor ranges between twenty-five to forty dollars a month, with board. There are abundant opportunities for women and girls in the canneries, and they can earn from seventy-five cents to one dollar and fifty cents a day. Mechanics receive from three to six dollars a day. Cooks are paid twenty-five dollars a month, and other household help is in demand at fifteen dollars a month, and board.

Rents are low. A cottage in San Jose can be secured for fifteen dollars a month, and a good house brings twenty-five dollars a month. The cost of living is very reasonable, and clothing is sold at prices charged in the Eastern States.

Even with all these grand conditions existing here, it is still a matter of doubt, in our minds, whether it is just or proper to say to the farmer who is making a living either in New York or Minnesota, or, in fact, in any other State in the Union, "Sell your farm, pack your household goods, tear down your family altars, and, in your declining years, seek a new home." We can not conscientiously give such advice even if that new home is in this beautiful valley, this land of promise, for we know how the heart clings to the dear old associations, and we consider that the sacrifice

Lemon Trees on Dr. Babb's Place, Santa Clara County, California.

made would be greater than the advantage gained by the change.

To home seekers, however, we can, without hesitancy, say that California is the grandest State on the American continent, and Santa Clara County offers unrivalled opportunities for sober, industrious men with small capital, who here can build up ideal homes—homes where health and comfort and all that is desirable in human existence may be had.

This valley is destined to become a great industrial center, and the prophecy of the late Judge David Belden made many years ago regarding Santa Clara Valley is rapidly being realized: "The tramp of a coming host is upon every hand,—the tide of a human sea is impelled by forces that permit no ebb. It comes, and here between the desert and the sea, it finds the Promised Land—Egypt in its fertility, Sicily in its fruits and flowers, Italy in its beauty, America in its freedom, its energy, and enterprise."

While the climate here, with its opportunities for out-of-door life, with its uninterrupted clear weather, and its moderate temperature, would suit any one in ordinary health, it is equally favorable to invalids if they only exercise ordinary prudence until they are acclimated. It requires a few months, at least, for strangers to become used to the bright sunshiny days and cool nights.

The tourists from the East who usually live half the year in furnace-heated houses, naturally find the winters here cool, notwithstanding the perpetual sunshine. The hotel managers understand this fact, so it is no unusual sight to see fires burning brightly in the fireplaces in the principal hotels almost any evening throughout the year.

Again strangers may be disappointed for, accustomed as many of them are to extremes of heat and cold, they may expect too much, and may desire when they leave the tremendous snowdrifts, the blizzards, the cyclones, the hurricanes, and the cloudy skies of the East, to enjoy tropical heat. Those who yearn for sensations of sunstroke or the enervating weather of the tropics will not find them here,

for even in July, which is the hottest month, the mean temperature is only 67.7°. The thermometer in winter usually registers a low temperature, the coldest month being January, with a mean temperature of 47.3°, based upon records covering a period of twenty-three years.

The new-comer needs plenty of warm clothing. This is a point which is hardly understood, for one expects to find the weather hot in a place where there is almost continuous sunshine, and where, from November till April, Nature makes a display of summer in the bright green vegetation, the sound of running brooks, and the singing of birds. Although the atmosphere is cool, the soil is always warm, and Nature wears her spring raiment all through the winter months, still the visitor from the East finds an overcoat or a heavy wrap quite comfortable. In mid-winter, the tourists may walk in arched and winding green bordered paths, so dear to pensive spirits, may meander past tufts of green, blazing in the sunshine, may behold with delight the beds of geraniums and myrtles, or even may inhale the exotic perfume which fills the air, as they tread on the flowers of semi-tropical lands and on plants that beyond the Rockies are only trusted from their conservatories like Sultanas from their jealousies, to sniff the air and recall their bloom. Yet, parodoxical as it may seem, with all these evidences of a tropical clime, strangers must wrap up warmly, if they would avoid taking cold; but the acclimated farmer on his ranch or in his orchard, can follow the plow or cultivator in his shirt sleeves, and the young men and women on the golf links can array themselves in spring clothing with no fear of bad results.

In the summer season the sun is hot and there is little wind between sunrise and mid-day, after which a refreshing breeze comes up and blows till near sundown. When night comes on, it is always cool. It may be warm enough to sleep in the open air, but at the same time the camper out will find it cool enough to require a blanket. The weather is not violent nor changeable as it is in the East, and the winds are not chilling. Frost-bitten noses are unheard of,

because the latitude gives warmth, and the nearness to the bay tempers the wind and makes the climate moderate and equable. The currents of air are always pure, as they nowhere come in contact with marshy or malarial influences, so that those who wish to regain lost health will find this an ideal climate.

When the weather is violent or capricious, a sudden storm often destroys not only the crops, but also the lives of many of the men who are engaged in farming, if they have the slighest disposition to pulmonary trouble; but no disasters such as these are to be dreaded in this stable climate, where the miseries of ice and snow, of sleety, chilling weather, of sunstroke, or of death by lightning are unknown. Their absence allows many men, somewhat enfeebled, to undertake with impunity, out-door work which they would not dare to do under the former conditions. Their labor on the farms in this county is not only without injury, but is, at the same time, extremely beneficial, insuring, as it does, plenty of out-door exercise and fresh air. This life is inspiring to the sick man who has entertained apprehensions for his future. It makes him feel that he is not only not incapacitated from further usefulness, but is actually furthering and increasing the chances for his total recovery, while pursuing the ordinary course of his vocation, for the thought of being useless and a burden to his family, is the one most adverse to recuperation of all the difficulties which beset the invalid. Many a sick man, who has come to this valley broken down, and hoping from the change nothing better than a temporary relief from his sufferings, and a certain degree of comfort for the few months or years of life still remaining to him, has completely regained his health.

Although the weather and conditions here are so conducive to equanimity of spirit and to longevity for weak and convalescent persons, yet a confirmed invalid, who has not money to live without work, will find it no place for him. We have in mind four invalids who came here several years ago in search of health.

One was a man with a dependent family, who was

obliged to leave Indiana to prolong his life. Stern necessity compelled him to accept any employment which presented itself, and by doing this he was obliged to rough it, to live out of doors in season and out of season. It was up-hill business, but six years were added to his span of life—six years of hard struggles, little enjoyment, and no luxuries.

The other was also a young man, but without a family, and with barely money enough to meet his necessay expenses, while he sought congenial employment. Although his life was not easy and his pathway was not one strewn with roses, still, by constant care, he now enjoys comparatively good health, has a lucrative practice in law, has accumulated quite a fortune, and has the prospect of enjoying many years of life.

The third, a lady, the wife of a prominent Indianapolis physician, was brought here by her husband weak and sick. Her Hoosier friends bade her a sorrowful good-bye, as they expected ere many months that she would be laid in the Silent City. Having plenty of means, they bought a comfortable home surrounded by ample grounds, which were soon filled with beautiful flowers, which served as a perpetual invitation to the invalid to live out of doors. This invitation was heeded, and she passed a part of every day among her plants. At first she was only able to spend ten minutes each morning cultivating her flowers, and she was so weak that her garden tool was a kitchen knife; but each brown seed tucked away in the soil meant for her a renewed interest in life. She soon was able to exchange the knife for a trowel, and later the hoe and rake were her implements of labor. This gentle work of spading and soothing, watering and pruning, was part of her life for years, but the benefit derived was very real, for now she is a hale, strong, well woman.

The other instance is afforded by a wealthy Chicago merchant, who, in the strenuous life of that busy city, sacrificed his health until his nerves gave way. His physicians, despairing of effecting a cure, sent him abroad to try the

celebrated baths of Europe, and to secure the treatment of the most skilled physicians there. Some years were spent at the famous health resorts of the old world in the endeavor to restore tone to the jaded nerves, yet a cure was not obtained, and longing for his home, he returned to this country, still a broken man. California was suggested, and abandoning the "Windy City" he came to this valley, where he was at once delighted with all that he saw. He invested in an orchard and began an out-door life, and in a few months his family noticed a progress towards health. Two years of ranch life and sleep became sweet and refreshing, appetite returned, and the shrunken frame assumed its old proportions. To-day he is sound and hearty, a walking advertisement of the virtues of this climate for exhausted brain and body.

There are numerous other examples that could be mentioned of patients, who after having been given up by Eastern physicians, have moved to this garden spot, where they have lived to enjoy many years of active life.

There are plenty of shady nooks in the Santa Clara foothills where invalids can dwell, sheltered from every wind; and who would not regain health in a spot where he can sit out of doors under the leafy boughs of grand old trees during the whole year, with cool zephyrs from the bay bringing fresh ocean air such as the invalids East are seldom privileged to breathe? On the slopes of the hills are many prosperous fruit growers who came here years ago afflicted with pulmonary or asthmatic troubles or with nervous prostration, and who have found here in this enchanted land of fruit and flowers, not only the blessings of health, but also all the comforts and pleasures of attractive surroundings, and the privilege of a society which is as refined and desirable as that of any of the Eastern States.

So Nature, the true physician, here takes the wearied invalid into her kind care and restores the roses to the pale cheeks, the ruddy tint to the lips, and the sparkle to the dimmed eyes; and to all who seek her ministrations, she is ever ready to impart her blessings.

CHAPTER XV.

What Santa Clara County Offers to the Capitalist.

THOUGH the fruit industry and all its boundless possibilities have been dwelt upon at great length, it must not be understood that this is the only avenue open to the man who has money to invest. The time is now ripe for the building, in this section, of interurban and suburban railroads, by which the many thriving towns of this valley can be connected with the county seat. The movement has already started, and in all probabilities it will not be long before more capital will be invested in kindred projects, which are sure to pay large dividends.

To the capitalist in search of ways to invest money, no place can offer better facilities for success or greater ratios in the increase in value of investments than can Santa Clara County. The southern and eastern hills are so rich in unmined cinnabar deposits that under the touch of the miner and the developer, they would pour out their millions in shiny quicksilver.

Here is another proposition for the progressive and energetic business man. Can not this county build up a trade with the Orient? At present, Japan and India import the greater part of their preserves, jams, and goods of that nature from England. Here is the fruit in plenty, and also all the facilities for making these sweets which are so dear to the hearts of the natives of the eastern and southeastern parts of Asia, and there is certainly no reason why this county should not capture the trade of these countries.

Another new industry which awaits, with rich returns, the attention of competent workers, is the manufacture of perfumery. Every year the United States imports millions of dollars worth of oils and various kinds of scents. The process for making these articles is not difficult, and California produces flowers in profusion. There is not a sweet-scented blossom cultivated in any part of the world but will thrive equally as well out of doors in this State. Soil and climatic conditions suited to each plant can here be found. Experiments have been tried and enough has been learned to demonstrate the special adaptability of this section to the manufacture of sweet and lasting perfumes.

The olive is attracting a great deal of attention just now, it having been proven beyond contradiction, that California is the only State in the Union where it can be successfully grown, and that here in Santa Clara County it attains its greatest perfection. The oil made from olives grown in this valley has taken prizes at all expositions. An orchard ten years old will net the owner a goodly sum, as a tree of that age produces forty gallons of fruit, and five gallons of fruit will make one gallon of oil.

Does a man wish to have immediate returns for the money that he invests? Then let him buy land between Mountain View and Alviso and set it out in alfalfa. The conditions for the growth of this plant are ideal—climate, soil, and plenty of moisture uniting to that end. This will net him an annual income of from fifty to sixty dollars an acre.

San Jose has grown so considerably during the last few years that the supply of dwelling houses is inadequate to the demand. There is money to be made by the erection of modern cottages and flats, which could be rented at figures which would pay an interest of six per cent., net. A first-class family hotel of about one hundred rooms would prove a gilt-edge investment; but more than anything else, business property and buildings would bring large returns, at least eight per cent., net.

There was a time in the history of the United States when some of the most eminent statesmen argued in the

halls of Congress that this was an agricultural country, and that it could never hope to become a manufacturing one. Yet, to day, the manufacturing concerns of the East set the standards for the world.

Californians have, for many years, occupied the same position in argument as did these statesmen as to the possibilities of the success of manufacturing in California. Another quarter of a century may see this State on a par with, if not ahead of, the Eastern manufacturing centers.

The United States census report for 1900 shows that every man, whether a skilled artisan or laborer, who is employed in California, does 26.2 per cent. more work than is done by a man in any other part of the world. Taking into consideration with this percentage in favor of this State, the cost of construction, heating of plants, running of machinery, and fuel, it is an undisputed fact, that industrial enterprises can be carried on here at a cost of thirty-eight per cent. less than like industries can be conducted in any section of the universe outside of California. For fuel, this State produces crude oil, which sells at seventy cents a barrel, and is cheaper by thirty-eight per cent. than the best coal used in the manufacturing districts of the East, at a cost of $3.60 per ton. This was proven by the United States Government Commission in a test of crude oil as compared with coal for smelting purposes in Chicago, and is proof positive that industrial pursuits can be successfully conducted on these western shores.

Of raw material this State has an abundant supply. In this connection we have been permitted to take some facts from the book entitled "The Era of California's Supreme Industrial Possibilities," soon to be published by Samuel N. Goldy, Vice-President of the Goldy Machine Company, which will equip a plant here for the manufacture of medium-heavy and light machinery. Mr. Goldy has devoted fourteen years to the study of the industrial situation here and in the East.

California has two of the largest deposits of iron ore (hematite iron) that are to be found anywhere in the United

States, also cinnabar, crude oil in inexhaustible quantities, cement rock, building stone, hemp, flax, timber for construction purposes, borax, tin, gold, silver, and all other known metals and many precious stones. Other materials to be found here are lime, asphaltum, bitumen, soft coals, and from the general formation producing oil, graphite, and other substances found here, there is every reason to suppose that, sooner or later, anthracite coal will be among California's sources of wealth. Even if the latter is never discovered, crude oil will take its place, and will be far less expensive.

Santa Clara Valley has superior advantages over any other point in California for industrial enterprises. It has land, miles in extent, which offers cheap locations for factories and cheap sites for homes for the employes. Here no grading, nor blasting, nor piling are necessary to secure good foundations.

Every advantage of terminal trans-continental rates is at this county's command, and the wagon roads are in excellent condition for trucking, as they are perfectly level and passable during the entire year.

California has a greater food supply within its limits than has any other State in the Union, and it has been demonstrated that, if properly developed along industrial lines, it could support within its boundaries a population equal to that of France—thirty-eight millions.

Although not generally known, it is a fact that the New England States import fully seventy-five per cent. of the raw materials used in their manufacturing, and fully eighty per cent. of their food stuffs. On account of the extremes of heat and cold, which make it impossible to run the factories continuously, fully one-sixth of every year is lost. Yet, notwithstanding these tremendous impediments, New England to-day leads the world in manufacturing.

Eastern manufacturing establishments can be brought to California, but California's peerless climate cannot be taken to the other side of this great continent.

All things considered, there is no reason why Eastern

manufacturers, who are now occupying expensive locations, could not come to this State, where their men would not be handicapped either by having to live at long distances from the works in which they are employed, or by being herded in the tenement districts, where they are often surrounded by the worst of influences.

The one great drawback to successful manufacturing here in the past has been the absence of well equipped establishments where machinery and parts of machinery could be made and repaired at prices within reason. With the building up of such an industry here, it will be possible to enter into successful negotiations with Eastern manufacturers, many of whom are desirous of changing their locations.

The greatest supply known to the world of hard wood, which is now becoming scarce in this country, exists in the Philippines, and it must find its way into the United States by the Pacific Coast. With this supply landed at the door of this Golden State, and with the inexhaustible abundance of raw material within its borders, there can be but one logical conclusion, and that is that California will eventually be the greatest industrial section of the United States.

The Californians of to-day know little of industrial undertakings or of the vast profits derived therefrom, hence the opportunity of this development is for the men of the East, who are skilled in the successful management of such enterprises. These men, having coped successfully with the obstacles and difficulties of keen competition, climate, and other hindrances, will fully appreciate the advantages offered to them here.

Surely, with the magic touch of progress and prosperity evident on every side, the most optimistic mind cannot over-estimate the splendor of this county's ultimate greatness.

CHAPTER XVI.

Society Affected by Climate and Soil.

WE find not only the men and women of this great valley large-hearted and generous, but even the very soil and climate here are lavish in their hospitality, for although there is an abundance of magnificent native trees, including the redwood, oak, box-elder, big leaf maple, laurel, sycamore, willow, poplar, toyon, flowering ash, flowering dogwood, buckeye, madrone, manzanita, and wild cherry, they still give a cordial welcome to those from every zone. Here flourish trees, having beautiful foliage and a wealth of blossoms, from the tropics, and sturdy natives from the forests of the north; in fact, so impartial and generous is the soil to these strangers that in the parks, along the highways, and in the gardens are found the representatives of every land,—from distant Asia, far away Australia, New Zealand, China, South America, from Europe, and a little nearer home, from New England, from Florida, and Colorado. Among the foreign growths which are now citizens of this valley and which are much admired by tourists are the splendid specimens of pepper, eucalyptus, pine, acacia, olive, cypress, magnolia, hawthorn, bamboo, umbrella, locust, and handsome date, fan, and banana palms. These importations flourish so well that tree lovers often give them the preference and neglect the grand trees which should, by right, hold the first place in this, their native land.

When the soil and climate are so unsparing in their welcome to the trees, shrubs, and flowers of every land, is it

strange that the people are prodigal and lavish in their hospitality, which is, in fact, largely a matter of climate and soil? It is easy to conceive that a race, living in a land where famine is imminent, and where a bare subsistence is obtained only after hard work, cannot afford to be free-handed. Consider as an example, the cliff dwellings. To many observers these queer homes only tell of a quiet, unobtrusive, peaceable people, who, harrassed by enemies, fled to a barren land because they preferred hardship to warfare. Yet, were not these holes in the rocks burglar proof corn cribs where could be stored the family winter supply? And do they not bespeak a people who struggled continually to live, an inhospitable people who could not afford to entertain travelers? Contrast with these the conditions in this valley where the generous soil responds bountifully to the touch of the intelligent husbandmen, and where an abundance comes with as little effort as in tropical lands. In this, the land of fruit and flowers, where people live in such comfort that it would be termed luxury elsewhere, why should there be any hoarding and stinting? Why should not even the passing visitors carry away pleasant memories of the genial hospitality extended to them here? If, by chance, the Cliff Dwellers or the Esquimaux were to change places of habitation with the inhabitants of the Santa Clara Valley, they, perhaps, would become a delightfully hospitable people, while the latter, finding nothing in their new homes but desert cacti and frozen mosses, would soon become niggardly and their hospitality would decline.

Another factor which tends to make the residents of this section generous entertainers is that the population is cosmopolitan, with the preponderance in favor of Americans from the East. The people of this county are large-hearted, liberal in their religious convictions, with minds free from all narrow prejudices and rancorous bigotry. Among the different sects good feeling has existed from the very first settlement to the present time. The liberality of thought prevalent here may be illustrated by the fact that

long ago at the first commencement exercises of the University of the Pacific, a Methodist college, the Rev. Father Accolti, S. J., of Santa Clara College, a Catholic institution of learning, occupied a seat on the platform; and on the occasion of the exercises in honor of Washington's Birthday in 1903, at the same university, Rev. Father Kenna, S. J., President of Santa Clara College, was the principal speaker. The people, by associating with men and women of other nationalities and beliefs, have learned, and are generous enough to admit, that virtue and honesty are a common heritage, and that, perhaps, it is God's design to allow a diversity of races and religions to teach men to cultivate charity and to appreciate good qualities wherever they may be found.

Another noticeable fact is that the residents are never suspicious of strangers, and anyone who comes well recommended, has the appearance of good breeding, is agreeable, respects the laws, and observes the usages of good society, is sure of a delightful welcome in this sunshiny land, whether he be rich or poor, great or humble, a professional man or a manufacturer.

No thoughts of treachery disturb the mind, for this is not a land of assassins, not a re-claimed desert, not a halfway house between savagery and civilization, where the manners take on the character of feudal times, when, if the great lords entertained, there was always an undercurrent of suspicion. Then, not only strangers, but friends needed watching, and the proverbial latch-string was never hung out, and each night found the portcullis up and the castle secured behind a moat. Here there are no indiscreet questionings, no distrustful wariness, no aspersions cast upon the character of others, and the residents try to enjoy life, and it is their wish that every one else should do the same. The men are loyal and always ready to extend the hand in friendship to their fellow citizens and to strangers; while the grace, dignity, and purity of the women of this county have always elevated society and raised it to as high a standard as may be found anywhere in this country.

There is, however, a difference between the social atmos phere here and that of the South, of the East, and of Europe. The king to which the people of this valley bow is the monarch of mind and manner, for great wealth does not denote the possession of superior qualities and does not carry with it the right of greater privileges. What is generally known as organized fashionable society does not exist here, and society has no temple guarded by ladies of high degree, whose smiles or frowns raise men and women to the highest pinnacle of social greatness, or consign them to the depths of despair. There are no leaders whose aim it is to contract rather than expand the social arena, by letting down the bars to admit only the rich and great, or the favorites of the aristocratic gate-keepers.

Only once in the history of this fair garden spot was an effort made to draw the social lines. That was about six years ago, when a large organization known as the "Winter Club" was formed, with Mrs. Mary R. Barstow, Mrs. Hiram Bond, Mrs. Neville Castle, Mrs. Loring Gale Nesmith, Mrs. James Henry Pierce, and Mrs. Frank Vincent Wright as patronesses. A secret committee, with absolute and arbitrary powers, undertook to say who were and who were not eligible to become members of this club. This organization was to be the foundation on which an organized society was to be built. The list of members as furnished by the secretary at that time was: Mrs. Lawrence Archer, Leo. B. Archer, Henry B. Alvord, Mrs. Nellie G. Arques, Clementi Arques, Howard A. Alexander, Luis Arques, Mrs. Luis Arques, Miss Mabel Adel, Mrs. W. T. Adel, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Bond, Mrs. L. Bond, Miss Maude Benson, David M. Burnett, Miss Veva Burrel, Miss May Burrel, Dr. and Mrs. Chauncey Rea Burr, Mrs. Mary R. Barstow, Alfred Barstow, Miss Grace Barstow, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Bowden, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Bowman, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Bowden, Miss Edna Bowman, Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Blaney, Alfred C. Bean, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Coulter, Clarence C. Coolidge, Edwin Coolidge, Mr. and Mrs. Neville Castle, John Doyle, Mrs. Anna Dougherty, Ernest

de Saisset, Miss de Saisset, Dr. and Mrs. F. B. Eaton, H. F. Dusing, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Leib, Mrs. Ellen V. Eldred, Miss C. M. Edwards, W. G. Edwards, Miss L. J. Enright, Miss E. E. Enright, Mr. and Mrs. Antone Friant, Dr. and Mrs. Irvin N. Frasse, James W. Findlay, Dr. Howard B. Gates, Dr. J. D. Grissim, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph W. Hersey, Mr. and Mrs. J. Underwood Hall, Colonel Philo Hersey, Judge and Mrs. A. S. Kittridge, I. Knowles, A. C. Kuhn, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Lewis, Miss Maud Lewis, De Launcey Lewis, Dr. J. J. Miller, Miss Elizabeth Miller, William Mathews, J. M. Morehead, Mrs. L. Montanya, Mrs. C. McBury, Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Murphy, Miss Elizabeth Y. Murphy, Martin Murphy, Miss Laura Mann, Miss M. Maclaren, G. S. McMurtry, Mrs. J. T. McGeoghegan, Miss Lolita McGeoghegan, Jack McGeoghegan, Mr. and Mrs. Loring Gale Nesmith, Mrs. H. G. Newhall, H. M. Plate, Mr. and Mrs. James Henry Pierce, Mrs. A. B. Post, Miss Anna Porter, Dr. R. E. Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Pierce, C. D. Perrin, Mr. and Mrs. K. H. Plate, Miss Maude Phelps, John W. Ryland, Miss Ada Ryland, Miss Norma Ryland, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Ryland, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rucker, Dr. G. W. Seifert, Robert Syer, Miss Clara Sweigert, Mr. and Mrs. Francis E. Spencer, Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Southworth, A. Schneider, C. C. Schneider, Mr. and Mrs. George P. Snell, M. J. Schaebale, Dr. and Mrs. William Simpson, Miss Mary Taaffe, Miss Mattie Taaffe, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram D. Tuttle, George Wakefield, Miss Wakefield, Harry Warren, Mr. and Mrs. Frank V. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. H. Ward Wright, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wright, W. Q. Wright, Mrs. E. G. Williams, Miss E. Williams, and Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Weston.

The patronesses, with the true inborn grace which marks Nature's gentlewomen, and the members of the club, with that grand free-handed generosity which marks California's sons and daughters, soon discovered that a mistake had been made, and they refused to continue banded together in any social organization which shut out their friends, or their

friends' friends, or, in fact, which was not broad enough to take within its folds all the elegant men and all the cultured and refined women who cared to mingle in society.

CHAPTER XVII.

After Ten Years in Paradise.

IN the month of December, 1902, we again gathered at the Hotel Vendome to celebrate the tenth anniversary of our arrival in Paradise. Banquets had become the fashionable mode of commemorating all important events, so, of course, our reunion took the form of a banquet. A happier throng never gathered around a table than that which assembled on this memorable night. A few were unavoidably late. These tardy ones were Mr. Grace, Miss Grace, and Mr. Phelps.

The menu included the fruits, the viands, and the wines, all products of the homes we had made. Flowers and foliage plants were grouped in every available space, and, screened behind tall and graceful palms, Brohaska's orchestra discoursed the sweetest music, only giving way when the toastmaster, Mr. Enterprise, announced that the intellectual feast was about to begin. In phrases filled with welcome, he told the story of our journey from the East to this land of promise.

"You all know," he continued, "that I came here to look for a propitious business opening. I have not been disappointed, for I saw at once the splendid future before this valley of ours. I concluded to make it my home, and here have I since resided. My name is rather an uncommon one, but, strange as it may seem, I found multitudes bearing the same. Presuming that our ancestral tree must have been identical, I at once introduced myself and made claim to relationship with them. I became interested in electric

transportation, and I am proud to say that, through the energy of my relatives and myself, there is now a perfect electric system, and, at present, we are extending car lines in every direction. All probabilities indicate that within the next few years we shall have a line to Mount Hamilton, and connections radiating from San Jose to all the surrounding towns. Nothing can block the way when once the Enterprise family takes up a plan of public or private improvement, for the members of that clan are Pioneers in the World of Success.

"By patient investigation, we have learned that every requisite for manufacturing is at our door, and, in the immediate future, we know that large manufacturing concerns will be established. Electric lighting systems also claimed our attention, and now no finer installations can be found than those we possess. Look at the packing houses and canning establishments which we have started, where thousands of men and women are employed. In a few years, the harbor at Alviso will be improved, bringing us in touch with the greatest seaport in the world, for Enterprise always finds the means to reach the end of any project intelligently undertaken. See how Alum Rock Park has been improved, and before many months have passed we shall have there a fine hotel.

"It may seem a trifle egotistical for a man to sound the praises of his own kindred, but, really, with a record like ours, it seems to me it would be a crime to hide our achievements. And then, too, we are not the originators of the fashion of heralding our great deeds, for I notice that our relatives in other cities have been doing the same. I think I hear some one asking if all these boasted improvements have paid. I answer that they have, and abundantly, too. And because we have succeeded so well we intend to use all the honest, honorable, and up-to-date methods of letting the world know the location and productiveness of this valley, whose resources we have helped to develop. We will endeavor to inform people in other places that this fruitful spot, surrounded by verdant hills, is an ideal place for men

of muscle or of brain, for men with large or limited capital, and for those who are in search of health or pleasure.

"Visit our hotels and you will find that they are as well appointed as those of any city in the Union. Look at our thoroughly up-to-date automobile service. Take note of the beautiful and comfortable homes all over the county, and you will see that this is a progressive section, waiting to grasp every opportunity for profitable and safe investments."

The toastmaster then called upon Mrs. Grace to give her opinion of this Paradise as a health restorer. She sat silent a moment, her silver crowned head upon her hand, and then controlling herself, related a simple story often repeated in Eastern households, always fraught with pain and grief:

"My sister and I were the only two children of people quite well to do, as fortunes in old Connecticut go. We had every advantage of schools, of society, and of travel, and then settled down to the unconventional life of a little village. I see the old home now," and a tender, reminiscent look stole over the refined face, "vine-wreathed, with its quaint dormer windows, catching the first glimpse of the rising sun; the cherry trees, where robins came to sing their matins; the tall lilac bushes through whose double row my mother was led when she came, a bride, to her new home; the tall syringas, white with the snow of their blooms; and the climbing roses, throwing their great arms out to catch the breath of the Atlantic—very fair, but fatal to such tender creatures as my mother and my sister. I was but a wee thing when my mother took the cold that carried her away. I could not realize what it meant when she gave up her favorite walks, her books, and lay quiet and calm on the couch by the window. I could not sympathize then with my father as I ought, when we came back to the home that was to know her no more, for I was too young.

"Years passed, and my sister and I grew to womanhood, as I told you, and few sisters have ever loved each other more fervently than did Elsie and I. She was younger than

I, very beautiful and talented. When she had just entered her twentieth year, she met her fate. This time the course of true love ran very smoothly, my father was pleased, and particularly so because Elsie's intended husband was willing to settle in our village so that we should not be separated. I shall always remember with pleasure that happy courtship, so filled with perfect love and trust. Elsie was to be married in the spring, and she and I were busy planning and sewing, just as all girls are in anticipation of such a change.

"The winter was almost over, when we were invited to a skating party, which we gladly hailed. It was an ideal night for skating, the moon was full, and the snow sparkled under it rays like diamonds. The little pond was covered with a carpet of ice; such as Californians never see, but which Lowell brings before me every time I read his 'Vision of Sir Launfal.' Well, we skated as only happy youth can, and my dear sister, in her excitement, overtaxed herself, and when we went home, instead of lingering a little in the cosy parlor with her affianced, pleaded fatigue, and went at once to our room. In the morning she was feverish, but dressed and tried to appear as usual. The effort cost her too much, and, at last, she threw herself on a couch, saying pleasantly, 'Alice, I am just good for nothing to-day; pet me a little, and I will lie here and dream.'

"That was the beginning of the end. My father questioned her closely, but she declared it was only a temporary weakness. Her lover was all anxiety, but she laughed at his fears. Days grew into weeks and still she did not improve. The good old doctor came daily, prescribed tonics, said she had inherited a delicate frame from her mother, suggested a change of climate. 'You know our spring is very treacherous; better take your girl to California, Mr. Phelps,' said he to my father. 'If I were not so old, I'd go there myself, but from all I hear of the country there, my occupation, like that of Othello, would be gone,' and he laughed heartily. Father proposed to us to go, but Elsie could not be prevailed upon to make a change. Sick people

become unreasonable, you know, and our father would not compel us, so we staid at home. April came bleak, cold days of thaw and days of freezing, and Elsie grew weaker and weaker. The fell disease that has slain its thousands in New England, had fastened on her, and was rapidly carrying her away. I hurry over the time when we stood and watched the lamp of her beautiful young life go out. She faded so gently that we were not prepared for the shock, but she went 'like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams.'

"Bitterly my father regretted that he had not insisted upon trying the effect of California climate. He even wished to come here with me, but I could not think of leaving the narrow mound in our cemetery where my sister lay 'Asleep in Jesus.' I was vigorous; I would be exceedingly careful, and I prevailed.

"Later my own future was settled. I married as fine a man as ever blessed the earth, and no two were ever more completely one than my husband and I. . We lived with my dear father, for it would have been heartless to leave him lonely in a forsaken home. All the pleasures of books, music, and art were at our disposal, and when a little daughter came to complete an earthly trinity, my cup of joy seemed running over. Years of peace and plenty were given to us, and my Elsie, named for the aunt she never saw, grew up into a lovely girl. She studied at home, for I determined to watch every hour of the precious life, and guard against every attack of the insidious foe lurking in the snows of winter and the chill winds of spring. We were chums, sharing each others studies and play. Elsie loved music, and her father was a fine violinist, so the winter evenings were filled with music, and we were intensely happy. She had just passed her seventeenth birthday, when we discovered a subtle change in her appearance, a fragility not noticed before. Her father said, 'My little one grows too fast; she is outgrowing her strength; we must brace her up;' but instantly my father said, 'Not so, we must leave this State; two of our family are enough to sacrifice—those two graves

admonish me, and if you are wise you will heed my admonition. Health is better than wealth; your child is your most valued possession. Take her now, before the disease has fastened on her, to a climate that will build up and give her every reasonable assurance of length of days.'

"We talked late that night, and came to the decision that my father's advice was good. Before a week had passed, we were en route for California. On the way out, we met a charming woman who lived in San Jose, and she assured us that we should find in Santa Clara County the health, happiness, and all the blessings that we coveted. We came, and you know the result. You have seen my daughter playing her game of golf as well as any on the links, riding miles over the country without fatigue, and you know that she is really robust. That much the climate has done for her.

"Then she has had every advantage of meeting delightful people, and of progressing in her music under the splendid masters found here; in fact, nothing has been left to be desired. My father is growing old serenely, and my dear husband is younger than when we left Connecticut. He sails his yacht on the lovely bay, hunts game in the hills, fishes in the beautiful streams, star gazes from the top of Mount Hamilton, and when he feels the need of mingling with life in scientific circles, he has only to go over to Palo Alto to be in touch with the newest, the strongest, the best thought of the century.

"Now, my friends, you have the secret of our life here—a life ideal in its charms, perfect in its purity, and crowned with every earthly enjoyment."

A solemn silence fell upon the company at the close of the lady's remarks, and it was with an effort that the toastmaster called upon Miss Titian, a devotee of art, who responded gracefully to the toast "Our Homes," by saying:

"Probably the best way will be for me to be quite specific, and select a few from the hundreds of palatial residences found here, and by describing them fully, I can, perhaps, convey an adequate impression of our homes, for San Jose is

Residence of Dr. J. L. Benepe, North First Street, San Jose, California

par excellence a city of homes, a fact which lends an atmosphere peculiarly its own to this favored place.

"Many of the old residents cherish fond memories of the time when the Pueblo was but a collection of adobe houses, whose garnishings were strings of the red pepper so essential to all Spanish cookery. But even then, hospitality permeated the air; no stranger was ever turned away from the door; feasting and merriment made the hours fly swiftly, and all who came were filled with delight.

"Within a short distance from the center of town, one finds elegant mansions, whose verdant lawns, magnificent trees, beds of gorgeous flowers, and tinkling fountains, speak of the wealth and taste of the owners. The exteriors are but hints of the beauty of the interiors, and those who have enjoyed the *entree* into the inner circles, know the attractiveness of these artistic habitations.

"None of these are more deserving of mention than that of Dr. and Mrs. John L. Benepe. It is one of the most pleasing in architectural style, but the chief charms are found within. The visitor is ushered into a manorial hall lighted by art glass windows. The floor of ancient oak, inlaid with costly woods, which reflect the light, is covered here and there by beautiful rugs of foreign furs. The drawing-room is a symphony in its harmonious blendings, the delicately tinted green walls being crowned by an ivory-colored ceiling on which are strewn pale pink roses. The finish is in natural redwood, which makes a charming setting for the etchings and paintings which Mrs. Benepe has collected. As this lady is an artist, her taste is correct, and no false tone mars the perfect harmony of the home.

"Much of her own handiwork adorns the spacious rooms. Between the hall and the drawing-room, hang portieres of pallid green silk, upon which are painted cupids disporting amidst showers of roses. On the unbroken wall opposite, are two magnificent panels, 'Surprise,' and the 'Opening of Summer,' from the brush of the gifted lady. These are figure paintings, life size, and so realistic is the handling, that they seem to spring from the ground. The

walls of the dining-room are hung with blue and old rose tapestries, and the furniture is of mahogany, beautifully designed.

"Collections of rare Bohemian glass and costly souvenir spoons catch the eye and elicit delightful bits of reminiscences. The library is in Oriental style, the draperies having been imported from Persia. The *tout ensemble* leaves nothing to be desired.

"The D'Oyly home is one that all who have penetrated, admire. Commodious and artistic, everything within it speaks of the perfect taste of its inmates. Music, books, paintings, college trophies, all have their places, and show the diversity of talents which make up the charm of this cultured family.

"A drive on the Alameda is a constant pleasure by reason of the elegance of the homes along that historic thoroughfare. Among the pretentious modern mansions there yet stand a few frame cottages whose history we love to tell to the tourist and the stranger. They date back to

'The days of old,
The days of gold,'

and are eloquent of the strenuous life of the pioneer. Within their doors all is modern, from frescoed ceiling to costly rugs; but if their walls could speak, with what tales they might entrance us of famous dinings, when were gathered around the festal board the wits of early times, the legal lights before whom came the famous cases of old, and the clergy who had left their homes in far-off lands to brave the discomforts of a new life. Among these relics of bygone days is the home of Judge A. L. Rhodes, beneath whose roof have always gathered the wealth and culture of the State.

"The spacious grounds which surround the home of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Bowden are an index to the substantial comfort found within. Mrs. Bowden is an ardent lover of flowers, and her rooms are always ornamented with vases filled with the choicest treasures of her garden. On the softly tinted walls hang pictures in which the hand of

the mistress has immortalized some of the treasures of her flowering shrubs and garden beds, while near them hang works of celebrated English and American artists. The library is filled with masterpieces of the famous scholars of ancient and modern times, for Mr. Bowden is a lover of literature as well as of law.

"Conspicuous for the size and beauty of its admirably ordered grounds, the home of Judge and Mrs. S. F. Leib is 'the observed of all observers.' From the spreading branches of magnificent oaks and graceful elms, luxuriant vines sway to the summer winds. The velvet turf is flecked with the rays of sunshine which filter through the whispering leaves and make a scene which would fascinate the wood nymphs. Around the house masses of splendid color are obtained by the gorgeous blossoms that thrive under the care of skilled gardeners.

"All these exterior charms, however, are but preparatory to what one finds within the home. Treasures from pencil and palette are hung on the walls, while models of the sculptor's skill stand on pedestals in cosy corners. A library filled with the choicest volumes, invite the student and the *dilletante*.

"About two miles from San Jose on this historic thoroughfare is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Bowden. The passer-by is at once impressed with the air of home life which pervades all the surroundings. The house is of large and fair proportions, and the grounds, shaded by fine palms and grand old elms, contain a wealth of exquisite roses. There are the superb La France, bearing in its petals the musky odors of the Orient, the truly magnificent Perle de Jardin with its clear golden color and its delicate and lasting perfume; the Sunset, a truly royal beauty, shading from a soft golden tint to a bright amber, and other peerless favorites in all shades of red, yellow, and pink. The interior decorations are in keeping with the exterior, and all the furnishings bespeak the artistic taste of the owners.

"Alum Rock Avenue is lined with elegant villas, among

which is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Moon. It stands amid its embowering trees 'a thing of beauty,' and a delight to every eye. On the ample grounds the flowers of every land have found a home. Roses, which rival the famed blossoms by 'Bendemere's stream' diffuse their fragrance to the wandering winds. Spicy carnations and beautiful asters attract the eye. Each season has its favorites, which show the loving care of the mistress.

"The interior of this home is in perfect accord with the exterior. Luxury and taste have combined to make this palatial. Once within the doors, the eye is fed on the beautiful tapestries, the products of Oriental looms, the rare furniture which fill the spacious drawing-room, the wonderful hand-curved chairs and tables which were wrought by the skilled artisans of Venice, the *objets de luxe* arranged in costly cabinets, and the statuary and paintings placed in points of vantage. The attractive dining-room invites more than a passing glance, so sumptuous are its furnishings, from the massive, carved mahogany table, polished as a mirror, yet revealing every vein of the beautiful wood, to the ebony chairs cushioned in red leather. Its china cabinets are filled with the products of Dresden and Sevres, and with hand-painted Royal Worcester, Crown Derby, and rare old Wedgewood—each piece a triumph. A music room, with decorations of red and green, is supplied with choice instruments, and offers pleasure to lovers of the art of St. Cecilia. Back of this is the Oriental room, where all the furnishings are from the far East. This, Mr. Moon has devoted to the pleasures of smoking, and the choice is wise, for surely the setting would beguile any smoker to indulge in delicious dreams.

"I could go on indefinitely telling of the many elegant mansions of the Garden City, but I shall crave your indulgence while I digress a little and say a few words about art in this charming spot.

"When I came to San Jose, it was after a long time spent in the great art centers of the Old World, where I had feasted on the wonderful treasures of the centuries. My mind

Residence of Mr. Frank H. Moon, Almy Rock Avenue, San Jose, California

was so full of these works that I felt I needed time to digest them, lest my impressions would become vague and confused, so I came back to the continent, and finding my friend, Miss Wagner, preparing to visit California, decided to join her. California seemed very new to me, who had lived in Athens and Rome, who had breathed the air of Naples and Florence, and I had no expectations of finding anything beyond wild and romantic scenery and a primitive people. Imagine my surprise upon reaching San Jose, to find such a city of culture and so much that is inviting to strangers.

"Architectural art is still in its infancy, but there is a charm all its own in the variety of buildings, and the homes embowered in leafy trees, where one may find the pleasures of the pathless woods within reach of electric cars. I soon learned that many devoted art students are here, and that more than the ordinary number have enjoyed the advantages of travel in order to study art in the lands where it was cradled. True, there is no Pitti gallery to be found in this vicinity, no Doria gallery to woo our wandering steps, no ancestral galleries where the portraits of their forefathers smile down upon an adoring posterity, but I have enjoyed the *entree* into some homes which possess wonderful treasures—examples of the best art. I have found in the zealous art clubs, ladies thoroughly posted on art topics, and fully competent to discuss ancient and modern art intelligently. They are able to tell an original from a copy, which is more than many can do in these days when antiques are made to order, and dealers have learned to impart the air of age to a fresh canvas.

"In the cultured home of T. Ellard Beans, there is a fine collection of pictures by the best artists, and, as the daughters of that family have all been abroad, they know how to discriminate, and one's taste is not offended by an incongruous assembly of pictures whose frames are their sole recommendations.

"The home of Mr. and Mrs. M. P. O'Connor contains treasures of art procured in foreign lands, and also many beautiful canvases by our own famous artists. This home

has the nucleus of a fine gallery, and larger cities would be proud of this interior.

"Mrs. J. Underwood Hall is another lady whose educated taste displays itself in the selection of art treasures. Whether it is exquisite china, wood carving, hammered brass, or paintings, she is equally at home in her subject, and to the friend who views her fine collection she is a most delightful teacher and guide.

"The McLaughlin home is another treasure house; and the Mabury mansion holds a wonderful collection, the fruits of travel and research, gathered under the happiest of auspices, and those who are so fortunate as to find admission to these homes, may count themselves among the privileged.

"It does not need the age of a prophet to see a brilliant future for the people of this city. The day is not far distant when some public spirited man will build a gallery where the student of art will find all that he needs. The inspiration will come from the Stanford University, where so much has been done to bring the best to the eye of the pupil and the visitor. The time is rapidly drawing near when it will not be necessary for the sculptor or the painter to leave his home for study, but here will be founded a school equal to any on the Atlantic Coast, and then the crowning charm will have been added to a place already replete with charms. In art, it is also true, 'Westward the star of empire takes it way,' and the farthest West will be illumined by the star when the glories of the effete East are paling into insignificance."

The genial toastmaster then called upon Mr. Blackstone, with the intimation that brevity was the soul of wit, so the attorney made his response accordingly.

He said: "I was only a few months in this city when I had the pleasure of being present at a banquet given by the San Jose Bar Association. I was called upon then, through the courtesy that ever distinguishes the members of the local legal fraternity, to respond to the toast 'The Stranger Lawyer.' On that occasion I told what I thought of Santa Clara County and of her people. The good opinion formed

then, after only a brief acquaintance, has been strengthened by my sojourn through all these years. I can now truthfully say that the standard of the profession is very high, and that the members of the bar of San Jose are superior in legal attainments and ability to those in any Eastern community.

"Then, too, the profession here is free from all those small jealousies which mark the fraternity in other States. I ascribe this largely to the influence of the many brilliant lawyers who have made an impression upon the legal history of the nation, and whose presence in this, the scene of their early labors and early struggles, has left behind a record deserving of emulation. Here Thomas B. Reed studied and practiced law. Here, too, Stephen J. Field, for years Chief Justice of the highest judicial tribunal in the universe, made his home and followed his profession. W. T. Wallace, Augustus L. Rhodes, J. Alexander Yoell, William Mathews, Peter O. Minor, and many others, eminent in professional life, gained their early and most valuable experience in this city. In this rank, too, is to be found Francis E. Spencer, through whose skill and ability the titles of this city's lands were relieved from infirmity; and here, also, the golden-tongued, learned, and honest David Belden won his early triumphs. Among the older members that I remember seeing at that banquet was Lawrence Archer, one of the Nestors of the local bar.

"When I referred to the oft-repeated inquiry, 'Should a lawyer not born to the soil locate here?' and told the assembled attorneys that they had a large and able Bar, and asked, 'Do you want any more?' the answer came with an 'Aye' that made the rafters ring. Thus it was that the welcome of the stranger was assured."

"Miss Wagner will now give us her experience," said the smiling toastmaster. To this invitation the lady graciously responded by saying:

"I may as well confess that when I left Boston to come to the Pacific Coast, I felt that I had bidden a long adieu to much that was interwoven with my life. I made up my mind to be satisfied even if denied access to clubs, galleries,

and concerts, but I expected to be hungry for music. To my great surprise, I found this city fully abreast of the times in a musical way, and offering as great a variety of music as one can hear in much more pretentious places. I have taken pains to search out the history of the development of the musical tastes here, and to catalogue the principal musicians, professional and private, for the benefit of my Eastern friends, who are continually asking for information."

"Oh, let us have the benefit here and now," exclaimed Mrs. Curiosity, who was warmly seconded by the others, and Miss Wagner yielded to their solicitations.

"It seems that up to the sixties, music had not reached beyond the stage of very amateur performances. The Castilians thrummed the light guitar, and a few played the piano after a fashion, but the standard was not an elevated one, to speak mildly. Minstrel shows filled the places of amusement, and classical music was a stranger; but in the latter part of the sixties, there came from Germany Miss Frederika Hoffman, a lover and interpreter of Chopin, and she was soon followed by Mr. Emile Gramm, a fine violinist, and Mr. Henry L. Schemmel, a pianist and vocalist. These were artists, and they began giving concerts of classic music with a celebrated cellist and the Schmidt family of San Francisco. These concerts were educational, and were well patronized. At that time Mr. Schemmel, who still is to the fore, organized an amateur orchestra which later developed into the San Jose Orchestral Society, whose magnificent concerts we have all enjoyed. The Germania Club was then in the pride of its power, and there came a brilliant season of concerts and operas.

"A short time later, a new artist appeared on the scene, in the person of Frank Loui King, a born musician, composer, and leader. He used his wonderful energy to build a Conservatory of Music at the University of the Pacific, and under the inspiration of his genius, music took a wonderful step forward. He was the man of the hour, and pupils thronged to the University in order to come in touch with

Residence of Mrs. A. M. Hobbs, Alameda Avenue, San Jose, California.

his personality. Severe study was the rule, and it was with pride that the citizens saw graduated from this conservatory, young musicians equal to the students of Boston and New York. Later he retired from the university and built the conservatory so well known as the King Conservatory, the pretty little temple of music on Second street. His family inherited his tastes, and an accomplished son, Frank Giorza King, is now in charge of this school of music, while a daughter, Miss Luena King, has won laurels both as a performer and a composer.

"J. H. Elwood, a great leader of choruses, came into the field, and soon all San Jose was singing under the direction of his baton. Numerous musical clubs and quartettes were formed, for the atmosphere was charged with music. The D'Ablaing brothers came with the cello and violin, and, by their skill, made one almost believe the story of Orpheus and his lyre.

"The Burrows Musical Kindergarten method and the Faelton Fundamental System were first introduced into San Jose by Miss Emily L. Peelor, a well known teacher of children. This lady, who is endowed with a musical temperament and the genius of perseverance, graduated with high honor from the University of the Pacific Conservatory of Music. After her graduation she did not abandon study, as many do, but continued her work in the New England Conservatory, and succeeded so admirably that her instructor said that she possessed unusual fidelity and talent of a very high order. Having finished the course at this school, Miss Peelor became a private pupil of Herr Otto Bendix, a leading master of the pianoforte. As a student she is thorough to the smallest detail, and as a teacher she ranks among the most successful here.

"You all have listened to the beautiful voice and faultless execution of Mrs. Hillman-Smith, who has added to her natural gifts by careful study under masters both here and abroad; Mrs. David J. Gairaud, the popular soprano of St. Patrick's fine choir; Miss Lulu Pieper, the leader of the choir in the First Methodist Church; Mrs. Mary Weaver-

McCauley, who has won laurels in every role she has essayed, whether in opera-bouffe, ballad, or the severe strains of classic composers; and Miss Mary Webster, whose grand contralto voice rises and falls like the notes of an organ, touched by a master hand. Mrs. Mildreth Spencer Hartman has made her way into our hearts by the sympathetic quality of her beautifully trained voice; and you have all enjoyed to the full the singing of the inimitable actor, Charles W. Williams.

"In private life we seldom find two members of the same family rarely gifted, but those who have been so fortunate as to meet the beautiful and accomplished sisters, the Misses Florence and Hazel Park, have found it difficult to name their preference. These young girls, richly endowed by nature, have received the most thorough training, and whether interpreting Bach or Beethoven, Chopin or Gounod, are equally successful. Their voices are pure, true, and sweet, and St. Cecilia might well claim them as her disciples.

"Miss May D'Oyly is a pianiste of splendid ability, her taste being entirely for the works of the masters, and her skillful fingers the willing instruments of her soul. Then there are Miss Isabel Longdon, brilliant and faithful; and Miss Augusta Schroeder, in whose heart music long since was voted the queen, to whose service she has dedicated her life. Mrs. Mary Rhodes Barstow and her accomplished daughter appear to great advantage in any assembly of musical people.

"The organ has its artists, and a visit to our churches will repay those who love best the instrument of St. Cecilia. Clarence T. Urmy, organist at Trinity, handles the instrument with taste and skill, and deserves an organ worthy his poetic feeling. Mrs. H. B. Worcester, at one time organist of the First Methodist Church, is an artist. She was graduated under one of the best masters, and now assists her husband in a select music school. At St. Joseph's, one can hear the magnificent music of the mass skillfully rendered by G. C. Buehrer, assisted by a fine choir; while St. Pat-

rick's Church makes even greater effort to secure the finest talent for its services. The organist, Mrs. James J. Connell, makes her instrument appeal to every heart.

"Violinists abound, some of them having finished their studies abroad. One of the greatest favorites is Miss Grace Barstow, who captured all hearers upon her return from Europe. You have all heard Fred C. Brohaska, the finished violinist and popular instructor, who is usually accompanied on the piano by his sister, Miss Tillie Brohaska, who also ranks high as a teacher, and who is a skillful performer, not only upon the piano, but upon nearly all the other musical instruments. Their names are household words, and no festive gathering is complete without Brohaska's orchestra. I do not need to remind you of Henri Bettman's skill as a violinist, and Henri Dykman's superior ability is known to you all. Among the younger musicians Miss Ethel Holliday and Miss Lyda Leib are gaining distinction, while Miss Grace Freeman is winning laurels by her technique and soulful playing.

"There are many families here, the members of which are all musical, and can give creditable concerts at their own firesides. Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Cornell are both fine musicians, Mrs. Cornell handling the cello like a master. The family of George R. Bent all play some instrument and are serious students of the divine art; while the Raineys are another musical family. The Hunkins family is remarkable in this line, Mrs. E. M. Lapham, better known as Miss Evadne Hunkins, being a musical celebrity, while Romayne Hunkins is equally happy on piano or cello, and his wife is a favorite accompanist and a fine solo pianiste.

"The harp has been recalled from its temporary oblivion. The magic touch of Mrs. William J. Leet, nee McLaughlin, evokes such witching strains that one might think she had found

'The harp that once through Tara's hall,
The soul of music shed,'

and Miss Aimee Auzerais is winning fame on the same instrument.

"There are many composers here, notably among them being Pierre Douillet, the scholarly dean of the Conservatory of Music of the University of the Pacific, whose accomplished wife is a great help and inspiration to him. Clarence T. Urmy also writes charming songs which he sings in excellent style, frequently both words and setting being his own composition.

"This subject interests me more than it does the rest of you, perhaps, but I must add that what seems the best of all is, that one desiring to enter upon the study of the divine art need not go far afield or be exposed to the temptations of life in a foreign land in order to gain a thorough musical education. One need not leave San Jose to secure the best in that art. The College of Notre Dame has placed itself on record by building a finely equipped conservatory, and those of you who, like myself, have enjoyed the commencements there, can bear testimony to the quality of instruction given and the ardor of the pupils in music study. Such handling of strings is seldom seen; such power and sweetness seldom heard.

"Now, dear friends, I think I have proven my faith in this charming town and, I assure you, I intend to close my days here."

Mr. Learning's name was next called, but as he was not present, Mr. Blackstone kindly volunteered to speak for his friend. Upon rising, he said: "I think that a portion of the life history of Mr. Learning will prove interesting, and as he is not here to prevent my doing so, I will give it to you.

"James Learning came to California in the hope of regaining his health, which had been impaired by too close attention to study while in college, where we were class and room mates. He descended from an old New England family with strong tendencies to lung trouble, and although he saw his fate plainly written, he neglected athletics for the pleasure of mastering dead languages. He had seen his brothers consigned to early graves, and yet he did not pause in his pursuit of knowledge until the racking cough and the hectic flush appeared. He, however, had gained

Residence of George M. Bowman, North First Street, San Jose, California.

the titles he coveted, and, rolling up his parchment and putting it into the hands of his fond mother, he said, 'Now, mother, I am going out to the "wild and woolly West" to find my strength, and I will come back to you a whole man or'—and the sentence remained unfinished.

" 'Oh, James,' quietly responded his mother, 'I hope you have not waited too long. I can bear your absence if I know you will regain your strength—but where are you going?

" 'To California, mother. I am going to be a cow-boy for awhile, wear my trousers in my boots, sport a belt filled with guns, don a sombrero, and ride a bucking mustang. May be I shall meet my destiny out there—you know, I have never found time to seek the ladies here, and who knows but that some fawn-eyed daughter of the plains, or some sure-footed creature of the mountain will make a captive of James Learning, Ph. D., A. M., at your service,' laughingly said the young man.

" 'Oh, James, remember your ancestry, my son. Do not bring me for a daughter one of those wild western girls. Her loud voice and ignorance of good manners would hurt and humiliate me. Whatever you do, be careful, oh, very careful in your selection of a wife,' and the good lady looked with pleading eyes on the face of her son, who only said, 'Dear mother, I cannot commit myself by any promises; and bending down he kissed the trembling lips and added: 'But never mind, your daughter that is to be, shall be worthy even of you,' and he went out to hurry on the preparations for our departure.

"The trip was soon arranged for and proved a most enjoyable one. The grand scenery elated Mr. Learning, and the marvelous extent of the plains awed him. We were fortunate in having as a traveling companion a young man, a native son of California, who proudly told us the most desirable places to visit, the best avenues for business, and proved a fine guide and teacher. Mr. Learning found more and more to enjoy as the weeks passed, and when, at last, he stood one day under the shadow of the giant redwoods,

his enthusiasm knew no bounds. Lifting his hat to the great trees, he said: 'No wonder the groves were God's first temples—the man who does not worship here is soulless.' He decided to camp out in that spot to test the healing properties of the air and the inspirational effect of these monarchs of the woods.

"Months passed, and he would not leave the spot, but at last I urged him to go farther into the mountains to enjoy a deer hunt. With a jolly party we rode out and soon found ourselves on the wooded slopes where the deer were to be found. Pitching our tents we awaited developments, but one day a straggler came in among us with 'Hello, what are you fellers lying around here for? Don't you know that all through the San Felipe country the woods are alive with men and dogs, and you may stay here till dooms day and you won't see a calf, much less a fawn? You'd better saddle up and come with me, and if you don't find game of one kind, I'll bet you'll have your hands full to keep up with some of another kind that I can show you. My wife is taking summer boarders and we've got two or three pretty school ma'ams over there who'll take the prize at any county fair,' and the garrulous mountaineer chuckled as he saw us swallowing his tempting bait. As we felt that an hour or so in ladies' company would be a welcome diversion, we were soon ready for the start.

"By sunset we reached the home of our host, a log cabin in the midst of a little clearing, and, dismounting, we entered to receive a warm greeting from Mrs. Hunter, who said: 'The girls see you coming and they've run to fix up a little, but I told 'em no need to put on any fol-de-rols for hunting men like you,' and she bustled around to prepare supper.

"When the meal was ready, she stepped to the door and blew a horn lustily, awakening the echoes which were soon added to by peals of musical laughter, as a group of young girls came into view. As they entered the house, they were presented to us as Miss Powers, Miss Steady, and Miss Style, but ignorance of our names left that part of the ceremony

unfulfilled. All the ladies were simply dressed, wearing plain, strong gowns, which could defy bramble and bush, broad-soled shoes which would not be injured by mountain tramps, and large hats that gave them protection against sun and wind. Laying aside their hats, they were soon seated at the table, when Miss Powers said, 'This supper is fit for the gods on Mt. Olympus, and my appetite is clamorous.'

" 'Well,' said Mrs. Hunter, 'I don't reckon any of the folks on Mt. Olimp–us, as you call it, 'll be over to-night, but if you people enjoy what I have put before you, I'll be satisfied. Say, Hunter, where is Olimp–us? I know where Loma Prieta is, but I never heard you tell of going over to Olimp–us.'

" 'Well, wife, to be honest, I ain't never located that there peak, but I guess Miss Style can tell us,' and he nudged the lady next him, who, looking up, caught the eye of Mr. Learning fixed upon her, as she said, 'Perhaps, we had better not tell to-night; it might break up what promises to be a pleasant party.'

"Gradually the conversation became general, and Mr. Learning found the young ladies particularly interesting, so much so, that when the supper was over and the others went out to look after the horses and dogs, he remained on the porch with the three. Bit by bit, scraps of personal history were disclosed, and before separating for the night, they were well acquainted. When the early morning came, Mr. Learning had decided that he did not care to hunt and kill the pretty harmless deer, but that he would remain and look around, in company with one or all of these charming ladies.

"I joked him a little, but to my sallies he only answered, 'There is no lust for killing in my blood, unless just now it be to kill time, so be off, and success to you.'

"During my absence, a trip to the little mountain stream was proposed, and the party, taking a basket of lunch, went off for the day. This was but a prelude to many excursions, during the course of which the surrounding

country was thoroughly explored, and more than that, a spirit of companionship was cultivated. Before leaving the mountain retreat, it was understood that Miss Style and Mr. Learning would again meet at the Vendome, where a party of friends was to be gathered for a few weeks.

"Mr. Learning found that when Miss Style left something had gone from his life, and he began to grow restless and to wish for the time of their meeting. He bade adieu to his kind hostess and came to San Jose, where he again resumed the ordinary mode of life. He varied the days by trips to the Leland Stanford University, where he at once came into contact with his old life and with men of letters, or to Berkeley, where he found the inspiring touch of nature in harmony with art. He was pleased to have scholarly and scientific men for companions and to find his strength of body renewed and his mind refreshed. At last the longed for time came, and when Miss Style and her friends alighted from the carriage, they found Mr. Learning awaiting them on the hotel steps, and the look in his eyes and the cordial grasp of his hand told volumes, as he assisted his friends to the hotel rotunda.

"I can assure you that they found much to talk about as they rambled through the beautiful grounds or sat on shaded seats under the trees. Here, Miss Style blossomed out into a perfectly high-bred woman, who was always tastefully and becomingly gowned, who made no display of jewelry, and whose every movement indicated culture. James Learning was desperately in love, and one night as they sat on the veranda bathed in moonlight, he put his fortune to the touch and found that he had won the heart of the maiden. He had written to his mother that he had discovered a mountain flower, which he intended, if Fate were propitious, to pluck and bring home. His poor mother was in tortures lest his mountain flower would prove an awkward, untrained girl, who would shock her sensibilities and be an eye-sore to her friends. She received a photograph of the young girl clad in her outing costume, and she fancied the sensation such a bride would create among

Residence of Mr. Nicholas Bowden, Alameda Avenue, San Jose, California.

her son's Harvard friends, but, like a discreet mother, she believed that silence on that subject was the wisest course, so she let her fears gnaw and behaved like a Spartan.

"James enjoyed immensely the pleasant surprise he had in store for his mother. I can see her looks of astonishment and approval when he presented this clear-eyed, rosy-cheeked lady, clad in the daintiest of traveling garbs, or when she came down to dinner faultlessly gowned in shimmering silk and filmy lace—a true patrician.

"Mr. Learning has disposed of his property in the East, and he expected to be with us to-night, for in the future this county will be his home. Here, he and his fair California wife are sure of receiving a very cordial welcome."

The speech-making was nearly over, when Mr. Phelps and Mr. Grace appeared, but the latter consented to say a few words about "Our Neighbors," speaking as follows:

"As home is the dearest spot on earth, an intelligent man, after ascertaining the social, educational and religious advantages of the place where he intends to live, naturally inquires about his prospective neighbors, because one likes to feel that his neighborhood is irreproachable.

"Santa Clara County is particularly happy in this respect for, on every side, her neighbors are all that can be desired. A trip by rail, of two hours' duration, brings one to Santa Cruz; while the drive over the mountains through the magnificent forests to the same place, repays the visitor for the time consumed. If the trip is made in the early spring, one drives under over-arching boughs, between borders of emerald turf enameled with the beautiful wild flowers for which this region is so famed. The feathery spirea will wave its snowy plumes beside the branches of the flowering currant, whose pendant racemes of ruby colored flowers perfume the air. Above, the madrone will swing her fairy bells to the music of the winds. Masses of rioting vines cover the low shrubs, and fragrant plants carpet the deep recesses of the woods—every step is a pleasure. Reaching the pleasant city by the sea, fine beaches tempt the bather, and quiet retreats welcome the recluse. Boating,

bathing, driving, and walking are all in order, and during the season one always finds the San Jose contingent here.

"Capitola next invites the pleasure seeker, and many San Joseans have permanent homes there. The beach is unsurpassed for comfort and safety, and crowds of happy people avail themselves of the attractions offered.

"Monterey is famous over the entire country for its wealth of beauty, its unrivaled attractions, and for the home life of its splendid hotel. Here, nature and art have gone hand in hand to make this resort one of the finest in the world. Perpetual spring reigns, and the gay throng of fashion makes this its headquarters for months every year. Polo, golf, and automobiling here find the amplest field for their exercise, while the noted seventeen mile drive is one of the finest roads in the universe.

"Pacific Grove is the home of the student, for here summer schools have long been established by the great universities, and the Chautauqua assemblies never fail to provide a feast for the intelligent. This spot is favored by the home seeker, as well as by the transient, and the numerous beautiful cottages, surrounded by bewildering masses of flowers, prove the merits of this seaside Athens.

"San Mateo is another neighbor whose riches are inestimable. Mansions of great architectural beauty are seated in the midst of carefully tended grounds. Superior drives along shaded, well watered roads, are a sufficient inducement to people to own fine horses and handsome turnouts, and these are constantly in evidence.

"San Francisco is so near a neighbor that her wealth of amusements can easily be enjoyed by any resident of San Jose. The theaters, the opera, and the concerts in that city always number among their audiences many of our citizens, who take advantage of the easy communication between the two cities, in order to enjoy the musical feasts, knowing that they can reach home that night and be rested before breakfast next morning."

When Mrs. Curiosity was called upon for a sentiment,

she rose promptly to her feet, and looking over her spectacles at the assembled guests, said:

"You all know my object in coming to this valley, and I cannot say that one regret crosses my mind, for my stay here has been productive of nothing but pleasure. I heartily endorse all that the ladies and gentlemen have said of the advantages and charms of this favored spot, but I must confess that for a long time I was consumed by a desire to know how it was that in a valley so blessed by Nature, so inviting to the invalid, there should be such an array of medical men and so many of them showing such evidences of prosperity. By careful questioning, I learned that many of the successful practitioners have amassed large fortunes. They own ranches, drive fine equipages, run automobiles, take long vacations, go abroad frequently, and have time to enjoy all the social pleasures offered. 'There must be much sickness here,' said I to myself, but I soon learned that it was not among the native sons and daughters, but among the rich Easterners, whose health had been impaired and who had flocked here. During the early part of their stay, these invalids proved a bonanza to the medical fraternity, for, in accordance with their established customs, they continued to take medicine until the salubrious climate gave back to them health and strength. The physicians' prosperity still continues, however, for hundreds of people in ill-health are constantly coming to this valley where the sunshine is wholesome, the air invigorating, and where their lungs are filled, and their cheeks are fanned by life-giving breezes from ocean and mountain.

"I was surprised at the youthful appearance of the men and women past middle life, but that has been explained by the statement that every one here takes a vacation, frequently going either to the mountains or to some seaside village. Upon asking if this did not prove a costly pleasure, I was astonished to learn at what little expense one can indulge in these delights. 'A tent in the greenwood,' or a simple 'cottage by the sea,' and a Pennsylvania moving wagon are all that are necessary to make life 'one grand,

sweet song.' Care is banished, physic thrown to the dogs, and the Goddess Hygeia never fails to respond to the wooing of her admirers.

"I am confident that this is the most favored of all the places I have yet seen; and if it is not really Paradise, it surely must closely resemble it. I congratulate myself upon my visit to this Garden City."

"It now remains for Mrs. Worth to speak upon "Society as I found it," said the affable toastmaster. This she did by saying:

"I must confess to a sense of the most agreeable disappointment in society as I found it here.

"The Easterner is apt to fancy that culture exists only in his native town, and to look down with sovereign contempt upon the dwellers in the far away West. Like the others, I came here unacquainted with the existing conditions, and was prepared to find an uncomfortable degree of unconventionality, but lo, the difference. My introduction into social circles here was on the occasion of a ball given at this hotel. When I beheld the lovely women arrayed in the most fetching gowns, I saw at once that no city in the United States could make a finer showing of society ladies. True, cavaliers were not so numerous as in Boston or New York, for the men here are more devoted to business than pleasure, but there were enough to prove that early opportunities had not been wanting to make gallant gentlemen. Upon closer acquaintance, I found every evidence of the highest polish, and a social gathering in San Jose duplicates one in any eastern community. Fashion, if not the ruler, prescribes certain forms, and whether the belles of this city are walking, driving, or automobiling, their raiment is correct, and everything is in good taste.

"Society is only an association of men and women, and why should it differ materially from society in any large city? This valley has long ceased to be a *terra incognita*—San Jose exists on the map; it is linked by steel and electricity to all parts of the world; its schools, colleges, and universities are second to none. Consequently, learning

Residence of Mr. William Wehner, near Evergreen, Santa Clara County, California.

and culture walk hand in hand; our women are all queens, not only by divine right, but by their moral worth and their acquired elegance; our homes, if not equaling 'the stately homes of England,' are beautiful and costly; our churches are filled with intelligent congregations, which are ministered to by eloquent and pious divines. Our amusements are the same that are enjoyed by the pleasure-loving everywhere—golf, tennis, boating, and dancing for the younger set; lectures, concerts, 'at homes,' for the others. I see no place for invidious distinctions to be made.

"The migratory state has passed—men and women now come here to stay. Thus our society has reached a place where it will be permanent.

"The brilliant and accomplished daughters of the pioneer mothers will take up the burden of caring for our social honors and will add new laurels to those already won. The task is no ignoble one. To keep alive the traditions of the past, and to add a new luster to the present, will demand all the energy, tact, and generosity of sentiment for which the women of San Jose are noted. That this task will be nobly accomplished, no one who has ever enjoyed our social life will doubt.

"Ladies and gentlemen, a standing toast, in silence, to

SANTA CLARA VALLEY—OUR PARADISE."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Bayard Taylor's Dream Realized and His Prophecy More than Fulfilled.

WHILE it is not our purpose in this unpretentious volume, to present a treatise on county government, or a lecture on local laws, it would not be complete without a short sketch of the beautiful Valley of Santa Clara, and a brief history of Santa Clara County and its administrative affairs.

The county is indebted for its soft and euphonious name to the pious and gentle followers of Saint Francis, who laid its foundation and began its history, when they raised the mission cross at Santa Clara on the 12th day of January, 1777.

Balboa, when he first looked out upon the sun-kissed waves of the Pacific, did not know that here, leagues northward, nestling, as it were, in the arms of the Sierras, was, undiscovered, the "Garden of the Gods." Cortez, when he conquered Mexico, did not, in the wildest flights of his imagination, dream that here in truth was to be found a magnificent empire, blest by nature with all the gifts of God to man. To the disciples of Loyola, the princely priest of Spain, was left the glory of first beholding this, the promised land. At once they began its peaceful conquest, established here their mission of mercy, and carried on their labor of love. The story of their struggles and that of their successors, the Franciscan Fathers, is both a romance and a sacrifice. The obstacles they surmounted, the difficulties they

overcame, and the dangers they faced are indelibly written, and can not be effaced forever. The record tells of

> "Most disastrous chances,
> Of hair-breadth 'scapes, i' the imminent daily breach;
> Of being taken by the insolent foe and sold to slavery."

Thus was the way in the wilderness opened for the heroic founders of the Mission of Santa Clara, who builded better than they knew. Peace and prosperity attended their labors. The blessings of religion and enlightenment were extended to the natives. Thousands were baptized and brought to a knowledge of the true God, and happiness and contentment reigned wherever the sweet sound of the Mission bell was heard. This happy condition continued until the secularization of the Missions. Doubt, distress and disaster followed this untoward event. The clouds hung low and the future greatness of California was obscured until 1848. Then the world was startled by the finding of the precious yellow sands in the race of Sutter's mill. The discovery of gold was the stroke of fate for California. Its statehood changed the current of American history and quickened the social and commercial life of every civilized country on the globe. Then the surging tide of a new civilization swept in upon the old. The strenuous and adventurous pioneers—descendants of the puritan and the cavalier—the Jew and the Gentile, the Catholic and the Protestant, the sons and daughters of every land and clime, came and conquered. Here they established their homes and erected their family altars. Here they lived, loved, and prospered. Here they mingled, married, and multiplied, until to-day their children and those who followed the brave pioneer band of the early days, have permanently established a stalwart and cosmopolitan people, whose history and achievements are not yet written or recorded.

Santa Clara County, as originally formed in 1851, included a part of what is now Alameda County, and was nearly as large as the State of Delaware. Subsequently, in 1853, what was known as Washington Township at the

Interior of Mission Church, Santa Clara, California.

northeasterly end of the county, was contributed to the new County of Alameda. The territory which remained is more shapely in its boundaries and more extensive than the State of Rhode Island. Within its present lines there are about twelve hundred square miles, embracing hill and dale, forest and plain, a large portion of which is now under a high state of cultivation.

While the marvelous beauties of the County and Valley of Santa Clara and the wonderful fertility of its soil and the infinite variety of its products, and its matchless climate have been the subject of prose and poetry for more than a century, no pen has ever correctly depicted, nor has any painter fully portrayed their unparalleled charms in the language and light of nature's bounteous gifts. The nearest approach to that description to which the Valley of Sainte Claire is justly entitled, comes from the prophetic pen of the great world traveler and writer, Bayard Taylor. Moved by the spirit of beauty, swayed by its magic spell, he painted the picture as he beheld it more than fifty years ago:

"How shall I describe a landscape so unlike anything else in the world; with a beauty so new and dazzling, that all ordinary comparisons are worthless? A valley, ten miles wide, through the center of which winds the dry bed of a winter stream, whose course is marked with groups of giant sycamores, their trunks gleaming like silver through masses of glossy foliage. Over the level floor of this valley, park-like groves of oaks, whose mingled grace and majesty can only be given by the pencil; in the distance, redwood, rising like towers; westward, a mountain chain, nearly four thousand feet in height, showing through the blue haze dark green forests on the background of blazing gold. Eastward, another mountain chain, full-lighted by the sun, rose color, touched with violet shadows, shining with marvelous transparency as if they were of glass, behind which shone another sun. Overhead finally, a sky, whose blue luster seemed to fall, mellowed through an intervening veil of luminous vapor. No words can describe the fire and force of the coloring, the daring contrast, which the difference of half a tint

changed from discord into harmony. Here the Great Artist seems to have taken a new palette and painted his creation with hues unknown elsewhere. Driving along through these enchanting scenes, I indulged in a day dream. It will not be long, I thought—I may live to see it before my prime is over—until San Jose is but five days' journey from New York. Cars, which shall be, in fact, traveling hotels, will speed, on an unknown line of rail, from the Mississippi to the Pacific. Then let me purchase a few acres on the lowest slope of these mountains, overlooking the valley, and with a distant gleam of the bay; let me build a cottage embowered in acacia and eucalyptus and the tall spires of the Italian cypress; let me leave home when the Christmas holidays are over and enjoy the balmy Januarys and Februarys, the heavenly Marches and Aprils of my remaining years here, returning only when May shall have brought beauty to the Altantic shore. There shall my roses outbloom those of Paestum; there shall my nightingales sing, my orange blossoms sweeten the air, my children play, and my best poem be written. I had another and grander dream. One hundred years had passed, and I saw the valley, not as now, only partially tamed and reveling in the wild magnificence of nature, but, from river bed to mountain summit, humming with human life. I saw the same oaks and sycamores, but their shadows fell on mansions fair as temples, with their white fronts and long colonnades. I saw gardens refreshed by gleaming fountains, statues peeping from the bloom of laurel bowers; palaces built to enshrine the new Art, which will then have blossoms here; culture, plenty, peace, happiness, everywhere. I saw a more beautiful race in possession of this paradise—a race in which the lost symmetry and grace of the Greek was partially restored; the rough, harsh features of the Oriental type gone; milder manners, better regulated impulses, and a keen appreciation of the arts which enrich and embellish life. Was it only a dream?"

This vision was not all a dream. The prophecy was long ago fulfilled. The line of rail has for years carried

luxurious trains from New York to San Jose. The journey, easily made in five days, is a continuing delight and an increasing pleasure. The seductive beauties of the county have made captive sixty-five thousand energetic, enterprising, and cultured citizens, whose mansions and villas, palaces and cottages, lawns and rose gardens, orchards and vineyards, conspire with nature in giving life to the picture and enchantment to the scene.

When the boundaries of the county were located in 1851, there were only about six thousand inhabitants, including the native races, which numbered four hundred and fifty, and the revenue from all sources for the first year amounted to less than $10,000. Fifty years later, in 1902, the total assessed value of the property in the county showed the princely capital of about $62,000,000, and produced an annual revenue from taxes, business licenses, and other sources, of over $960,000. Something more than $200,000 of this was collected for State purposes, and $70,000 went into the treasury of the City of San Jose. Nearly $700,000 were disbursed for improvements and expenses; $125,000 of which were paid for the betterment of the roads and highways; $272,000 for the maintenance of the public schools, and $116,000 for salaries of county officers.

The legislative and administrative affairs of the county are managed and directed by a Board of Supervisors, consisting of five members. They are elected by districts, for four years, and are so classified that their terms of office end alternately.

The affairs of Santa Clara County have been uniformly conducted by capable men in a prudent and business like manner. While the office of Supervisor is a political one, the electors have generally displayed commendable wisdom and shown proper discrimination in their selections, and have seldom allowed party spirit to sway their judgment.

The members of the present board are John Roll, who is chairman, Fred M. Stern, George Elmer Rea, Paul P. Austin, and Dr. Frank K. Knowles. Their powers and duties are defined and specified in the Political Code in Part IV,

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Title II, and the amendatory Acts of the Legislature, popularly known as the "County Government Act." They are, by virtue of their office, Road Commissioners; and each receives as Supervisor, $1200 per annum, and as Road Commissioner, $500 per annum. Among their specific powers are enumerated the supervision of all county officers, the construction, care, management, and maintenance of roads and highways, hospitals, and other public buildings, the examination and approval of all accounts, salaries, and expense bills. They also levy all taxes for county purposes, may create bond indebtedness, must conserve the public health, purchase supplies, grant business licenses, protect fish and game, bury the dead, maintain police and sanitary regulations, award franchises, encourage immigration, and generally perform all acts and things required by law and all that may be necessary for the full discharge of the duties of the legislative authority. The powers granted to the Board and the duties imposed upon them by law are most sweeping and extensive, so much so that the remark of the New York ward politician, when comparing the Grand Sachem of Tammany Hall with General Grant, the greatest soldier of modern times, said: "he is a bigger man than Old Grant," is equally applicable to the man who fills the office of Supervisor. Notwithstanding his great power and almost unlimited authority, he has shown himself, so far as the County of Santa Clara is concerned, a careful, conservative, and prudent man of affairs.

The county, from mountain crest to base, and along the flower-decked floor of the valley, is set with cities, towns, villages, and hamlets—rare gems in the diadem of Santa Clara.

The city of San Jose, the county seat and the fairest jewel of them all, is situated in the center of the valley, forty-eight miles south of San Francisco, and rightly deserves its name—the "Garden City." Here are centered that culture and refinement which have been nurtured by education and wealth for more than a century. Within its limited boundaries and immediate environs, reside upwards of thirty-five

Mission Church and College, Santa Clara, California, 1852.

thousand happy and contented people. Here are beautiful homes, elegant churches, substantial schools, world-famed colleges, broad streets, magnificent public buildings, and every other adjunct of modern civilization. Surrounded almost by mountain ranges and thus safely guarded from the chill winds of the snow-capped Rockies and Sierras, there is perpetual summer. Not the humid, enervating summer of eastern valleys nor that of the Atlantic sea-coast, but softer and more balmy than that of Nice, with skies clearer and bluer than those of Florence.

Like the Mission of Santa Clara, San Jose had its beginning in 1777. What is now the beautiful city above described, was located by Don Jose Moraga, the Lieutenant commanding the Presidio of San Francisco, with the permission of his Most Catholic Majesty, Charles III, King of Spain. The location was approved by the King March 6th, 1789, in an official message to the Viceroy of Mexico, and through him to the governing authorities of California.

The King in this document, expressed supreme satisfaction at the establishment of the pueblo and directed that it be an assistance and not a hindrance to the Mission of Santa Clara, thus showing that a matter of apparent insignificance in far off California, commanded the attention and received the sanction of royalty itself.

The new settlement, Don Moraga named the Pueblo de San Jose de Guadalupe. He parcelled out the lands and building cites to his soldiers, nine in number and the two citizens who were of his party, located the church and the house of the Town Council, and directed such other details as were necessary to the complete organization of the pueblo and its government. The original location was on the east bank of the Guadalupe river, a short distance north of the Hotel Vendome. Successive winter floods forced the authorities to relocate the town on its present site, the center of which was at or near the corner of Market and Santa Clara streets.

The pueblo grew apace until the revolution, wrought by

the formation of California as a State, when it was promptly converted into a full fledged American city.

In 1850 the municipality was incorporated under an Act of the Legislature, which provided that the government should consist of a Mayor and Common Council of seven members. Josiah Belden was appointed Mayor and, at the election held in April of that year, was returned to the same office.

The total assessed value of all property in the city for purposes of taxation for 1850-1851, was only a trifle over $2,500,000. The income from all sources for the same period was about $60,000, and the expense of conducting the business of the municipality amounted to very near that sum. At the end of the fiscal year, which appears to have been in April, there was a treasury balance of $57, and an outstanding debt of $30,000. The population at that time may safely be estimated at 1200 souls.

To-day the city contains, within its original boundaries, a population of over 25,000, the assessment roll shows taxable property amounting to nearly $18,000,000, the annual revenue from all the sources is $200,000, and the yearly expense account $170,000. This, concisely stated, is the history of fifty years.

One of the greatest problems of modern civilization and that which has puzzled students of political economy for years, is to find and apply the best and most practical methods of municipal government. The scheme of divided responsibility has proved a failure and is being generally repudiated, and that of centralized authority substituted. Ambitious to partially solve this problem, approach higher ideals, and apply as far as possible the best approved business methods, the people of San Jose, in 1897, adopted a new charter. This new organic law went into effect in 1898. Under its provisions the city government is divided into three departments, executive, legislative, and judicial.

The executive powers and duties of the city are vested in a Mayor, who is elected by the people every two years. He presides over the deliberations of the Common Council,

appoints the members of the Board of Education, the Board of Park Commissioners, the Board of Fire and Police Commissioners, the Board of Trustees of the Free Public Library, the Board of Health, each of which consists of five members, and all other officers not specially provided for in the charter. His term of office is two years and the members of the several boards hold their respective positions for four years.

The legislative branch of the municipality is conducted by a Common Council, consisting of five members, who hold office for four years. Their powers and duties include the enactment of local laws, the levy and collection of taxes, the imposition of licenses, the maintenance of the public health and peace, the sale of franchises, and such others as are vested by the charter or inherent in the municipality.

The judicial power rests in a Police Court, consisting of one Police Judge, who holds office for two years.

The present incumbent of the office of Mayor is George D. Worswick, and the members of the Common Council are Henry D. Matthews, at large, J. J. Cherrie, D. A. Porter, A. L. Hubbard, and Patrick Murray; and Charles W. Davidson is the Police Judge.

Santa Clara, where the Mission was founded in 1777, is a separate municipality three miles from San Jose. It is connected with the latter city by the far famed Alameda, the "Beautiful Way," constructed by the Franciscan Fathers in the early days of the Mission. Its affairs are conducted by a City Council of which D. O. Druffel is President, with J. C. McPherson, J. J. Eberhard, L. M. Kimberlin, and Dr. A. E. Osborne as his colleagues, and has a population of forty-five hundred. The city is well governed, and has the distinction of being the pioneer of California in the profitable ownership, successful management, and satisfactory distribution of two of the principal public utilities, light and water. It also has the honor of being the seat of historic Santa Clara College, the oldest university of the State.

Los Gatos crowns the southwestern foothills ten miles

from San Jose. Its location is ideal, commanding as it does a perfect view of the entire valley and the bay of San Francisco. The Gem City, as it is deservedly called, has a laurel wreath all its own in magnificent scenery, salubrious climate, beautiful villas, and suburban homes. It has a present population of over two thousand, and is governed by a Board of Trustees. G. R. Lewis, B. P. Shuler, D. C. Crummey, J. H. Pearce, and R. R. Bell are the sitting members, and James H. Lyndon is President of the Board.

Palo Alto, another of the jewels in the crown of Santa Clara County, is situated at the northern boundary line, seventeen miles from San Jose, and is the gateway of the famous Leland Stanford Junior University. Its present permanent population is about twenty-five hundred, besides the university attendance of nearly fifteen hundred. The city is incorporated, and its business affairs are conducted by D. L. Sloan, G. W. Mosher, W. F. Hyde, C. D. Marx, and David A. Curry, who constitute the present Board of Trustees, the first named gentleman being its President.

Mayfield, fifteen miles north of San Jose and joining Palo Alto on the south, is a rival of the latter city as a university town. It has recently incorporated as a municipality, with a resident population of about twelve hundred. Its first governing body is a Board of five Trustees, comprising Professor A. B. Clark, President, and Leonard Distel, Alexander Peers, Peter Towne, and C. Ducker.

Mountain View, three miles south of Mayfield and touching its northern boundaries, is also an incorporated town, with a citizenship of nearly twelve hundred. Its Trustees are D. B. Frink, President, G. A. Pattberg, B. E. Burns, G. Swall, and Dr. C. O. Gates.

The three municipalities of Mountain View, Palo Alto, and Mayfield form a continuous park of nearly ten miles long and three miles wide, carpeted during the entire year by green sward and blue grass, all of which is bedecked with violets, poppies, roses, lillies, and wild flowers in endless variety. Spreading oaks, graceful sycamores, shapely elms, tall poplars, and stately eucalypti lend their charms

View of Pajaro River near Gilroy, Santa Clara County, California.

to the landscape and vie with each other in enhancing its beauty.

Gilroy is beautifully situated near the southern end of the county, twenty miles from San Jose, and has a population of nearly three thousand. The executive and legislative affairs of the city are directed by a Mayor and Common Council of six members. Dr. H. R. Chesbro is Mayor, and the members of the present Council are George Seay, Thomas Hines, H. T. Mayock, Marshall Rice, George E. Skillicorn, and R. E. Wood. Surrounding it are the great and fertile Solis and Las Animas Ranchos, and joining its south line stretches "Bloomfield Farm," the extentive home stock ranch of Henry Miller. While the cattle and dairy interests are large, grain, alfalfa, seeds, and fruit represent some of the principal local industries.

Besides the incorporated cities and towns, there are a number of charming villages and urban communities scattered throughout the county, all of which are connected with the City of San Jose and each other by well graded highways and boulevards. The most important are Agnews, New Almaden, Alviso, Berryessa, Campbell, Cupertino, Encinal, Eden Vale, Evergreen, Guadalupe, Hillsdale, Hacienda, Lawrence, Llagas, Madrone, Milpitas, Morgan Hill, Rucker, San Felipe, San Martin, Saratoga, Sargent, Smith Creek, Sunnyvale, Uvas, Willow Glen, Wrights, and last, but not least, College Park, the home of the University of the Pacific. All have post-offices and rural deliveries, and each possesses some special local attraction.

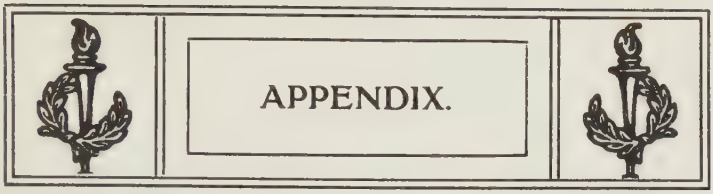
On the topmost crest of Mount Hamilton, nearly a mile skyward from its base, overlooking these beautiful habitations of man, stands the great Lick Observatory, like a silent sentinel guarding the treasures of art and glories of nature in the valleys below, and keeping vigil of the wonderful worlds and works of God in the heavens above.

To close this sketch of the County without making mention of its newspapers would be to omit one of its chief attractions. The press has kept pace with the people from the beginning. Its enterprise and intelligence are recog-

nized throughout the entire State, and its influence as an educator and moral force is admittedly next if not equal to the schools, the universities, and the churches. The local paper goes everywhere and is read by everybody. In San Jose there are three splendid dailies, the *Mercury*, the *Herald*, and the *News*. The *Advocate*, the *Gazette*, and the *Telegram* are published in Gilroy, the *Journal*, and the *News* in Santa Clara, the *Register* in Mountain View, the *Palo Altan* and the *Times* in Palo Alto, the *Mail* and the *News* in Los Gatos, the *Republican* in Mayfield, and the *Sun-Times* in Morgan Hill. All are ably edited, and have the support and respect of an intelligent and discriminating public.

Such are Santa Clara County, its valley, its government, and its people in this year of grace, nineteen hundred and three. The first lines of its history were written at the period of the world's greatest unrest, one hundred and twenty-six years ago, by pious priests, in nature's temple, under the shadow of the cross, amidst scenes of peace. At that time, on the other side of the continent was being waged one of the grandest struggles for human freedom that the world has ever known. Paul Revere had made his midnight ride from Charlestown to Concord. The Declaration of Independence had been signed and given to the world. The bell in the old State House at Philadelphia had rung out its proclamation to the nations. The spirit of that declaration and the sound of that bell had crossed the ocean and thrones were shaken to their foundations. The powers and principalities of the earth were marshalling their armies in defense of the divine rights of kings. Here, under the blue skies of California, in the Valley of Santa Clara, no armies gathered or advanced, no sabres clanked or trumpets blared. Freed from the waste of war, unconscious of world struggles and ignorant of the fate of empires, the people were engaged in taming nature, building their homes, planting their vines and fig trees, educating their children, cultivating the arts of civilization and peace, and smoothing the rough places in the long road over which, in after years, came the truest and best of all mankind.

Thus has been realized the other and grander dream of Bayard Taylor. If, now, his prophetic spirit can look down upon the scenes he first beheld, his gaze will rest on the self-same oaks and sycamores, their shadows lengthened, shading mansions and temples, statues and fountains, schools and colleges, grander and more stately than he had ever conceived. Here will he find "culture, plenty, peace, happiness, everywhere." Here also, is the race he pictured in his dream—a race of knights, taller, stronger, nobler—whose ladies are more beautiful of form, more fair of face, more perfect of symmetry than the highest types of the best days of ancient Greece.



Society Directory.

Alexander, Mrs. Susan, 550 S. Sixth.....Wednesdays
Alexander, Mrs. W. G., 550 S. Sixth.....Wednesdays
Allen, Mrs. Charles H., 419 S. Third.....
Allison, Mrs. M. E., 752 S. Second.....First and Third Wednesdays
Misses Camile and Winifred.....First and Third Wednesdays
Anderson, Mrs. Mary E., Emory St., College Park.....Tuesdays
Miss Mary E .....Tuesdays
Andrews, Mrs. W. Clark, 98 N. Third..First and Second Wednesdays
Miss Andrews .....First and Second Wednesdays
Archer, Mrs. Lawrence, Senter Road.....Thursdays
Archer, Mrs. Leo B., Senter Road .....Thursdays
Argall, Mrs. F. L., 202 S. Ninth.....Fridays
Arques, Mrs. Luis, 406 S. Second.....
Miss Francisca L.....
Arques, Mrs. N. G, 198 S. Tenth.....Third and Fourth Thursdays
Arthur, Mrs. J. G., 451 N. Fifth .....Fridays
Asay, Mrs. J. L., 358 S. Sixth.....Fridays
Austin, Mrs. Paul P., 683 S. Second.....Mondays
Miss Elizabeth M.....Mondays
Auzerais, Mrs. John Edward, 343 Reed.....Mondays
Auzerais, Mrs. Louise C., 145 E. San Carlos.....
Second and Fourth Wednesdays
Auzerais, Mrs. L. G., Alum Rock Avenue.....Thursdays
Avery, Mrs. William N., 598 S. Ninth.....First Friday
Backesto, Mrs. Anna C., 540 N. First.....
Bacon, Mrs. A. S., 393 S. Tenth.....First and Third Wednesdays
Bailey, Mrs. Charles E., 447 N. Fifth.....Tuesdays
Bailey, Mrs. C. P., 417 N. Fifth.....Tuesdays
Bailey, Mrs. J. R., 895 S. Second.....
Ballou, Mrs. J. Q. A., Milpitas Road.....First and Third Thursdays
Ballou, Mrs. George H., 75 George.....First and Third Tuesdays
Bangs, Mrs. F. H., 86 N. Third.....First and Third Mondays

Barker, Mrs. A. M., The Alameda, Cor. Morrison Ave.....
Third and Fourth Tuesdays
Barker, Mrs. C. A., 16 Clay.....First and Third Tuesdays
Barker, Mrs. Curtis M., 285 E. St. James.....
Second and Third Thursdays
Barker, Mrs. S. A., 16 Clay.....Tuesdays
Barnhisel, Mrs. L., Lincoln Ave. Cor. Willow.....
Miss Barnhisel.....
Barstow, Mrs. Mary R., The Alameda.....Tuesdays
Miss Grace Barstow.....Tuesdays
Battee, Miss Claribel, 476 N. Second.....First and Third Tuesdays
Beal, Mrs. H. L., Sunol, cor. San Fernando.....
First and Second Tuesdays
Miss F. E..... First and Second Tuesdays
Bean, Mrs. Hannah E., Chapman, near Newhall.....Tuesdays
Beans, Mrs. T. Ellard, 489 N. First.....
Miss Francis.....
Miss Rowena.....
Beans, Mrs. William K., 411 N. Third.....
Beasley, Mrs. William A., 148 S. Eleventh.....
Beggs, Mrs. William M., 738 E. Santa Clara..First and Third Tuesdays
Belden, Mrs. David, 189 S. Eleventh.....
Benepe, Mrs. John L., 426 N. First.....Mondays
Bent, Mrs. George R., 260 S. Third.....First and Third Fridays
Miss A. L.....First and Third Fridays
Black, Mrs. J. C., 441 E. Santa Clara.....Mondays
Blackford, Mrs. George W., 55 S. Sixth.....Mondays
Miss and Miss Maud .....Mondays
Blanchard, Mrs. W. W., Alameda, cor. Polhemus.....Tuesdays
Blaney, Mrs. Charles D., Stevens Creek Road.....
Blauer, Mrs. J. W., Alameda, near Schiele Ave.....
First and Third Tuesdays
Bland, Mrs. Henry Meade, Hedding, College Park....First Tuesday
Booksin, Mrs. Henry, Jr., Meridian Road.....First Wednesday
Booksin, Mrs. Henry, Sr., 595 S. Second.....Tuesdays
Boomar, Mrs. Preston, 463 N. Fifth.....
Bontz, Mrs. L. E., 304 S. Tenth.....First and Third Wednesdays
Boulware, Mrs. M. A., 281 E. St. James.....Wednesdays
Bowden, Mrs. Nicholas, Alameda, near Villa Ave.,.....Tuesdays
Bowden, Mrs. W. A., The Alameda.....Second and Third Tuesdays
Bowman, Mrs. George M., 480 N. First.....Wednesdays
Miss Bowman.....Wednesdays
Bennett, Mrs. E. J., 144 N. Fourth.....
Bennett, Mrs. A. G., 245 N. Whitney.....Wednesdays
Bettens, Mrs. Albert, St. James Hotel.....
Biddle, Mrs. Julian H., 309 N. Second..Second and Fourth Tuesdays

Bird, Mrs. Calvert T., 725 Spencer Ave.....Mondays
Bourguignon, Mrs. E. H., Moorepark Avenue.....
Bradford, Mrs. Wager, Milpitas Road....First and Third Thursdays
Brady, Mrs. E. R., cor. Villa and Myrtle Aves.....Tuesdays
Braslan, Mrs. Charles P., Hotel Vendome.....
Second and Fourth Thursdays
Brassy, Mrs. Albert, 185 Alum Rock Ave.....Fridays
Brassy, Mrs. F., 344 Alum Rock Ave.....First Friday
Miss Louise.....First Friday
Brooks, Mrs. D. Denslow, Meridian Road.....Thursdays
Misses Ruby and Alice .....Thursdays
Brooke, Mrs. John F., 592 S. Seventh.....Mondays
Brown, Mrs. H. C., 595 S. Second..... .. Tuesdays
Bruce, Mrs. G. M., 55 Stockton Ave.,.....First and Third Tuesdays
Buell, Mrs. J. L., 135 E. St. James.....
Bullock, Mrs. Thomas S., Hotel Vendome.....Mondays
Burke, Mrs. John P., Alum Rock Ave.....First Friday
Burrel, Mrs. A. H., 509 S. Third.....Wednesdays
Miss, Miss May and Miss Lou .....Wednesdays
Burkholder, Mrs. Frank M., 310 S. Tenth.....
Burns, Mrs. H. Whitney, 289 S. Tenth..First and Second Wednesdays
Byrd, Mrs. S. N., 569 S. Tenth.....Tuesdays
Miss L. M.....Tuesdays
Byron, Mrs. D. J., 544 S. Seventh.....First and Third Thursdays
Misses Gertrude M. and Elsie G.....First and Third Thursdays
Cain, Mrs. Frank, 232 N. Third.....Fourth Wednesday
Miss Dorothea.....Fourth Wednesday
Campbell, Mrs. Edward, Alameda, cor. Hedding.....Tuesdays
Miss Campbell.....Tuesdays
Campbell, Mrs. J. H., cor. First and Empire.....First Monday
Miss Campbell.....First Monday
Carmichael, Mrs. W. H., 312 W. San Fernando.....Tuesdays
Carroll, Mrs. Mary B., 247 S. Eighth.....Third Wednesday
Misses Agnes and Mary P.....Third Wednesday
Carson, Mrs. Blanche, cor. McKendrie and Morse.....Tuesdays
Cauhape, Mrs. Victor, cor. Whitney and Virginia.....Thursdays
Miss Cauhape.....Thursdays
Center, Mrs. Hugh, cor. Race and Alameda.....
Chace, Mrs. J. R., 307 N. Second.....
Chambers, Mrs. A. L., 570 S. Sixth.....
Chambers, Mrs. Elizabeth, 521 E. Santa Clara.....
First and Second Thursdays
Miss Chambers.....First and Second Thursdays
Chynoweth, Mrs. Mary Hayes-, Edenvale.....Tuesdays and Fridays
Clayton, Mrs. James A., 471 N. First.....Wednesdays
Misses Ethel and Florence.....Wednesdays

Clayton, Mrs. Willis S., cor. Sunol and San Fernando.....Mondays
Close, Mrs. J. A., 294 S. Eighth.....
Cobb, Mrs. Virginia, 210 S. Sixth.....Wednesdays
Coe, Mrs. Charles W., cor. San Fernando and Priest.... First Friday
Col, Mrs. A. G., 441 S. Sixth.....
Cole, Mrs. Delos, Alameda, near Race.....First and Third Tuesdays
Miss Cole.....First and Third Tuesdays
Colombet, Mrs. A., 531 E. Santa Clara.....
Miss Colombet.....
Colombet, Mrs. Joseph F., 45 N. Eighth..First and Third Wednesdays
Coolidge, Mrs. Clarence C., 152 Race.....Tuesdays
Conant, Mrs. Ernest W., Meridian Road.....Third Thursday
Conner, Mrs. George W., 295 E. San Fernando.....
Coppock, Mrs. E., 19 E. San Salvador...First and Third Wednesdays
Cordes, Mrs. Paul H., "The Nest," Gilroy.....Thursdays
Cornell, Mrs. Charles J., 201 S. Eighth.....Thursdays
Cory, Mrs. S. A., 435 S. Second.....
Miss Cory.....
Crawford, Mrs. E. J., The Alameda.....Tuesdays
Crites, Mrs. William, 220 S. Ninth.....Wednesdays
Crossman, Mrs. W. E., cor. Miller and George.....First Thursday
Miss Pauline.....First Thursday
Crosson, Mrs. H.. cor. Alameda and McKendrie .....Third Tuesday
Miss Mary .....Third Tuesday
Crothers, Mrs. Charles F., 97 S. Twelfth. First and Third Thursday
Crothers, Mrs. John, 283 Reed.....
Miss Crothers.....
Cunningham, Mrs. M. E., 237 N. Fourth.....Wednesdays
Miss Cunningham.....Wednesdays
Curnow, Mrs. J. R., 360 S. Second .....
Darby, Mrs. Alfred C.. 137 N. Seventh.....Thursdays
Davy, Mrs. J. W., 240 N. Third.....Fridays
Davison, Mrs. Charles W., 686 Delmas Ave.....Last Thursday
Dawson, Mrs. J. E., The Alameda.....Tuesdays
Miss Dawson.....Tuesdays
Derby, Mrs. Thomas Howard, 413 McLaughlin Ave...Second Friday
Deidrich, Mrs. Richard V., 678 S. Second.....Mondays
Miss Deidrich.....Mondays
de Saisset, Madam Pedro, 243 Guadalupe.....Thursdays
Misses Henriette and Isbel.....Thursdays
De Crow, Mrs. H. C., 53 S. First.....
Dinsmore, Mrs. J. W., 506 S. Ninth .....
Miss Marguerite A.....
Dinsmore, Mrs. W. V., 435 N. Third..First and Second Wednesdays
Dinsmore, Mrs. D. F. J., 835 S. Second.....Tuesdays

Dorsey, Mrs. Clarence A., 435 S. Tenth...Second and Third Fridays
Miss Mabel L.....Second and Third Fridays
Dougherty, Mrs. James, 389 N. Fifth.....
Miss Dougherty.....
Dougherty, Mrs. W. P., 460 N. First .....
Dowdell, Mrs. J. W., 563 E. Santa Clara.....Tuesdays
D'Oyly, Mrs. N., cor. Second and Empire.....
Miss, and Miss Emily P.....
Dunne, Mrs. Catherine, 436 S. Third..... .....Wednesdays
Dunne, Mrs. Peter J., The Alameda near Emory.....Tuesdays
Dunne, Mrs. James, San Felipe.....Thursdays
Earle, Mrs. E. R., 329 N. Third.....2 to 5 P. M. Wednesdays
Eastey, Mrs. F. H., 200 S. Seventh.....Fridays
Eaton, Mrs. Amassa, 530 N. First.....
Miss Eaton.....
Edwards, Mrs. H. J., 351 N. Fifth..... .....
Miss Edwards.....
Edwards, Mrs. Henry W., 694 S. Second.....Mondays
Edwards, Mrs. T. C., 156 S. Ninth.....Thursdays
Miss Sara R.....Thursdays
Eldred, Mrs. E., Hotel Vendome.....Mondays
Enright, Mrs. Joseph G., William, opp. Webster.....
Second and Fourth Tuesdays
Enright, Mrs. M. D., cor. Clay and William.....Wednesdays
Miss Enright.....Wednesdays
Eustace, Mrs. H. W., The Alameda.....First and Second Tuesdays
Farrington, Mrs. M. J., Hicks Ave, near Pine.....First Thursday
Faull, Mrs. Joseph H., 329 N. Third..Second and Fourth Wednesdays
Fenton, Miss Nell, 460 N. First.....
Field, Mrs. Arthur G., 523 S. Sixth.....
Figel, Mrs. Fred H., 561 S. Fifth.....Thursdays
Fleming, Mrs. C. K., 471 E. Santa Clara..First and Third Thursdays
Foss, Mrs. W. F., 458 Lake House Ave....First and Third Tuesdays
Frank, Mrs. George, cor. Chapman and Emory.....Thursdays
Frasse, Mrs. Irvin N., 198 S. Tenth ....Third and Fourth Thursdays
Frazer, Mrs. D., 330 S. Tenth .....Mondays
Miss Frazer..... .....Mondays
Frazer, Mrs. I. A., 330 S. Tenth.....Thursdays
French, Mrs. Henry, cor. Delmas Ave. and Willow.....Thursdays
Friant, Misses, cor. Fifth and Reed.....
Furst, Mrs. Paul, 347 S. Tenth.....Wednesdays
Gally, Mrs. James, 36 S. Tenth.....Wednesdays
Gaines, Mrs. W. S., 503 N. Fourth.....
Miss Alice .....
George, Mrs. Givens, 256 N. Third.....
Gerichs, Mrs. J. C., 345 N. Third.....First and Third Wednesdays

Gerlach, Mrs. F. C., 223 S. Third.....First and Third Wednesdays
Gilchrist, Mrs. S. W., 460 N. Third.....Tuesdays
Gilkyson, Mrs. J. W., 297 S. Ninth.....Second Thursday
Goodacre, Mrs. G. W., 303 E. San Fernando.....First Friday
Miss Genevive.....First Friday
Gosbey, Mrs. Perley F., 456 N. Third.....Wednesdays
Granger, Mrs. F. S., 448 S. Tenth.....
Misses Edith M. and Florence J .....
Greeninger, Mrs. A., 446 Orchard.....Thursdays
Misses Greeninger.....Thursdays
Graham, Mrs. L. F., Berryessa.....Mondays
Grissim, Mrs. John de L., 114 N. Fifth....First and Third Mondays
Gross, Mrs. F. W., Morrison Ave.....Tuesdays
Guppy, Mrs. E. H., 691 S. Third.....
Misses Guppy.....
Haas, Mrs. Leo D., 204 S. Seventh.....Tuesdays
Hablutzel, Mrs. C. E., 105 S. Eleventh..First and Third Wednesdays
Hall, Mrs. Charles A., 917 N. Fourteenth.....Fridays
Miss Etta.....Fridays
Hall, Mrs. J. Underwood, 216 Autumn...First and Fourth Tuesdays
Hancock, Mrs. Joseph E., 532 S. Ninth.....
Second and Fourth Wednesdays
Hart, Mrs. Henry, 843 E. Julian.....Second Tuesday
Hartman, Mrs. Pope Catlin, Campbell.....First Tuesday
Hatch, Mrs. Jackson, 354 Alum Rock Ave.....First Friday
Hawley, Mrs. W. G., 66 N. Ninth.....
Haven, Mrs. Lawrence, 66 Stockton Ave.....Tuesdays
Haydock, Mrs. W. H., 487 N. Fifth..Second and Fourth Wednesdays
Hayes, Mrs. E. A., Edenvale.....
Hayes, Mrs. J. O., Edenvale.....
Hazelton, Mrs. E. H., 476 N. Third.....First and Third Tuesdays
Henry, Mrs. J. H., cor. Alameda and University Ave...First Tuesday
Miss Elizabeth.....First Tuesday
Heringer, Mrs. A. E., 382 W San Fernando.....
Herrington, Mrs. Clarence H., 336 N. Sixth..First and Third Fridays
Hersey, Mrs. Edward, 650 S. Second.....
Hersey, Mrs. Ralph W., 436 S. Third.....Wednesdays
Hervey, Mrs. Charles H., 33 N. Third.....Tuesdays
Hestwood, Mrs. J. O., cor. Sixth and Washington.....
Fridays, Afternoon and Evening
Hihn, Mrs. Harriet, Cypress Ave.....First and Third Tuesdays
Hill, Mrs. W. B., 715 W. Julian.....First and Third Fridays
Hobson, Mrs. W. B., 154 S. Second ....First and Second Thursdays
Holbrook, Mrs. E. F., 221 E. St. John.....Last Friday
Hooker, Mrs. A. O., 170 W. San Fernando.....
First and Third Wednesdays

Huggins, Mrs. Asa G., The Alameda, cor. McKendrie.....
Second and Fourth Thursdays
Hughes, Mrs. J. M., 33 Magnolia Ave....First and Third Thursdays
Hunkins, Mrs. A. B., 450 N. Third.....
Hunkins, Mrs. R. S., 261 N. Fourth.....
Hunkins, Mrs. S. B., Alum Rock Ave.....Fridays
Hunt, Mrs. R. D., 24 Polhemus.....Thursdays
Hunt, Mrs. W. F., 516 N. First..... ...
Hyland, Mrs. M. H., 444 N. First.....First and Third Thursdays
Jackson, Mrs. Louis J., 633 S. Sixth.....Wednesdays
James, Mrs. Tom, The Alameda.....
James, Mrs. William F., The Alameda.....Tuesdays
Jamison, Miss Ethel, 444 N. First.....First and Third Thursdays
Miss Mabel.....First and Third Thursdays
Jarman, Mrs. J. P., 374 W. San Fernando..First and Third Thursdays
Miss Edith..... .....First and Third Thursdays
Jarman, Mrs. Albert H., 757 S. Third.....First Wednesday
Johnson, Mrs. S. R., The Alameda and Maple Ave.....Tuesdays
Johnson, Mrs. Leroy B., 476 N. Second.....First and Third Tuesdays
Johns, Mrs. T. E., Los Gatos.....Wednesdays
Johnston, Mrs. Edwin K., 627 S. Third.....Thursdays
Johnston, Mrs. J. N., Jackson Ave..... First and Second Thursdays
Johnston, Mrs. Walter S., 130 S. Second.....First Tuesdays
Jones, Mrs. Cyrus, 399 N. Third..... .....Wednesdays
Jones, Mrs. Stephen A., cor. Morse and Hedding.....Tuesdays
Johnson, Mrs. C. H., 411 N. Second.....Wednesdays
Keith, Mrs. W. E., 693 South Second..... .....
Kennedy, Mrs. William C., 81 N. Eighth .....First Friday
Kent, Mrs. O. N., 457 N. Fifth.....Second and Fourth Fridays
King, Mrs. F. L., 259 N. Second.....Thursdays
Miss Luena.....Thursdays
Kinney, Mrs. J., 330 S. Ninth.....Wednesdays
Misses M. E. and E .....Wednesdays
Kiser, Miss Estelle, Miss Helen,220 S. Ninth .....Wednesdays
Kirk, Mrs. Theophilus, Hicks Avenue .....First Thursday
Misses..... .....First Thursday
Kittridge, Mrs. A. S., 557 E. St. John .....First Thursday
Miss Kittridge..... .... First Thursday
Knickerbocker, Mrs. Eugene, 404 N. First.....Mondays
Knox, Mrs. Charles W., 130 E. St. James..First and Third Tuesdays
Knox, Mrs. Harry J., Lincoln Avenue..First and Third Wednesdays
Knox, Mrs. L. J., Lincoln Avenue..... First and Third Wednesdays
Koch, Mrs. Valentine, Corner Delmas Ave. and San Fernando...
First and Third Wednesdays
Miss.....First and Third Wednesdays
Kocher, Mrs. J. R. 343 E San Carlos...First and Third Wednesdays

Koenig, Mrs. George J., 28 Lenzen Avenue.....Wednesdays
Kooser, Mrs. Roley S., 224 N. Market.....First and Third Tuesdays
Kooser, Miss, 446 S. Second .....Wednesdays
Krafft, Mrs. Lena, 418 S. Third .....
Kuhn, Mrs. Carrie B., 475 N. Fifth .....Thursdays
Misses Effie C. and Mignonette V.....Thursdays
LeFranc, Miss, Corner of Market and Balbach .....Wednesdays
Lamkin, Mrs. J. B., 540 S. Ninth.....First and Third Thursdays
Langford, Mrs. R. J., 101 N. Fifth.....Thursdays
Lassere, Mrs. R., 727 S. Eleventh.....Third Wednesday
Lathrop, Mrs. Carter G., 249 S. Tenth.....Tuesdays
Ledyard, Mrs. F. K., 441 S. Second.....Thursdays
Lee, Mrs. Robert A., 440 Delmas Avenue.First and Third Thursdays
Leet, Mrs. William J., S. W. Corner of Sixth and William...Mondays
Leffler, Mrs. J. Frank, 558 South Fifth.....Tuesdays
Leib, Mrs. S. F., The Alameda.....Tuesdays
Miss .....Tuesdays
Lester, Mrs. Nathan L., Lincoln Ave., near Cutter Ave.....
Miss Alice L.....
Lewis, Mrs. F. B. A., Lincoln Avenue near Willow .....
Miss Maud .....
Lewis, Miss Helen, Miss Carrie, 60 N. Fifth.....Wednesdays
Lewis, Mrs. J. R., 97 S. Sixth .....Thursdays
Lewis, Mrs. H., 156 Park Avenue .....Tuesdays
Lewis, Mrs. C. L., 28 N. Seventh.....
Misses .....
Lion, Mrs. Ernest P., 94 North Second .....
Lion, Mrs. Gustave F., Corner of Third and Julian..... Wednesdays
Miss C. Z.....Wednesdays
Lion, Mrs. H. J., 121 East Julian....Second and Fourth Wednesdays
Longdon, Mrs. B. C., 268 N. Second .....First Wednesday
Miss S. Isabel..... First Wednesday
Lorigan, Mrs. W. G., 408 South Fifth .....
Losse, Mrs. H. E., 60 Stockton Avenue...First and Third Thursdays
Miss.....First and Third Thursdays
Lotz, Mrs. Joseph A., 116 South Ninth.....Thursdays
Lumbard, Mrs. G. B., 496 South Second.First and Third Wednesdays
Lynn, Mrs. Michael, Morse and McKendrie.First and Third Thursdays
Miss Maebel.....First and Third Thursdays
Lyndon, Mrs. John, Los Gatos.....Tuesdays
Lyon, Mrs. W. P., Edenvale.....
Mabury, Mrs. H., McKendrie, corner of Morse .....Tuesdays
Miss and Miss Bella.....Tuesdays
Mabury, Mrs. M., 306 North First .....
Miss Mary.....
Macaulay, Mrs. J. W., 93 Hobson.....Thursdays

Miss Hazel ..... Thursday
MacBride, Mrs. C. G. H., Alum Rock Ave., corner Jones....
First and Third Fridays
MacChesney, Mrs. A. C., The Alameda, S. E. cor. University Ave...
MacChesney, Mrs. T. C., cor. Myrtle and Emory.....
First, Second and Third Tuesdays
Miss..... First, Second and Third Tuesdays
Mackenzie, Miss, 219 S. Market.....
Miss Isabel.....
MacLouth, Mrs. Chas. N., 548 South Ninth.....
First and Third Wednesdays
Miss Ione..... First and Third Wednesdays
Macomber, Mrs. J. H., 453 N. Third ..... Fridays
Miss Esther..... Fridays
Madsen, Mrs. Alfred, 100 N. Eleventh... First and Second Thursdays
Miss Mabel..... First and Second Thursdays
Main, Mrs. H. H., 148 South Second..... Thursdays
Miss E. June..... Thursdays
Manzer, Mrs. John, 81 North Ninth.....
Marten, Mrs. A. H., 293 South Second..... First and Third Mondays
Martin, Mrs. C. J., 296 South Third..... Wednesdays
Martin, Mrs. H. B., 329 South Fifth..Second and Fourth Wednesdays
Masson, Mrs. Paul, cor. Market and Balbach..... Wednesdays
Mastic, Mrs. M. C., Hotel Vendome ..... Mondays
Mathews, Mrs. H. D., 241 N. First ..... Mondays
Mauvais, Mrs. R., 50 Stockton Ave.,..... Second and Third Tuesdays
May, Mrs. A. C., 679 South Second..... Mondays
Miss..... Mondays
May, Mrs. George B., 409 North Second..... Tuesdays
Maynard, Mrs. E. W., 394 West San Fernando.....
First and Third Fridays
Maynard, Mrs. S. C., 174 North Third..... First and Third Fridays
Maynard, Mrs. Charles C., Settle Avenue near Willow .....
Miss .....
McAneny, Mrs. G. B., Hotel Vendome..... Mondays
McCarthy, Mrs. J., The Alameda..... Tuesdays
McCauley, Mrs. Mary Weaver, 122 South Fifth.....
McClish, Mrs. Eli, Elm, near Emory .....
McColl, Mrs. Wilbur, 55 East Julian. .....
McCulloch, Mrs. Mary F., Bristol Hotel.....
McDonald, Mrs. Archibald, Hobson Street.....
McDougall, Mrs. W. D., Vendome Hotel ..... Mondays
McGeoghegan, Mrs. John T., The Alameda..... Tuesdays
Miss and Miss Lucy..... Tuesdays
McGraw, Mrs. D. F., 353 E. San Fernando .....
Misses.....

McKee, Mrs. G. B., 234 S. Second.....First Wednesday
McKee, Mrs. H., 157 South Third.....Tuesdays
McKiernan, Mrs. B., 48 North Eighth..First and Third Wednesdays
Miss C.....First and Third Wednesdays
McLaughlin, Mrs. Edward, 592 South Seventh.....Mondays
McLellan, Mrs. G. W., Alameda near Hedding.....Tuesdays
Miss Carrie Foster.....Tuesdays
McNary, Mrs. W. L., 204 E. Santa Clara..... Wednesdays
Miss, Misses Annie, Laura, and Aileen.....Wednesdays
McMillin, Mrs. Y. V., 132 South Tenth.....First Wednesday
Misses.....First Wednesday
McManimon, Mrs. Edward, 256 N. Third.....
Meirsenhelter, Miss, 232 N. Third.....Fourth Wednesday
Millard, Mrs. Byron, 555 N. Second.....
Mrs. F. J.....
Miller, Mrs. Elizabeth, 233 N. Third.....
Miss Letitia.....
Miller, Mrs. H. L., 309 N. Fifth.....
Miller, Mrs. J. J., 91 E. St. James.....First and Second Wednesdays
Minor, Mrs. P. O., 93 West Julian.....
Montgomery, Mrs. F. P., 319 S. Fifth.....
Miss Ella.....
Moody, Mrs. D. B., 57 Devine.....
Miss Annie and Miss Nettie.....
Moon, Mrs. Frank H., "Rose Lawn," East San Jose.....Fridays
Moore, Mrs. Frederick W., The Alameda.....Tuesdays
Moore, Mrs. J. H., Alameda, corner Schiele Avenue.....
First and Second Tuesdays
Moore, Mrs. B. J., Phelps Avenue.....
Moore, Mrs. J. J., Hotel Vendome.....Mondays
Moorehead, Mrs. H. L., 121 E. Julian.....
Morey, Mrs. Clark C., 405 N. Third.....
Morrison, The Misses, northeast cor. Fifth and Julian....Thursdays
Morrison, Mrs. W. S., Hotel Vendome.....Mondays
Morton, Mrs. H., 45 E. Julian.....Fridays
Miss May.....Fridays
Morse, Mrs. Lester L., Alameda and Asbury.....Tuesdays
Muirson, Mrs. George A., cor. Eleventh and San Carlos..Thursdays
Munson, Mrs. J. G., 101 N. Fifth.....First and Second Tuesdays
Murphy, Mrs. Geo. M., Hotel St. James.....Mondays
Murphy, Mrs. Martin, 755 S. Third.....
Murphy, Misses, Murphy's Ranch, Sunnyvale.....Fridays
Murphy, Mrs. J. C., 545 S. Seventh.....Thursdays
Murray, Mrs. Walter, 391 N. Eleventh.....Tuesdays
Nash, Mrs. Dorr Edward, 501 N. First.....Thursdays

Needam, Mrs. A. W., 68 Fox Avenue.....Thursdays
Miss Grace.....Thursdays
Noble, Mrs. W. N., 424 N. Third.....Wednesdays
Miss Jeanette.....Wednesdays
North, Mrs. E. B., Idlewild Ranch, Saratoga P. O. First Wednesday
Normandin, Mrs. A., 565 S. Sixth.....
O'Brien, Mrs. Maurice, 910 S. Second.....
Misses.....
O'Connor, Mrs. M. P., Race St.....
Ogier, Mrs. Margaret, Brokaw Road.....Thursdays
Misses.....Thursdays
Ogier, Mrs. C. S., Alviso Road.....Thursdays
Oneal, Mrs. Louis, 211 S. Tenth.....First Tuesday
Osterman, Mrs. William, Hotel St. James.....Mondays
Page, Mrs. C., 561 S. Seventh.....Wednesdays
Miss.....Wednesdays
Park, Mrs. C. T., 508 N. First.....First and Third Wednesdays
Misses Florence and Hazel..... First and Third Wednesdays
Palmer, Mrs. Donald, 409 N. Third.....
Miss Lillian.....
Palmer, Mrs. Francis, 68 S. Tenth..Tuesday Afternoon and Evening
Parkinson, Mrs. M. J., 418 S. Third.....
Partridge, Mrs. H. L., 247 N. Third.....
Pascoe, Mrs. Jessica, 419 S. Third.....
Perrin, Mrs. T. A., 64 S. Tenth.....First and Third Thursdays
Miss Freda, Miss Maude.....First and Third Thursdays
Pettes, Miss Anna W., 917 N. Fourteenth.....Fridays
Pfister, Miss Emily, 370 S. Fifth,.....
Pfister, Mrs. Herman C., 387 S. Fifth.....Tuesdays
Phillips, Mrs. Mitchell, 208 N. Third.....Fourth Wednesdays
Pieper, Mrs. Wesley, 230 S. Eighth.....Second and Third Mondays
Pierce, Mrs. J. H., Alameda, cor. Villa....Tuesdays except the First
Misses Edith and Mildred.....Tuesdays except the First
Polhemus, Mrs. George B., cor. Polhemus and Stockton Avenue..
Tuesdays
Porter, The Misses, 75 E. St. James.....Wednesdays
Promis, Miss Lou, 246 S. Third.....
Prussia, Mrs. E. E., 301 N. First.....Wednesdays
Miss Geneva Marcella.....Wednesdays
Quilty, Mrs. Charles W., 136 S. Third.....Thursdays
The Misses.....Thursdays
Raley, Mrs. Wilbur, 315 N. Fifth.....First and Second Wednesdays
Rankin, Mrs. W. B., Los Gatos.....Tuesdays
Miss Mabel.....Tuesdays
Rea, Mrs. Samuel, 247 N. Third.....
Miss Lillian.....

Reed, Mrs. E. P., 269 N. Market.....First Friday
Reed, Mrs. Elliott, 279 N. San Pedro..... First Friday
Reed, Mrs. Edward C., Milpitas Road.....Thursdays
Riehl, Mrs. Adam, 253 N. Third.....Wednesdays
The Misses.....Wednesdays
Richards, Mrs. W. S., 395 S. Third.....
Richards, Mrs. John E., 338 S. Tenth ..... Last Tuesday
Richmond, Mrs. Minnie, Milpitas Road.....Thursdays
Richmond, Mrs. George, 68 Stockton Avenue.....Tuesdays
Roberts, Mrs. Jeremiah B., 135 S. Tenth .....First Wednesday
Miss..... First Wednesday
Rogers, Mrs. W. H., 1124 S. Second.....
Ross, Mrs. F. C., 557 N. Fourth .....Fridays
Ross, Mrs. F. H., 481 N. Third .....
Miss .....
Rucker, Mrs. Joseph H., cor. Lincoln and Pine Avenues.....
.....First and Third Fridays
Russell, Mrs. John H., Myrtle near University Avenue....Tuesdays
Miss .....Tuesdays
Ryder, Mrs. George W., 365 S. Second .....Wednesdays
Ryder, Mrs. William G., 420 N. Sixth .....Wednesdays
Ryland, Mrs. C. T., 431 N. First.....
The Misses..... ... .
Ryland, Mrs. Joseph R., 443 N. Second ....
Ryland, Mrs. Charles B., Azule Springs..... Thursdays
Sadler, Mrs. J. W., 12 S. Fifth.....First Thursday
Sage, Mrs. Sarah E., 226 N. Market.....First and Fourth Tuesdays
Sage, Mrs. Louis A., Saratoga..... .....
Sanders, Mrs. S. P., Cupertino.....Wednesdays
The Misses Sanders.....Wednesdays
Schneider, Mrs. F. A., cor. Emory and Laurel.....
First and Third Tuesdays
Schneider, Mrs. F. A. Jr., cor. Emory and Laurel.....
First and Third Tuesdays
Schoenheit, Mrs. Augustus A., 325 N. Fifth.....First Tuesday
Schoenheit, Mrs. Augustus G., 73 E. Julian.....
Miss Schoenheit.....
Sexton, Miss Kate, 117 N. Fifth.....Third Saturday
Shrimplin, Mrs. D., 30 S. Fifth.....Wednesdays
Shoup, Mrs. Paul, cor. San Fernando and Whitney..... ..
Shumate, Mrs. A. E., 333 N. Fifth.....Thursdays
Simpson, Mrs. William, 142 N. Third. First and Third Wednesdays
Singletary, Mrs. E. C., 80 Stockton Ave..Second and Fourth Tuesdays
Singleton, Mrs. Pauline, 852 S. Third.....Thursdays
The Misses Singleton.....Thursdays

Sinnott, Mrs. D. E., 283 Guadalupe.....First and Third Thursdays
The Misses Sinnott.....First and Third Thursdays
Smith, Mrs. Frances, "Dana Farm," Bascom Ave.....Wednesdays
Smith, Mrs. Bradley, Minnesota Ave.....Wednesdays
Smith, Mrs. E. O., 322 N. First .....
Smith, Mrs. Hillman- 322 N. First.....
Smith, Mrs. Frank E., 1128 S. Second.....
Smith, Mrs. Sanford E., 552 S. Second.....
Smith, Mrs. Payton, 210 S. Ninth.....Wednesdays
Smith, Miss Lillian D., 318 S. Tenth..First and Second Wednesdays
Smith, Mrs. Luella, 503 N. Fourth.....
Smith, Miss Ada E. Tennant, St. James Hotel.....Fridays
Snook, Mrs. M. E., 69 Devine.....
Sonniksen, Mrs. Louis, 99 S. Eleventh.....Thursdays
Southworth, Mrs. M. A., 31 N. Second.....Thursdays
Spencer, Mrs. H. A., 378 E. St. John.....Thursdays
Miss Elinor.....Thursdays
Spiers, Mrs. Tyrone P., 394 S. Tenth.....Fridays
Steele, Mrs. W. Abbott, 419 N. Second....First and Third Mondays
Stephenson, Mrs. J. F., 317 S. Third.....Tuesdays
Sterling, Mrs. Edward T., 145 E. San Carlos.....
Second and Fourth Wednesdays
Stern, Mrs. Fred M., 349 E. St. John... First and Second Thursdays
Sterne, Mrs. H. R., 236 N. Sixth.....First and Third Fridays
Stillman, Mrs. Charles, 222 S. Seventh.First and Third Wednesdays
Miss Stillman.....First and Third Wednesdays
Stock, Mrs. F., 796 S. Third.....Thursdays
Stock, Mrs. P. H., 331 S. Second.....
Stocking, Mrs. Leonard, Agnews.....Fridays
Miss Stocking.....Fridays
Sweigert, Mrs. George A., Sweigert Road.....
Syer, Mrs. Robert, Milpitas Road.....Thursdays
Taaffe, The Misses, 361 S. Market.....Thursdays
Taber, Mrs. Augusta, 313 S. Tenth.....Second and Fourth Fridays
Miss Cornelia.....Second and Fourth Fridays
Taylor, Miss Irene Frances, 216 S. Second .....Mondays
Taylor, Mrs. Frederick A., 301 N. Third.....Wednesdays
Tennis, Mrs. M., 297 S. Ninth .....Second Thursday
Thayer, Mrs. B. W., 311 N. Second.....First and Fourth Tuesdays
Theuerkauf, Mrs. G. W., Villa Ave. near the Alameda.....Mondays
Miss Florence.....Mondays
Thorndike, Mrs. A. P.....First and Third Tuesdays
Thomas, Mrs. Margaret, Alviso Road.....Thursdays
Tompkins, Mrs. S. G., 395 N. Third.....Wednesdays
Tormey, Mrs. James, 589 S. Thirteenth.....Wednesdays
The Misses Tormey.....Wednesdays

Townsend, Mrs. J. H. M., Schallenberger Ave.....
The Misses Townsend.....
Travis, Mrs. J. Charles, 1128 S. Second.....
Trimble, Mrs. John, Milpitas Road.....Thursdays
Miss Trimble.....Thursdays
Trueman, Mrs. J. E., 360 E. Santa Clara.....Fridays
Turel, Mrs. J., 169 Orchard.....First and Third Tuesdays
Miss Turel.....First and Third Tuesdays
Tuttle, Mrs. Hiram D., 535 E. Santa Clara.....
Tully, The Misses, McLaughlin Ave. and Tully Road.....
Van Dalsem, Mrs. W. S., 68 S. Sixth.....Tuesdays
Van Hagan, Mrs. E. D., 57 King.....First and Second Mondays
The Misses Van Hagan.....First and Second Mondays
Wagener, Mrs. Samuel H., 82 E. San Salvador .....
Wakefield, Dr. J. B., 168 S. Tenth.....Thursdays
Miss Wakefield.....Thursdays
Waldo, Mrs. J. A., Bird Ave.....First and Third Fridays
The Misses Waldo.....First and Third Fridays
Wallace, Mrs. John T., 14 Lucretia Ave.....Fourth Tuesday
Walter, Mrs. Carrie Stevens, 600 N. Third..First and Third Fridays
The Misses Walter.....First and Third Fridays
Walter, Mrs. Charles H., cor. Sixth and Washington.....
First and Third Wednesdays
Ward, Mrs. W. B., 206 Orchard.....
The Misses Ward.....
Washburn, Mrs. Arthur, 165 Devine .....First Friday
Miss Lucy.....First Friday
Wastie, Miss Clara, 546 N. Third.....
Wayland, Mrs. Charles A., 140 N. Third.....Wednesdays
Webster, Mrs. E. P., 417 E. Santa Clara..First and Fourth Thursdays
Miss Flora.....First and Fourth Thursdays
Webster, Mrs. William M., 84 N. Ninth.....Wednesdays
Miss Mary E.....Wednesdays
Wehner, Mrs. William, San Felipe Road.....
Miss Wehner.....
Welch, Mrs. J. R., 253 S. Eighth.....First and Fourth Wednesdays
Wells, Mrs. George S., 787 S. Third.....Tuesdays
Whitney, Mrs. J. R.....First and Second Wednesdays
Whitton, Mrs. A. K., Quimby Road.....
Wilcox, Mrs. Mary E., 80 N. Eleventh.....
Wilcox, Mrs. C. F., 567 S. Eighth.....
The Misses Wilcox.....
Wilcox, Mrs. E. J., 97 S. First.....
Miss Wilcox.....
Williams, Mrs. A. S., 271 Prevost.....
Miss Williams.....

Williams, Mrs. Edward, 609 S. Third..First and Second Wednesdays
The Misses Williams..... First and Second Wednesdays
Williams, Mrs. H. E., 374 W. San Fernando.....
First and Third Thursdays
Wing, Mrs. J. B., The Alameda, cor. Morrison Ave.....Tuesdays
Williams, Mrs. Charles W., 70 E. Julian.....
Woodrow, Mrs. W. L., 260 N. Third.....First Wednesday
Miss Woodrow.....First Wednesday
Woodward, Mrs. J. A., 405 S. Tenth.....
Worswick, Mrs. G. D., 75 Fox Ave....First and Fourth Wednesdays
Wright, Miss Kathryn M., 217 N. First.....Wednesdays
Wright, Miss Hannah, 312 S. Second.....
Yoell, Mrs. J. H., The Alameda.....First and Third Fridays
Younger, Mrs. Coleman, Alviso Road.....
The Misses Younger.....

SANTA CLARA.

Alden, Mrs. Edward, Jackson near Benton.....Mondays
Alderman, Mrs. Fred A., 807 Washington.....
Beattie, Mrs. D. A., 1075 Benton.....Second and Third Thursdays
Birge, Mrs. F. A., 1009 Harrison..Second, Third, and Fourth Thursdays
Bond, Mrs. Hiram G., 1000 Franklin.....
Bond, Mrs. Louis H., 1000 Franklin.....
Bray, Mrs. George, Scott Lane.....
Eberhard, Mrs. J., 575 Grant.....
The Misses Eberhard.....
Fatjo, Mrs. L. M., 899 Main.....
Fosgate, Mrs. W. J., 1115 Benton.....Tuesdays
Fowler, Mrs. G. W., 472 Washington....First and Third Wednesdays
Harris, Mrs. Albert, 1889 Market.....Thursdays
Higgins, Mrs. L. E., 1210 Jefferson.....Mondays
Jordan, Mrs. E. A., 1191 Fremont.....Thursdays
Miss Jordan .....Thursdays
Landrum, Miss M., 1217 Santa Clara Ave.....
Lauck, The Misses, 781 Fremont.....First and Third Thursdays
Machefert, Mrs. Fred L., cor. Lincoln and Benton.....Wednesdays
Morse, Mrs. C. C., 981 Fremont.....Thursdays
The Misses Morse.....Thursdays
Paul, Mrs. Judson Waldo, 1116 Washington.....
First, Second, and Third Fridays
Pfister, Mrs. Henry A., cor. Franklin and Jefferson.....
Pierce, Mrs. R. T., Homestead Road.....Thursdays

Post, Mrs. A. H., 1300 Franklin.....
Miss Post.....
Saxe, Mrs. Smith, 1591 Liberty.....Second and Fourth Fridays
Sennett, Mrs. S., Bascom Road.....
Smith, Mrs. Leigh Richmond, 1216 N. Washington.....Saturdays

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Ten years in paradise

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AUTHOR
Carroll, Mary Bowden

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